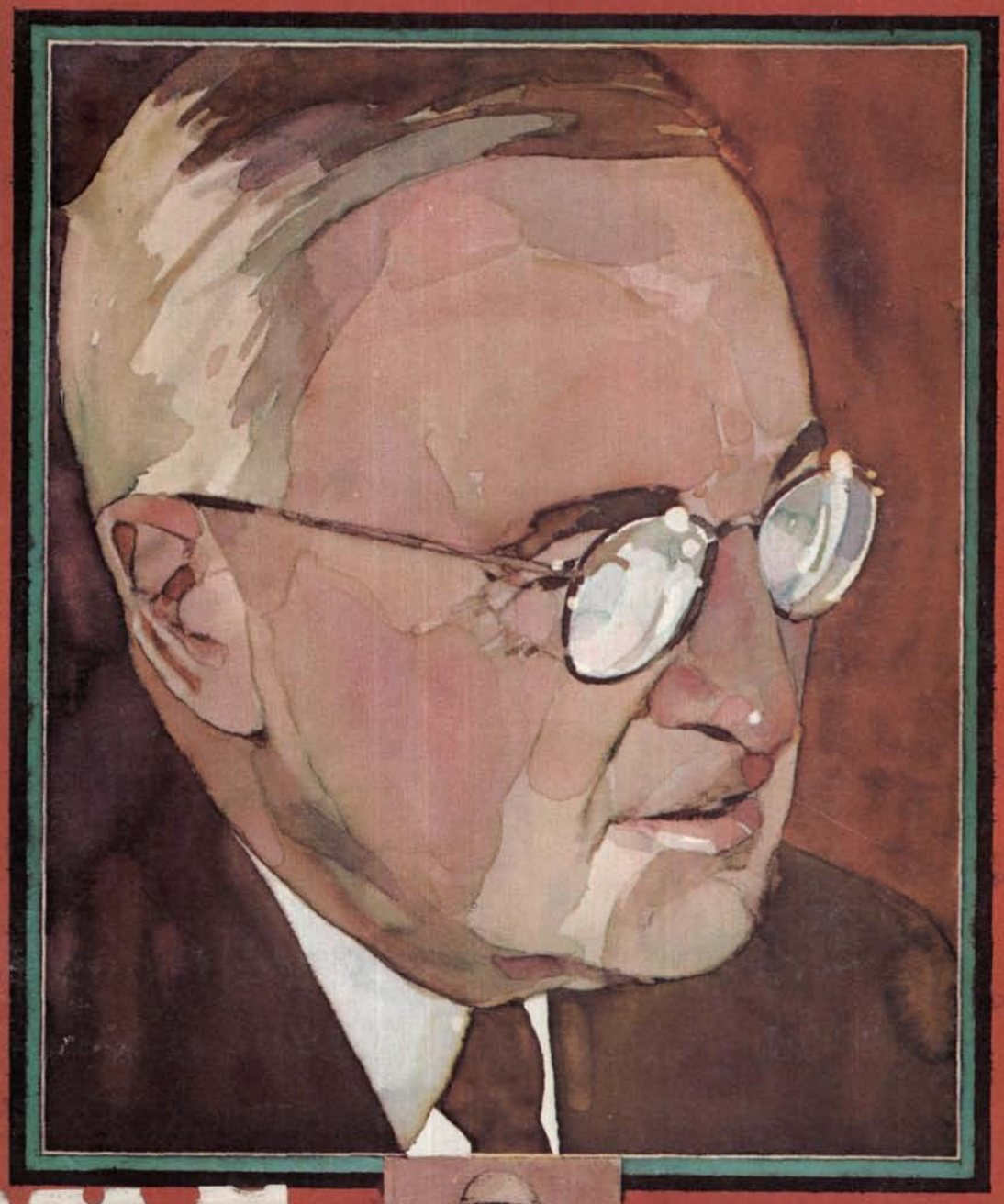
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

February 23, 1974 75¢

Saturday Review World

TRUMAN ON TAPE

John P. Roche Assesses Merle Miller's Portrait of an American Original



BART FORBES.

What's Happening to Communism in the U. S.?

by Roger M. Williams

4TD E66801PTE4RR1701906R207050
JOHN E PETERSON
1701 RURAL ST
EMPORIA KS 66801

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FLAGS OF THE
IN SOLID

FIRST EDITION PROOF SETS AVAILABLE BY ADVANCE SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

Limit: One Proof Set Per Subscriber.

Subscription Rolls Close: February 28, 1974.

Few sights in the world are more inspiring than the massed flags of the nations of the world, flying together at the UN.

For each country's flag is the living symbol of its people. The symbol of their national heritage. Of their strength and dignity. Of their pride and purpose. Of their hopes for the future.

To appropriately honor each of the member nations of the United Nations, The Franklin Mint will meticulously engrave and mint each of the 135 official flags in the form of a solid sterling silver ingot.

This is the *first* series of sterling silver ingots ever created to honor the official flags of *all* the UN member nations.

Completely Authoritative Collection

To ensure absolute authenticity, the engravers of The Franklin Mint are working closely with the world's leading authority on flags—Dr. Whitney Smith, Director of the Flag Heritage Foundation.

Each sterling silver ingot in this historic collection will be faithful in every detail, portraying the flag exactly as it flies at the United Nations. Even the proportions of the flag ingots themselves will vary, just as do those of the flags they represent.

Therefore, the collection will include ingots of no less than 17 different sizes and weights. The exact weight of each ingot will be marked on its edge. The entire collection of 135 ingots will contain a guaranteed minimum total of 65,000 grains—more than 135 troy ounces—of solid sterling silver.

First Edition Proofs to be Hallmarked

The First Edition of this historic flag ingot collection will be a special Proof Edition, minted to the uncompromising standards of The Franklin Mint.

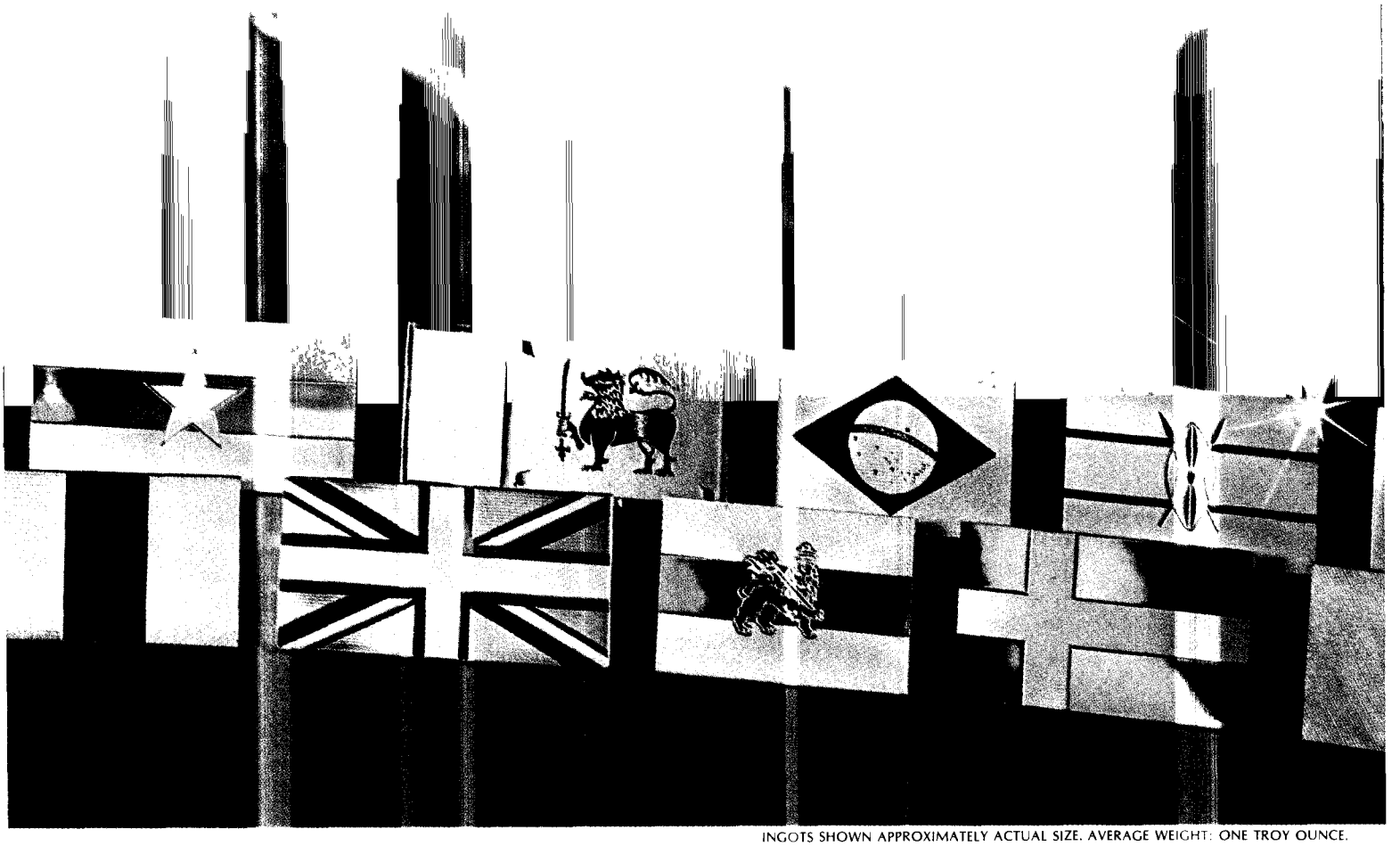
Because of the world-wide importance of this collection, other editions will be issued by our international affiliates.

However, only this First Edition will bear The Franklin Mint's prized PROOF HALLMARK—permanently attesting to the Proof status as well as the First Edition status of each ingot.

Original Issue Price Guaranteed

The First Edition ingots will be issued to subscribers at the rate of three per month, beginning in March. The original issue price for each ingot will be $9.50 in the United States. This price is guaranteed against increases for the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



INGOTS SHOWN APPROXIMATELY ACTUAL SIZE. AVERAGE WEIGHT: ONE TROY OUNCE.

JNITED NATIONS
TERLING SILVER

·e subscription period.
› back up this guarantee, The Franklin Mint purchase, at present prices, enough silver ›ver the complete series of 135 ingots for subscriber.

view of the continued escalation in the of silver during recent months—and the ihood of further increases in the years d—this price guarantee is highly signifi- and valuable in itself.

·cause of the substantial amount of silver The Franklin Mint will have to purchase in nce for each subscription accepted, there ·trict limit of one Proof Set per subscriber ıll subscription applications must be post- ·ed by February 28, 1974.

Display Cabinet Included

protect and display this unique 135-ingot ction, a handsome collector's cabinet will ·ovided to each subscriber at no additional This cabinet will be custom-made of fine hardwoods, and will be fitted with a see-through top so that the collection can be attractively displayed even while being protected.

An Important Opportunity

The complete Proof Set will form a massed display of "flags of silver" anyone would be proud to have in his home.

The collection combines great historical and educational significance, a very important rarity factor, and the intrinsic value of sterling silver. It is sure to become a most treasured possession, and a valuable heirloom, in the families of original subscribers.

This is the only time that First Edition Proof Sets of *The Flags of the United Nations* can be offered in the United States.

To take advantage of this important opportunity, please note that the subscription application must be mailed by February 28, 1974. Applications postmarked after that date must, regretfully, be declined and returned.

Advance Subscription Application.
Must be postmarked by February 28, 1974.

THE FLAGS OF THE UNITED NATIONS

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19063

Please enter my subscription for a First Edition Proof Set of *The Flags of the United Nations*, consisting of 135 sterling silver ingots, to be issued at the rate of three ingots per month, at $9.50* per ingot.

I understand that this price is guaranteed for the entire series. As a subscriber, I will also receive a custom-made collector's cabinet, at no additional cost.

☐ I enclose $28.50* ($9.50* per ingot) as payment for the first three ingots, and I agree to pay in advance for each subsequent shipment of three ingots, on a monthly basis.

**Plus my state sales tax*

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss_____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address_____

City, State, Zip_____

Signature_____
All applications are subject to acceptance by The Franklin Mint

The Franklin Mint is the world's largest private mint. It is not affiliated with the U.S. Mint or any other government agency.

© 1974 FM

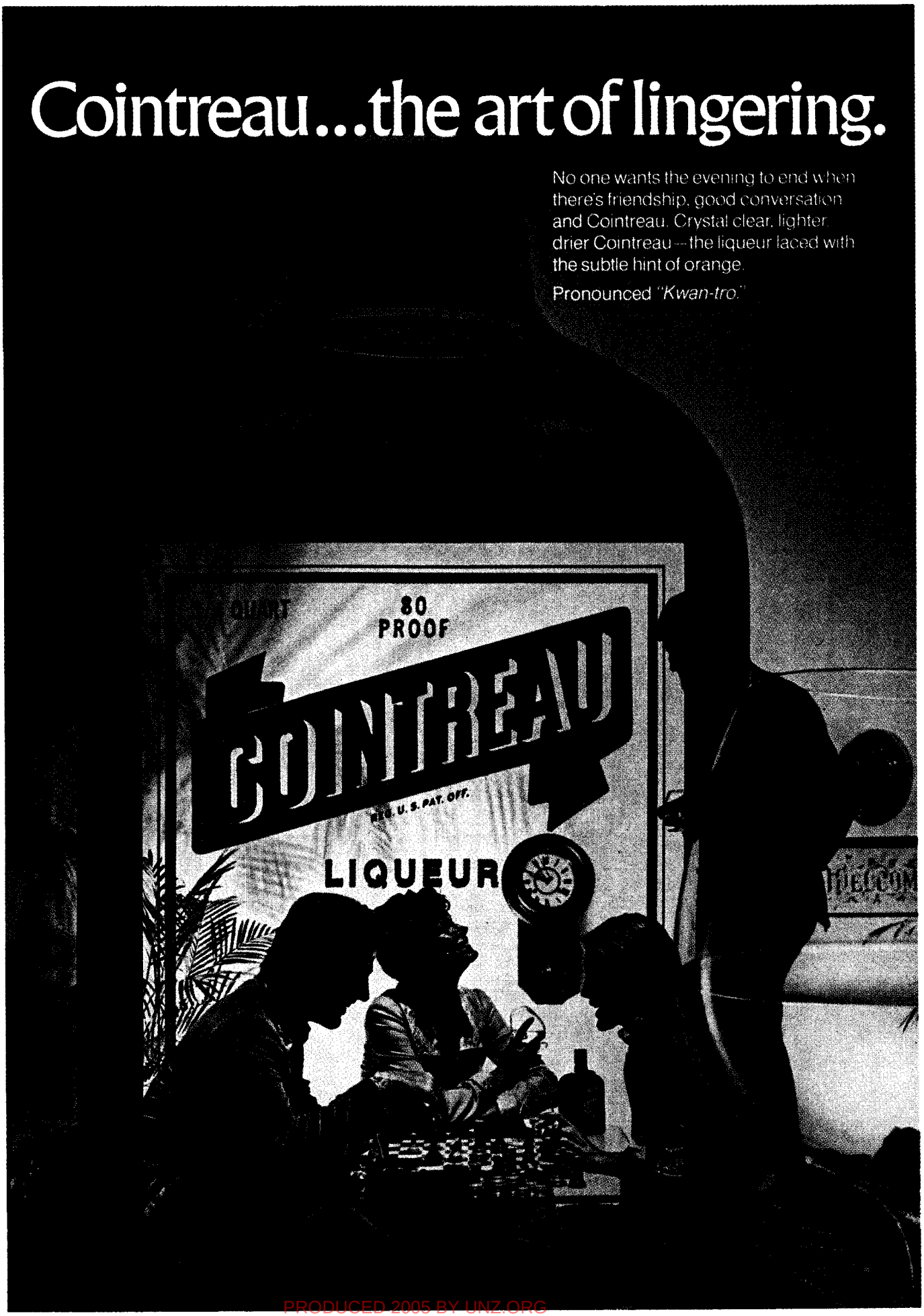
31-83

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cointreau...the art of lingering.

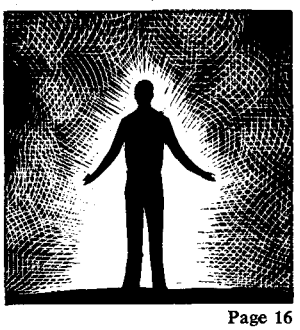
No one wants the evening to end when there's friendship, good conversation and Cointreau. Crystal clear, lighter, drier Cointreau—the liqueur laced with the subtle hint of orange.

Pronounced *"Kwan-tro."*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Page 10



Page 16

Page 23

February 23, 1974

FEATURES

4 Editorial *by N.C.*

5 Letters From Readers

6 World Progress Report

8 Report From Washington
by Russell Warren Howe

29 World Environment Newsletter

33 Manner of Speaking
by John Ciardi

34 Top of My Head
by Goodman Ace

35 Curmudgeon-at-Large
by Cleveland Amory

54 Light Refractions
by Thomas H. Middleton

ARTICLES

10 What's Happened to the Communist Party USA?
by Roger M. Williams
Back from the near-dead, the American Communist party is basking in a benign climate during this winter of our political discontent.

16 The Cosmic Orphan
by Loren Eiseley
The eminent anthropologist reflects on man's uncompleted journey through time.

BOOKS

20 Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman
by Merle Miller
Reviewed by John P. Roche
Truman on tape is revealed as an intelligent and decisive President who achieved greatness but never lost the common touch.

23 Bertrand Russell's America: Volume One 1896–1945
edited by Barry Feinberg and Ronald Kasrils
Reviewed by Norman Podhoretz

25 Bertrand Russell and God: A Memoir *by Leo Rosten*

27 Trade Winds
by William Cole

28 Books in Brief
by Dorothy Rabinowitz

TRAVEL

36 Skiing the Great Potato
by Horace Sutton

FILM

40 The Year Before the Beatles
by Hollis Alpert

THEATER

42 La Mama, Bienvenue!
by Henry Hewes

MUSIC

43 Perennial Rubinstein, Late-Blooming Barlow
by Irving Kolodin

ART

44 The Two Vincent van Goghs
by Katharine Kuh

SCIENCE SUPPLEMENT

47 Look to the Neutrino, Thou Doomsayer
by Albert Rosenfeld

48 Seismic Sleuthing
by Patrick Young

51 Bat/Man Measure of Industrial Waste
by Anthony Wolff

GAMESMANSHIP

22 Literary Crypt No. 4

50 Wit Twister No. 15
by Arthur Swan

53 Double-Crostic No. 43
by Thomas H. Middleton

Cover painting by Bart Forbes

Cartoons: Joseph Farris, Bob Schochet, Roland Michaud, Al Ross, Jan van Wessum

SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD published bi-weekly by SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Norman Cousins, President; S. Spencer Grin, Executive Vice-President; Nathan Cohn, Senior Vice-President and Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Senior Vice-President; Roland Gelatt, Editorial Vice-President; Joseph S. Iseman, Corporate Vice-President and Secretary; Lyn White, Vice-President, Corporate Relations; William J. McVey, Jr., Director of Advertising; Robert A. Burghardt, Vice-President of Advertising Services; Account Managers—Peter J. Brandon, Cristine Colt, Charles Harris, Fraser S. Howe, Walter G. Koontz, Larry Leins, Joseph Luyber, William H. Pearson, Richard Walsh; Advertising Production Manager, Robert Ziegler; Advertising Representatives—Western Region, R. J. Friedman Associates, Inc., 5643 Lemona Avenue, Van Nuys, Calif. 91401; Midwestern Region, Joseph Wall & Associates, 400 Ascot Drive, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068; Southeastern Region, James A. Kridel, Inc., 7600 Red Road (Suite 215–A), Miami, Fla. 33143; Circulation Director, George Reeves; Fulfillment Manager, Gregory Rodgers; Classified Advertising Manager, Charlotte Henkel; Promotion Director, Dennis Barry; Accounting Department, Dave Freed, Barbara Levasseur; Advertising Administration, Joan Grant; Circulation Department, Jean Winters; Administrative Assistant to the President, Emily Suesskind; Administrative Assistants, Marion McAvoy, Dorothy Murray, Dorothy Re, Evelyn Smith, Mary Swift. Subscription price in U.S. and its possessions, APO, FPO, & Canada: one year—$12; two years—$20; three years—$25 (all other countries—additional postage $2 per year). Vol. 1, No. 12, February 23, 1974. Back issues are $1 per copy. Entered as second-class mail in New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. © 1974 by SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35 mm microfilm and microfiche. SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc., assumes no responsibility for any non-commissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD Magazine, P.O. Box 2043, Rock Island, Illinois 61206, phone Ms. André, 319-732-3451.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review **World**

Editor — Norman Cousins

Publisher — S. Spencer Grin

Chairman, Board of Directors — George C. McGhee

Managing Editor
Peter Young

International Editor
Roland Gelatt

Editorial Director
Horace Sutton

Executive Editor
Richard L. Tobin

Lively Arts Editor
Hollis Alpert

Literary Editor
Midge Decter

Music Editor
Irving Kolodin

Senior Editors
Hallowell Bowser • Roger M. Williams

Editors-at-Large
U Thant • R. Buckminster Fuller • J. Robert Moskin

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Cleveland Amory • Frank Appleton
James Cass • John Ciardi • William Cole
Henry Hewes • Fairfield W. Hoban • Peter Janssen
Stephen Koch • Katharine Kuh • Thomas H. Middleton
Albert Rosenfeld • Leo Rosten • Walter Terry
Margaret R. Weiss

Art Director
Judith Adel

Assistant Editors
Sharon Fass • Susan Heath
Dena Kaye • Susan Schiefelbein

Vice-Chairman
Walter H. Johnson, Jr.

Controller
Nathan Cohn

Associate Publisher
Lyn White

Director of Advertising
William J. McVey, Jr.

Hope for America—The Outer View

Paris

Less than a year ago, there was serious talk in Paris that the French government might have to come to the economic aid of the United States with a Marshall Plan–type program in reverse. At that time, the dollar was sinking fast in the world's money marts. The Japanese yen, the West German mark, and the Swiss and French franc were the sought-after currencies, reflecting the strength of those economies in contrast to that of the United States.

At that time, America seemed to the rest of the world to be in a protracted downturn. Some Western European spokesmen declared that unless the economy of the United States was bolstered, there would be a negative chain reaction throughout the Western world.

The situation today is almost completely turned around. In Paris recently, I had a chance to observe some evidence of our new standing. On the day that France devalued its franc, I met with a group of French academicians. One of them, an economist, said that the recovery of the American dollar was the most striking example in his memory of a floundering currency righting itself in the period of a year. There was general agreement among the group that the United States would probably be among the first countries to emerge from the near-recession that has enveloped most of the world's industrialized nations.

Curiously, the Arab embargo and doubling of the price of crude oil are significant factors in the present relatively sound position of the U.S. economy. The primary target of the Arab nations is the United States. As it turned out, the main sufferer of the oil squeeze is Japan. Meanwhile, the United States has strengthened its world position.

Unlike America, which receives less than 15 percent of its total supply from the Middle East, Japan is dependent on the Arab nations for 80 percent of its supply. Even though Japan hastily changed its foreign policy toward Israel in order to get off the Arab blacklist, it is still confronted with a 100 percent increase in its oil bill. The cost of this hike to Japan in 1974 will be about fifteen billion dollars—roughly the same as the revenue Japan received last year for all the products it sold inside the United States—automobiles, bicycles, fibers, chemicals, television sets, radios, tape recorders, electronics, business machines, calculators, toys, clothing, ball-point pens, and gadgets of indescribable variety.

It is one of the profound ironies of history that Japan, a nation marked out by U.S. policy-makers a quarter century ago as a security buffer in the Far East, should have become the principal competitor of the United States in the marketplaces of the world. The irony is compounded by a massive miscalculation in U.S. foreign policy. Secretary of State Dean Acheson and his successor, John Foster Dulles, both assumed that the main threat to American capitalism would come from the Soviet Union. They didn't anticipate that the threat would come from another capitalist nation—one, indeed, that we ourselves had bolstered. Neither Mr. Acheson nor Mr. Dulles realized that Japan would do more to unhinge the U.S. economy than any combination of Socialist nations.

Nothing is more startling or implausible than the contrast of Japan today with her situation at the end of the Second World War. I think back on my own experiences. I served on an informal commission created by General MacArthur to examine civil liberties under the Occupation. I quickly became aware that U.S. policy-makers in Japan were deeply troubled over the difficulty of getting Japanese to exert initiatives or to display any of the qualities associated with the operation of a free economy. At times, our officials despaired that the Japanese could ever govern themselves. Some even thought it might be a decade or more before the United States would be able to detach itself from the Occupation. What we didn't realize was that our departure would serve as a mammoth impetus for Japanese economic development. Today, twenty years after the end of the Occupation, Japan has become the Total Producing Society. Possessing only the skimpiest resources of its own, and a constricted geography that provides little room for internal development, Japan has nonetheless managed to become the third or fourth strongest economic power in the world. She has also been able to outscore the United States competitively in the world market and to challenge the United States on its home ground.

Nothing produced in the United States is more symbolic of America than the motorcar, which comes off our assembly belts in such automated magnificence and profusion. Automobile plants have been constructed in Japan that would do credit to Detroit. In Hiroshima, not far from the center of the atomic explosion, the Mazda car, with its famed rotary engine, comes off the world's longest assembly line.

The key to Japan's industrial successes is not just her low labor costs but also her ability to pyramid her productivity. The more Japan produces, the more she sells. The more she sells, the more capital she has to produce.

The upward cycle has now been

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters From Readers

Chauvinistic Epicures

There is one hallmark of midwestern cookery that Ruth Ellen Church overlooked in her superb discussion of midwestern cookery: a firmly established dependence on the white, or "Irish," potato ("Is There Really an American Cuisine?" November 20). No midwestern meal is complete without potatoes—boiled, mashed, baked, fried, hash-browned. They are to the midwestern household as rice and yams are to the Oriental.

Having traveled from the Andes to Europe, then back again to the New World, this noble vegetable is now being subjected to some distressing barbarisms. There are innumerable mouth-watering recipes for the potato, and its devotees deplore seeing it prostituted to the uses of the prefabricated frozen-food processors catering to the insatiable demands of the restaurant industry. . . .

Dr. L.M. Lucas
Alexandria, Virginia

. . . To call northwestern cookery "an overlay of New England food traditions" is to ignore the rich heritage of the Scandinavians—particularly the Finnish fishermen—the Chinese and Japanese, the Basques in eastern Oregon, and all the other cultures that make up the amalgam of the Northwest.

To dismiss the lordly salmon as a substitute for "the ubiquitous cod of eastern waters" is to desecrate the name of our noble fish. Roasted Indian-style, fastened to planks canted over glowing coals, salmon is food for the gods. . . .

Yvonne Rothert
Food Editor
The Oregonian
Portland, Oregon

Editor's Note: The lordly salmon is not necessarily denigrated by being compared with the cod of eastern waters. The cod fished off the Newfoundland banks has been the mainstay of diets from Iberia to the West Indies before Columbus. The Portuguese are said to know 350 ways of preparing cod, which they call *bacalhau*. In Spain it is *bacalau* and in Italy, *baccala*. Even on the west coast of Canada, one finds the famed black cod of Prince Rupert, British Columbia. Salmon is not unknown in the East. Indeed it is a part of eastern diets—where it is the thing one puts on a bagel under, or atop (depending on local preference), the cream cheese. Lox (as in bagel and lox) is the saltier and less expensive version. But connoisseurs ask for Nova, a friendly term for the province from which the unsalted and preferred salmon comes—Nova Scotia.

A Grand Spark

I was very much bothered by Walter Goodman's review of Philip Berrigan's book, *Widen the Prison Gates* ("Berrigan Bound," January 26). Goodman's criticisms are impeccably valid, but there was something in his tone that disturbed me.

This country has changed tremendously in the past decade, and any "liberal marginal"—Goodman's description of himself—would agree that much of the change has been for the good. "The movement with which Berrigan is identified" was undeniably responsible for much of this change. But when Goodman says that this movement "is in shambles today," it's as if he's talking about a movement that surged forward for its day of glory and then withered, leaving the country as it had been before.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. This movement had an ineradicable and mainly positive effect on this country, and extremists like Berrigan were indispensable to it.

The "pragmatic liberal marginals" rarely have the spark to change things—it takes men with grand ideas. And it takes grand ideas to effect small changes. So if we want those small changes, we must accept—or at least refrain from condemning—those with the grand ideas. Certainly, Berrigan is not "in touch with the majority"; that was not his role.

In the current cycle of history, the time is probably up for extremists like Berrigan, but let's not gather up our pragmatic skirts and rush away, kicking dirt in Berrigan's face.

Hubert B. Herring
New York, New York

---

stopped. The Japanese government has ordered a 15 percent cutback in production. The doubling in the price of crude oil means that Japan will no longer be able to undersell the United States so drastically in the world markets—or inside the United States itself, for that matter. The most striking sign of the new economic situation is that Japanese money traders are buying all the dollars they can get.

While most of the Western European economies weren't damaged by the oil squeeze as severely as was Japan, the effect has been serious enough. Here, too, the United States has gained competitive ground, and the dollar has been bolstered. True, devaluation of the American dollar has been a major factor in the comeback of the dollar. But no single event has been more significant in America's improved world economic position than the effort of the Arab nations to punish the United States by using crude oil as a political weapon.

Just as striking as the economic upturn in U.S. prospects is the new strength in our political position. The successful approach to China, the amelioration in the relations with the Soviet Union, and, most of all, the successes of Henry Kissinger in his Middle East diplomacy—successes that an English commentator has described as "bordering on the incredible"—have produced a widespread new confidence in the United States and its purposes in the world. Even Watergate has not doused the salutary new estimate of America. European public opinion has been more impressed by successful American initiatives in foreign policy than it has been appalled by the long skein of assorted scandals. The result, paradoxically, is that at a time when Americans themselves have difficulty in finding any redeeming value in their government, people around the world are looking at the United States with renewed hope and admiration.

The American people today are caught up in counterpoint and contradiction. Seldom in our history has the mixture of the auspicious and the ominous, the salutary and the sordid, the hopes and the desperations, been so sharply juxtaposed. People tend, however, to be less conscious of the upbeat than the downbeat. This is not unnatural; it is difficult to see the positive parts of the mixture from inside the flux. That is why it is useful and reassuring, every now and then, to stand off to one side and see how we register outside this country. N.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World Progress Report

Dancing Fingers

There are already typewriters for every alphabet under the sun, including braille. Now IBM, the business-machine giant, has come up with an accessory that can adapt one of its regulation electric machines to type *entrechats, pliés, battements*, and the rest of the dance vocabulary. The accessory, a ball-shaped element with eighty-eight symbols, translates physical movements into Labanotation, a system of written symbols developed almost fifty years ago by Rudolph von Laban.

Laban's system uses a central vertical staff to represent the body, its length indicating the duration of the action. Various symbols added to the staff prescribe the precise position and movement of the parts of the body.

Until now, however, the difficulty of recording dances in Labanotation by hand has frustrated the system's wide acceptance, and many classics have been lost for lack of a practical way to preserve them and pass them on. With eighteen dollars for IBM's new accessory and instructions available from the Dance Notation Bureau in New York, a typist who knows Labanotation can now transcribe choreography as readily as a stenographer transcribes dictation.

Outrunning the Weevil

Of the many pests that afflict cotton, none is more ruinous than the boll weevil, which bores into the soft, young buds to lay its eggs, destroying the valuable fibers. Against this enemy the cotton farmers' only weapons have been chemical pesticides, especially DDT—to such an extent that cotton production consumes 50 percent of the nation's pesticides, while accounting for little more than one percent of the cultivated acreage. Even so, while the farmers pay for heavy and frequent chemical applications, the weevil nimbly breeds immunity to one new pesticide after another.

Now plant scientists are trying a new strategy against the weevil. They are coaxing the plant to grow faster so that its boll will be invulnerable by the time the matured weevils lay their eggs.

By selective breeding, Texas A & M scientists have succeeded in producing a fast-growing dwarf hybrid that promises to outrun the weevil. Planted in April as standard strains are, it is ready to be picked in September instead of October, a month before the weevil population has increased to its full strength. Although the dwarf hybrid produces fewer bolls per plant than standard varieties do, it makes up the difference by tolerating greater crowding in the field.

During a recent meeting of plant scientists at the Rockefeller Foundation, which has supported some of the cotton experiments, Dr. Perry L. Adkisson, research director at Texas A & M, noted that the new technique "is the easiest way to combat insects. You give a man the seed, and the insect-protection mechanism is built in. You don't have to have a lot of equipment for spraying." Seed for the new dwarf hybrid should be commercially available in some areas in time for the 1974 growing season. "For a plant breeder," exulted one participant, "it's the most exciting thing that's happened in twenty-five years."

Clean Coal

Even while General Motors protests passionately that it cannot meet the emission standards legislated for its automobiles, it reports that it has proved out a new process for removing a major pollutant from its own factory exhausts. The noxious by-product is sulfur dioxide, SO_2, which is lethal to plants and unfriendly to other living things, as well as corrosive to metals.

GM's process has the economic advantage of allowing the company to use coal—a plentiful, cheap, but notoriously "dirty" fuel—in place of cleaner but expensive and increasingly rare oil. GM's coal smoke is first cleansed of solid-waste particles; then the remaining gas is bubbled through a "scrubber" solution of caustic soda. The SO_2 is separated out to combine with the soda into sodium salts, which can be disposed of as solid landfill while the caustic soda is recycled.

After a fourteen-month pilot test at one of GM's Chevrolet plants, the new process is being expanded to full-scale at a cost of $3 million. But by making it possible for GM to burn coal and still meet federal clean-air standards, the system will more than regain the investment. A demonstration of the long-term, large-scale practicality of the GM technique would also signal a return to coal for other industries caught in the energy crunch. ANTHONY WOLFF

"I'm not trying to insinuate anything, but have you noticed that almost all of the Watergate characters are men?"

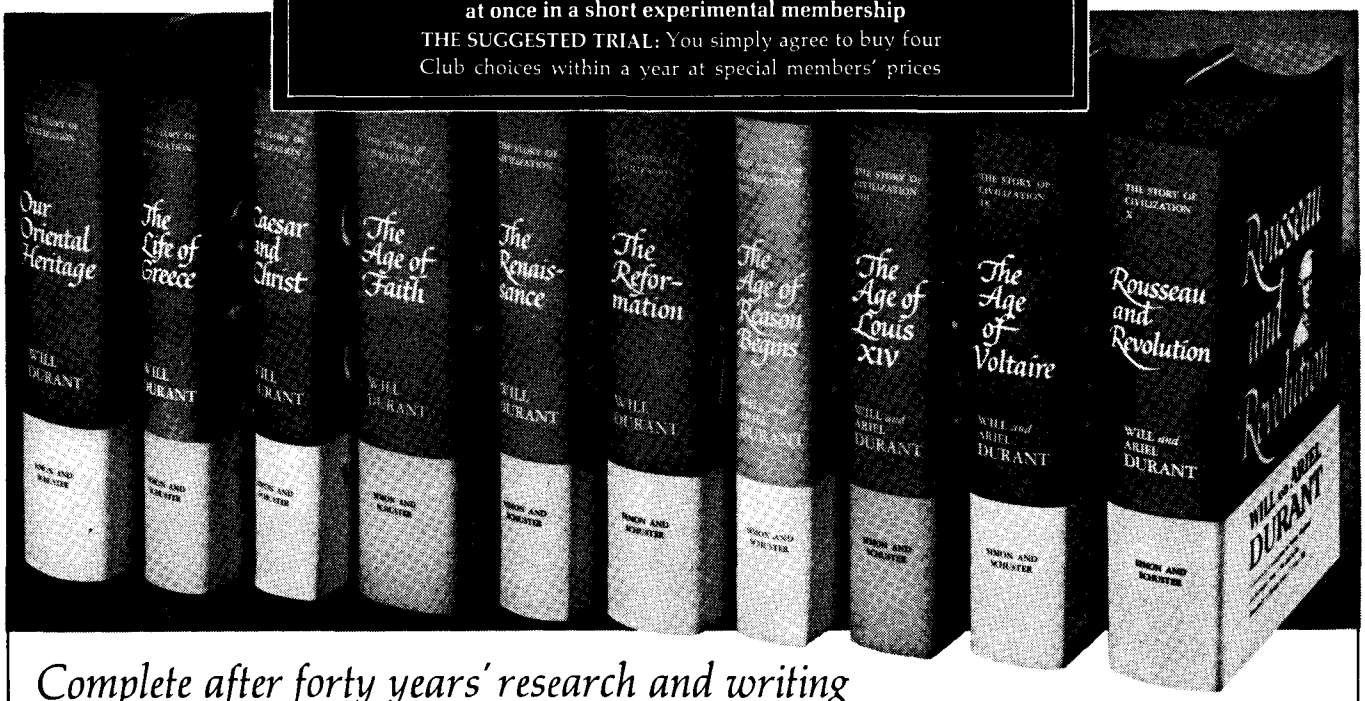
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As your introduction to membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

THIS GREAT $150 TEN-VOLUME HISTORY FOR ONLY $1.50 A VOLUME

at once in a short experimental membership

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at special members' prices



Complete after forty years' research and writing

The Story of Civilization

by WILL and ARIEL DURANT

I. Our Oriental Heritage. Ancient Egypt and the Near East. The Far East, early to modern times.

II. The Life of Greece. Explores all facets of Greek life from prehistoric times to the Roman conquest.

III. Caesar and Christ. The rise of Rome and Christianity and the collapse of classic civilization.

IV. The Age of Faith. Christian, Islamic and Judaic civilizations, 325 to 1300, including the Crusades.

V. The Renaissance. Italy's golden age, 1304 to 1576. A turbulent world of intrigue and great art.

VI. The Reformation. Europe's religious conflicts, from two centuries before Luther to Calvin.

VII. The Age of Reason Begins. Europe, 1558-1648. The age of Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Galileo.

VIII. The Age of Louis XIV. The brilliant era of the "Sun King," Milton, Cromwell, Peter the Great.

IX. The Age of Voltaire. Europe from 1715 to 1756. The world of Frederick the Great, Wesley, Bach.

X. Rousseau and Revolution. Europe from the Seven Years' War to the storming of the Bastille.

EACH OF THE TEN VOLUMES IN THE SET LISTS FOR $15

THE *trial suggested here will prove, by your own actual experience,* how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can **keep you from missing,** through oversight, books you fully intend to read.

As long as you remain a member, you will receive the Book-of-the-Month Club *News,* a literary magazine announcing the coming Selection and describing other important books, most of which are available at substantial discounts — up to **40%** on more expensive volumes. All of these books **are identical to the publishers' editions in content, format, size and quality.**

BOOK-DIVIDENDS: A library-building plan every reading family should know about. If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Club Selection or Alternate you buy,* at least one Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.50** — somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets — will entitle you to a Book-Dividend® which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes available over the year. This unique library-building system enables members to save **70% or more** of what they would otherwise have to pay.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC., 280 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

REPRODUCED 2008 BY UMI, INC.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Black but not African

Washington, D.C.

The U.S. State Department is circulating internally a controversial report questioning the conventional assumption that there is a cultural link between black America and black Africa. At issue is the American penchant for sending black people—entertainers, athletes, and especially diplomats—to Africa *because* they are black. One senior African diplomat here calls the report "venturesome, true, and sure to be misunderstood."

The sensitively written report comes from the Foreign Service Institute, the State Department's in-house training organization. Its author is an FSI staff member, Donald C. Leidel. Leidel says that it is a white-racist notion to think that black Americans have any more instinctive bonds with, say, Nigeria than white Americans have with Finland. Black Americans in Africa are in fact often seen by Africans as "white" because culturally they belong to the expatriate community. Most are also seen as being physically of mixed descent: Educated Eurafricans are regarded as closer to Europeans than to Africans. ("We delude ourselves," says Leidel, "if we believe the United States makes any points with Africans through visits by, or pictures in the media of, light-skinned black American leaders.")

Africans regard the people in question as Americans who happen to be black rather than as blacks who happen to be American. The term "Africans," Leidel notes, is broad: Ghanaians and Ethiopians are no more alike than Spaniards and Swedes. Someone from Senegal has no automatic acceptance in Zambia, and a black American has no automatic acceptance in either country.

African students and diplomats in America usually have difficulty empathizing with blacks. Because black Americans live in a white culture, they are more race conscious than Africans, and, as Leidel points out, "Africans tend to trust whites as individuals more than black Americans trust whites." African officials who have been to America told Leidel they found more racial bigotry among black militants than among prejudiced whites (presumably because civil-rights laws discourage anti-black prejudice more than anti-white prejudice). Black Americans had been unfriendly, hard to know. They had treated African shyness as haughtiness.

Black Americans in Africa, Leidel discovered, identified with only the upper crust of African society. In return for investing a few thousand dollars in an African country, blacks expected audiences with its president. Those who had "studied Africa" before they came were usually ill prepared. African-studies courses in the United States are so West-acculturated as to omit, for instance, going into the significance of magic and witchcraft. The black American is "foremost an American," usually as ignorant of Africa as are white Americans. The black "who goes to Africa . . . to interact or assimilate is usually. . . disillusioned." White women who marry Africans come realistically prepared for culture shock. Black American wives, expecting assimilation and a new, prejudice-free life, are "often bitterly disappointed."

On the prickly issue of assigning black diplomats to Africa, the report says that African governments usually resent getting a higher ratio of them than other continents receive: "Africans are remarkably sensitive to human qualities and abilities. . . . They tend not to generalize. . . . Blackness is not an inherent advantage. . . . A black American assigned to Africa initially will be suspect. . . . He either makes it or he doesn't. There is seldom an in-between."

Further, according to the report, black Americans are subject to harassment. "In one country, a black courier was forced by military officials to open a diplomatic pouch because of disbelief that he could be a courier. Female black Peace Corps volunteers have been stripped by customs officials [while] their white colleagues were left alone. Other black PCVs have returned home prematurely because of excessive . . . insults."

Leidel found that part of the problem is African ignorance of the United States. The African press, dependent on European wire services, tends to accentuate the negative in its reporting of America. U.S. Information Service publications, Leidel says, should avoid *Ebony*-type articles about "the first black to play field hockey" and deal only with black achievements for which whites would receive parallel attention. The focus "needs to be changed from the civil-rights accomplishments of the Fifties and Sixties to black participation in politics, economic power, and influence." The separatist trend should be ignored: "Blacks have the same aspirations [as whites]. These can never be truly achieved on the fringes of American society."

To a longtime observer of African affairs, the report rings true. When Sen. Edward Brooke of Massachusetts came to Dakar in 1968 and was received by President Senghor, he was startled and embarrassed to hear Senghor praise him as a splendid example of the cultural and physical mulatto. Ten years earlier, when President Eisenhower sent Prof. John Morrow, a black, to be America's first ambassador to Guinea, President Touré refused to deal with Morrow; he saw in Morrow's appointment an insult concocted to appease De Gaulle, who had opposed Guinean independence. When a black USIS officer was appointed, Touré closed the USIS library. But when Morrow was replaced by white journalist William Attwood, Touré swamped him with hospitality.

Two decades ago, as white America sought an instant cure for the effects of centuries of prejudice, Africa was one obvious, often token, slot for hasty black promotions. Back-to-Africa-ism became a feature of separatism, a scheme supported and funded by black and white segregationists alike. The United States had hoped that showing off successful blacks in Africa would curb criticism of America there. Ironically, it has instead drawn attention to the "problem."

To be black, but not African, in Africa is painfully ambiguous. Culture is language. A foreigner, whether black or white, American or Ethiopian, will "understand" western Nigeria only if he learns to speak and think in Yoruba. This doesn't mean that the number of overseas posts for blacks should be reduced. It means that black diplomats should go to New Zealand or Luxembourg, rather than to Zaire or Uganda.

Russell Warren Howe

A PLUG FOR PEACE & QUIET

FLENTS® ANTI-NOISE EAR STOPPLES
AT DRUG COUNTERS

FOUNDATION GRANTS

What should you and your organization know about a foundation before you write an application for funds? What will a foundation look for in your proposal? Request free information from The Foundation Center, a nonprofit educational corporation and publisher of *The Foundation Directory*. Write The Foundation Center, Department S, 888 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

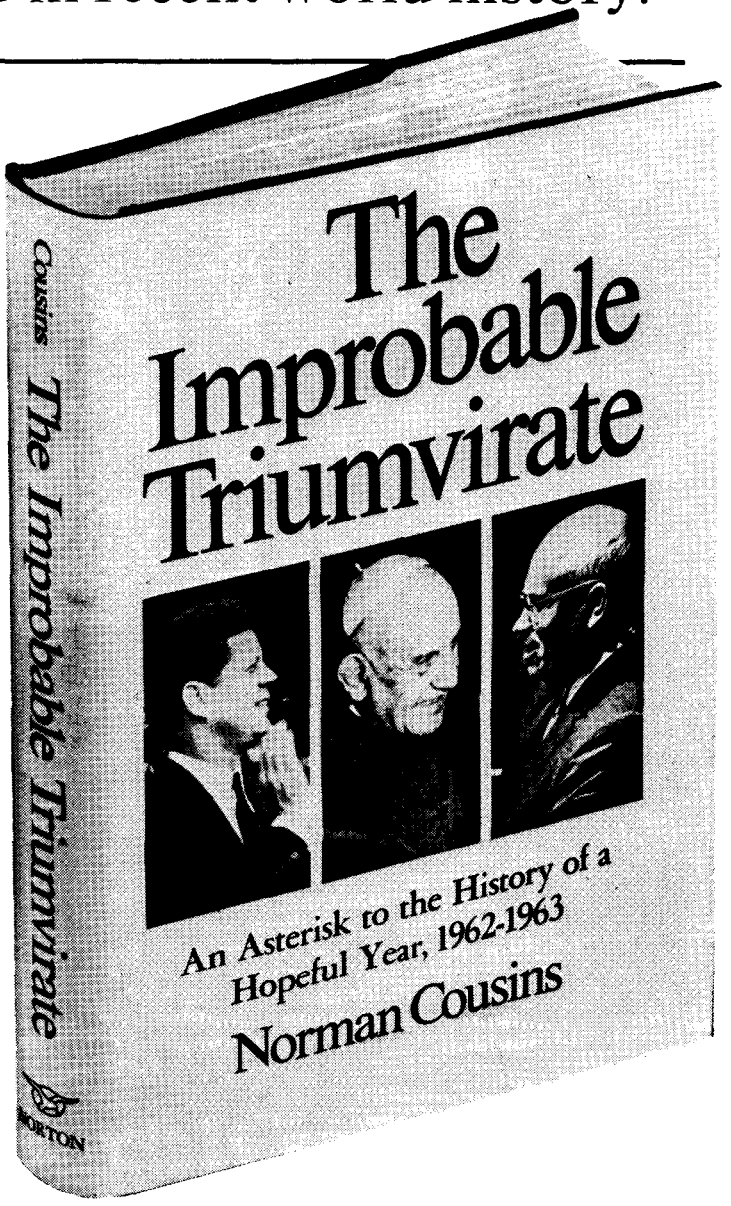
Norman Cousins presents a firsthand and fascinating report on three extraordinary men–and a striking episode in recent world history.

"A fascinating and useful thought stimulus"
–FRANK STARR,
Chicago Tribune Book World

In the optimistic atmosphere prevailing from the end of the Cuban missile crisis to the assassination of President Kennedy, some remarkable exchanges took place between Premier Khrushchev and Pope John and between the Premier and the President—exchanges in which the Editor of *WORLD* magazine had a part.

Now Norman Cousins has written a book that not only throws valuable light on these exchanges but also provides provocative insights on the extent to which history is affected by turns of human personality.

THE IMPROBABLE TRIUMVIRATE is both an account of history-in-the-making and an absorbing study of three major figures of our century.



The Improbable Triumvirate

KENNEDY – KHRUSHCHEV – POPE JOHN
AN ASTERISK TO THE HISTORY OF A HOPEFUL YEAR, 1962-1963

At all bookstores, $5.95

Norton
W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's Happened to the Communist Party USA?

It is up and about again, the beneficiary of détente and a dramatic decline in public paranoia.

by Roger M. Williams

Spawned by the Russian Revolution, raised amid terrible family squabbling, the Communist Party USA has been a frequent and sometimes lusty contributor to the last half-century of American history. Ironically, its strongest impact occurred with the party in the role of defendant rather than attacker —that is, during the reign of Joseph McCarthy. Even now, the names and events of the McCarthy years evoke chilling memories: "internal subversion" and Harry S. Truman's "red herring"; McCarthy's alleged 205 people "loyal to communism" in the State Department; Owen Lattimore and John Paton Davies; HUAC, with its witness-victims, some arrogant, some groveling; Judge Medina and Eugene Dennis and the Smith Act trials; the loose application of the words *conspiracy* and *Commie*, as well as *dupe* and *pinko* and the more genteel *fellow traveler*.

Yet today, in the presidency of a man who built a career on anti-communism, the Communist party is enjoying the most benign political climate it has known for a quarter century. The years of trial and imprisonment have become tragic history and bitter memory. The party now operates as the party, matter-of-factly and with virtual impunity. Its members can proclaim their membership without automatic loss of jobs and friends. The party's endorsement is no longer fatal to political causes or coalitions.

Still, the CP remains at a low ebb in influence. It finds itself in an unaccustomed, middle-of-the-pack position on the Left, while—only twenty years after McCarthy—it is increasingly ignored by the Right. Thus the irony of the CP of the Seventies: a would-be revolutionary group with new freedom to spread the old message but with little evidence that anyone wants to hear it. The party's situation brings to mind a severely ill person whose disease seems to have been arrested; he will survive, but his health will never be good.

More than with any other American political movement, judgments concerning the Communist party today must be relative—relative to the freewheeling successes of the Thirties, the anti-Fascist euphoria of World War II, the nightmare of persecution of the post-war period, and the slow regrouping of the Sixties. By that measure, the modest growth and increased security the party is now experiencing is an important development in its fifty-five-year history.

By its own count, the CP now has a slowly growing membership of 16,000—down from the 100,000 it boasted in the Thirties, up from the few thousand it hung onto under the heaviest of the McCarthyite pressures. Its appeal among the young was virtually wiped out by the "unstructured" New Left philosophy that ruled radical politics in the mid-Sixties. Today's radical youth still tend to regard the party as establishmentarian, but they no longer dismiss it out of hand.

CP members now feel sufficiently secure to be carrying—for the first time since the early Fifties—party "cards," actually small, red booklets. Money is coming in at a fast enough pace to make the CP the most affluent group on the Left; the party runs fairly extensive leadership and new-member education programs, and it helps support two newspapers, the five-day-a-week *Daily World* and the weekly *People's World*. "The CP still operates in the liberal milieu," says a Socialist Workers party official somewhat enviously. "They can get doctors and other professionals who were militant during the Thirties to kick in a few dollars."

Sovfoto

CP Leaders Henry Winston (center) and

Those largely sentimental contributions illustrate the CP's remarkable endurance. Most small political movements would have expired under the pressures of the McCarthy era: conspiracy trials that led to the jailing of dozens of Communists; congressional-committee hearings that put fear in the hearts of members and non-members alike, turning some against others in a desperate, nightmarish attempt to escape being painted with the big Red brush; similar hearings, little publicized but equally devastating, in state capitols and on university campuses across the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ll laying a wreath at the Lenin Mausoleum

nation, where jobs and reputations perished in the withering heat of anti-communism. Under those pressures the CP reeled but did not collapse. Two-thirds of its members fled the party, but a hard core remained, the leadership going underground (leaders became "unavailable," according to the euphemism of the day) while a skeleton crew ran the virtually paralyzed party machinery.

Why has the party survived? Because of a combination of strengths. One is sheer momentum. The CP is a half-century old, and in its prime it wielded power in the broad reaches of American politics, particularly in the trade-union movement and in intellectual circles. Another is size. Small as the CP is, it has been—and remains—the largest party on the American Left. A third strength is determination, the ideological zeal that drives the cadre of any revolutionary cause. At least as important, it seems, are two other factors: the quality of the party's leadership and its ties to the Soviet Union and world communism. Whatever one thinks of the aging ideologues who run the CP today—and it is hard to think highly of them—the party has had over the years a tough, talented leadership at various levels. Brutal infighting, brought on by absurd doctrinal squabbles, has eventually devoured the best of those leaders, but they have left a legacy of work well done. The union movement of the Thirties is the best example of the Communists' leadership abilities. They worked so effectively there that James Matles, the longtime executive secretary of the United Electrical Workers, credits them with having "kept the idea of industrial unionism going from 1930 to 1936. As an organizing force, a source of national leadership, the Communists excelled."

While direct assistance from the party in Moscow has been negligible, simply holding the official Soviet franchise in the citadel of capitalism has given an immense boost to the CP. Thus far the American followers of Chinese communism have gained no such status. The Communist Party USA can and does claim to represent the ideology that governs roughly one-sixth of the earth's people. When Leonid Brezhnev came to the United States last June, he scheduled an hour with the CP's general secretary, Gus Hall, and ended up talking for two-and-one-half hours with him. As supercharged and negative a term as it is in this country, *Communist* with a capital *C* still commands attention and a kind of awe. (The dissident Trotskyites grudgingly admit that their movement suffered irreparable damage when the term was abandoned to Stalinists and the CP.)

By hindsight, the CP has made notable contributions to American society, advancing programs and causes that eventually became national policy. That historic function of America's small parties has best been performed by the late Norman Thomas and his Socialists, but the Communists have contributed in at least two critical areas. The CP was proclaiming and working for racial equality at a time when the Democrats and Republicans were perpetuating racism. In the labor unions and especially in the Deep South, Communists often risked their lives attempting to improve the lot of the black man. On the issue of coexistence with the Soviet Union, a notion that McCarthyites regarded as near-treasonous, the CP was far ahead of the mainstream of American thought. To be sure, it wanted coexistence for its own purpose—to further the influence of Mother Russia. Yet the idea was not only valid but also sane, as a majority of Americans gradually have come to realize.

The modest prosperity of today's CP stems from a curious set of circumstances, not the least of which is the policy of détente with the Communist world that has been pursued by the old Red-hunter, Richard Nixon. It is difficult to persuade Americans that communism is a threat at home when their leader is touring its capitals, when cultural groups are being shuttled back and forth, when massive amounts of American wheat are being sold at bargain prices to feed hungry Russians. The Vietnam war also eroded the rock that was American anti-communism, by giving the CP a chance to identify again with a broad and strongly held cause, the anti-war movement, and by giving credence to Communist charges of "American imperialism." In addition, the American Right has lost interest in the anti-Communist crusade; trying to sustain paranoia can be exhausting.

The John Birch Society thrived on anti-communism, but its shrillness is now subdued, and the domestic Red menace seems no longer to be its chief concern. The society, said a West Coast official several months ago, "has expanded . . . to looking at a conspiracy in the world to control man and his environment through world government." Such anti-Communist stalwarts as the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars are even quieter nowadays. Overall, while the specter of domestic subversion is occasionally raised—as by the Watergaters to justify the "plumbers'" activities—the CP is seldom the main target. Dennis Carpenter, a California Republican party official from conservative Orange County, gave this simple and sound explanation to the Associated Press last summer:

"To be honest with yourself in this country, you can't hate someone who's different politically from yourself as long as he's not trying to overthrow the government." Then Carpenter added: "We

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Admits the Orange County Republican: "It's hard to hate continually for a long time."

fought the cold war so long it's very difficult to sustain it. It's hard to hate continually for a long time."

Nowhere is the new attitude more apparent than in the federal government, where the anti-subversive industry has fallen on hard times. The indolence of the highly paid members of the Subversive Activities Control Board forced the administration to cut off the board's funds. The House Un-American Activities Committee is now the House Internal Security Committee, which has been only a faint copy of the pyrotechnic original. The U.S. attorney general's "list" (of subversive organizations) is still published, and the CP and its current youth wing, the Young People's Liberation League, are, of course, still on it. But the list is stale and seldom invoked, even by veteran Red-baiters. The FBI, whose undercover agents used to outnumber party members at some CP meetings, now maintains only a passing interest in the party's activities.

In federal employment, bureaucratic strictures aimed at keeping out possible subversives have been watered down by court decisions and quiet administrative changes. The latest revision in the standard federal employment form further softens the old question, "Are you now, or have you ever been, a member of. . . ?" Henceforth, applicants will be questioned only about understanding, and intending to pursue, the aims of the party. Membership per se in any organization no longer disqualifies a person from holding any of the 2.6 million federal jobs covered by civil service. In the Fifties that fact would have raised specters of Reds in defense plants and at critical State Department desks.

Most of the laws enacted to suppress the Communist party remain on the books, and they could be wielded again by government prosecutors. However, court decisions have invalidated a number of their key provisions. The McCarran Internal Security Act, notes John Abt, CP general counsel for the past twenty years, has been "gutted" by the courts. The Communist Control Act, which stripped party members of the "rights, privileges, and immunities" of U.S. citizens, has been used by several states to keep CP candidates off their ballots; the courts now regularly rebuff those efforts. The Smith Act, the prime government weapon in the jailing of Communists in the Forties and Fifties, still makes it a felony to "conspire . . . to teach and advocate the overthrow and destruction of the Government of the United States by force and violence." But no case involving the act has reached the courts since 1961, and the penalizing of actions thrice removed—not attempting to overthrow the government nor teaching nor advocating that, but *conspiring* to advocate it—now strikes all save the least reconstructed cold warriors as unreasonable and punitive.

The CP is occasionally harassed under nitpicking laws at the state and local level —for example, an Indiana loyalty-oath provision, which recently was invalidated by the U.S. Supreme Court. Moreover, attorney Abt receives complaints that pressures, some quite subtle, have been brought to bear against the party and its supporters; when petitions to get CP candidates on the Connecticut ballot were filed in 1972, a number of small newspapers—as a sort of public service —published the names of local signers. Abt recently filed suit against CBS, which early last fall refused to carry a CP reply to station editorials without first advising viewers that the party is a "Communist-action organization," as required by an order of the Subversive Activities Control Board.

In the Fifties and on into the Sixties, the college campus was suspect as a haven for Communists, who were said to be there to "indoctrinate" the young. Special committees of the American Association of University Professors in the mid-Fifties found the future of academic freedom "at a most critical juncture," with abundant examples of "unwarranted dismissals, . . . humiliating oaths, and statutory inquiries into loyalty and beliefs." Now, an AAUP official says, "We only occasionally get a case dealing with Communist affiliation. It usually comes from the real boondocks and has more to do with an individual's alien ideas generally than with communism specifically."

Herbert Aptheker, the nation's most prominent Communist historian, readily affirms that the overall situation is substantially improved and cites his own situation as proof: "I'm a professor now at a public institution [City University of New York], whereas even at Bryn Mawr, a private institution, I was called 'visiting lecturer.' I've been delivering papers at professional meetings since the mid-Sixties. I'm reviewing for professional journals now, and that wasn't the case for twenty-five years." Aptheker says there is "a very large number of self-affirming Marxists teaching nowadays. You'd be hard put to find a significant campus on which there is not at least one."

Partisans of the CP like to equate their party with Marxism, but the Left today is a welter of Marxist groups and branch ideologies, many of which hold the Communist Party USA in contempt. "I have a lot of friends among academics who are Marxists," says Judith Stein, a professor at the City University of New York, "and not one is a CP-er."

The CP's two most significant and persistent rivals on the radical Left are the Maoists and the Socialist Workers party. The Maoists used to be centered in the Progressive Labor party, which in the late Sixties made an essentially futile effort to take over the then-important Students for a Democratic Society. PL has declined since that time, and an influential faction has joined other Maoists in gravitating to the leftist newspaper *The Guardian*. What is left of PL has been harshly critical of Mao's leadership for allegedly betraying the class struggle —and for extending a friendly hand to visitor Richard Nixon.

Animosities between the Socialist Workers party and the CP run very deep, for the SWP is the American institutionalization of Trotskyism, which the CP— with the classic factionalism of the Left —hates as much as capitalism. The Trotskyites proclaim themselves the true proponents of bolshevism and the opponents of the "anti-democratic Stalinism" that, they say, the CP represents. It is difficult to distinguish, amid the accumulation of decades of rhetorical debris, precise differences between the two groups. But on the U.S. battlefront, the SWP charges the CP with no longer being militantly revolutionary, with maintaining close political ties with "liberal elements of the bourgeoisie," and—in an ironic echo of the Right—with being "tied to Moscow" as a mere extension of Soviet foreign policy.

For the past few years, the CP's most spectacular leftist opponent has been a group called the National Caucus

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New American Communists

Baltimore

The house at 1002 Beaumont Avenue is plain, sturdy, and unexceptional in every way save one: It is home for two American Communists. Tim and Joyce Wheeler are not Marxists in an abstract sense, nor are they closet Communists. They are avowed party members, and far from hiding their beliefs, they sometimes undertake to spread them among the neighbors. While minimal in terms of conversions, the results are noteworthy in terms of community attitudes. The Wheelers are so readily accepted that Tim says, "I can't think of a single instance of harassment or even unfriendliness in the five years we've lived here. If anything, people have made a special effort to be nice to us."

Tim Wheeler, thirty-three, is Washington correspondent for the *Daily World*. Along with a remarkable number of younger Communists, he comes from what is affectionately called an old CP family; both his parents were party members in Washington State, and he himself joined after his freshman year at Amherst College. Short and boyish, Wheeler labors tirelessly for the party. Writing for the *Daily World* is only part of his effort. He distributes and drums up interest in the newspaper, around the National Press Building as well as in Baltimore. He hands out party literature at factory gates and in his north Baltimore neighborhood. He attends a couple of party-affiliated meetings a week, helps arrange Marxist lectures, campaigns door-to-door for CP candidates.

The Wheelers live in Baltimore chiefly because they get a break on rent from the owner of 1002—another *Daily World* staff member, who used to live there. Financial breaks are important to them. Tim draws the paper's top salary of $100 a week ("My expenses are higher—I've got to wear a suit and tie and take a cab once in a while"), and Joyce teaches kindergarten. Joyce is secretary of the neighborhood day-care center and is active in the community association. The Wheeler children—aged four, six, and nine—are the objects of occasional racial taunts in the predominantly black neighborhood, but they have not suffered because of their parents' political activities. "The kids around here could care less," says Walter White, president of the community association, and as for the parents who know about the Wheelers' politics, "it doesn't seem to make a bit of difference. We're interested in them only as people and good neighbors. They're great people, the kind who are willing to give us a hand with anything we do."

Slender, attractive Joyce Wheeler had no difficulty getting a teaching position in Baltimore's public school system. A loyalty oath that might have presented problems was dropped several years ago after the wife of 1002's owner brought a lawsuit against it. No fellow teachers, students, or students' parents have charged Joyce with warping young minds. A member of the opposing faction in her teachers' union once spread the word that she was a Red, but that hasn't curbed her activist style in the union.

When a CP celebrity comes to town, the Wheelers often hold a reception for him at their house. Neighbors are routinely invited, and they frequently accept. The Wheelers do not take a deceptive "front group" approach to non-party members, as was often done during the cold-war years: Visitors to 1002 during the fall of 1972 were confronted with a large campaign poster of CP candidates Gus Hall and Jarvis Tyner, mounted just inside the front door. That fall Joyce and Tim canvassed the neighborhood for the Hall-Tyner ticket. When they met lack of interest, as they usually did, they plugged George McGovern—on the ground that he was clearly preferable to Richard Nixon and represented progressive elements within the Democratic party. General Secretary Hall has since ruled out that electoral strategy (see main article), and Wheeler, as a good party man, supports the ruling without reservation.

Allen Green / Visual Departures

As eager a proselytizer as he is, Wheeler is careful not to push the CP on his neighbors. "A neighborhood relationship is a special kind of thing," he says. "These people *aren't* Communists, and they've made that clear by their reserve." The revolution may be a while reaching Beaumont Avenue. But meanwhile the revolutionaries there are getting along just fine.

R.M.W.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Insists the old-time Jewish Communist: "When the period of enormous struggle comes, the Communist party will be the leader."

of Labor Committees. Formed principally by veterans of the 1968 student strike at Columbia University, the NCLC has drawn an inordinate amount of attention by physically attacking members of the CP. NCLC representatives have forcibly broken up several CP meetings and, more recently, after the CP retaliated by reactivating its "Red squads" of the Thirties, have taken to assaulting individual CP members on the streets. The NCLC has an elaborate ideological justification for its behavior: A serious economic depression is on the way, and it will lead to great opportunities for leftist revolution; as things now stand, the workers will look to the Communist party to lead the revolution; but the CP is unable to carry out that task because it is too soft and too committed to "popular front" political tactics; so the NCLC must save the revolution by toppling the CP from its preeminent position. Predictably, the NCLC and the CP accuse each other of being instruments of the police and federal government.

On the Middle East issue, other groups of the radical Left are more pro-Arab than the CP, which would permit the "continued existence of Israel." Yet the CP has been damaged the most by that issue, with large numbers of Jews, especially older people, defecting from the party. "In the Jewish community these days, it's political death for something to be Communist-influenced," says Irwin Suall of the Anti-Defamation League. "But in the CP itself there is still a disproportion of Jews, people who've been members for decades and for whom the CP and its line are a religion."

One of those people is S. W. ("Si") Gerson, a sixty-four-year-old, lifelong New Yorker. Stocky, plainspoken Si Gerson has held many positions in the party, and he has suffered considerably in its behalf. Called before various government investigating committees, he was tried and acquitted in the trial of "second string" party leaders under the Smith Act. His wife, Sophie, was tried for murder (the charge was eventually nolprossed) in connection with the Gastonia textile workers' strike of 1929. For Gerson, as for so many old-time American Communists, the party has been a career, almost a calling. There has been no money in it and much peril, but Gerson has never left it. He is now executive editor of the *Daily World*, which is such a shoestring operation that it pays him barely $100 a week. Sophie Gerson has a job in a travel agency, and they make ends meet.

Why has Gerson hung on in the party for forty years, and why does he hang on now? It is a home, of course, but it is a faith, too. "I can conceive," he says, "that after a period of enormous popular struggle, the country will move with tremendous speed in new directions toward anti-monopoly government and socialism, and ultimately to socialism itself." No "violent overthrow" of the government, that old Right-wing bugaboo, will be necessary: "There are so many contradictions in our society; so many decent people are fed up—with Watergate, with the depraved aspects of our life. I have no doubt that when this period of enormous stress comes, the Communist party will be the leader."

Such a claim seems especially fanciful for the CPUSA. Of all the Communist parties in the major industrial nations, it is the weakest and least influential. It is also one of the least independent, most "Russian" parties. Without a large membership and a powerful base, such as the trade unions provide for the big European CPs, the American organization has had little momentum to carry it through lean years. The union base that it enjoyed in the Thirties was dissolved by the CIO purge of 1949. Many CP members and sympathizers survived the purge, and some of them still survive, grouped in a handful of unions. But their presence and function *as* Communists is nil. Liberal union leaders often accuse them of being too conservative, and with reason; the trade-union movement against the Vietnam war, for example, was led by anti-Stalin socialists like Jerry Wurf and Victor Reuther.

The implacable anti-communism of George Meany and the rest of the AFL-CIO hierarchy has kept the CP on the defensive.* So have the anti-Communist clauses inserted in union constitutions in the wake of the CIO purge. The clauses seldom have been invoked in the past decade or more, but some unions may soon be dusting them off, for the CP is managing to place its members in so-called rank-and-file caucuses. The main target thus far has been the United Auto Workers, where rank-and-file agitation has sprung up in a number of union locals around the country. With other leftist groups also increasingly active at the rank-and-file level, it is hard to determine what the CP's role is. One scene of "agitation" is the General Motors plant in Tarrytown, New York, where a half-dozen radical leftists—some avowed Communists—have formed a caucus within UAW Local No. 664. The caucus pushes demands ranging from air-conditioning the plant to mounting a nationwide strike, and it has been a continuing thorn in the sides of both the union leadership and the plant management. Its members hold a number of minor offices in the local, and on some issues they can command a sizable minority of its 3800 members.

IN THE UNDERGROUND ERA, when its organization was small and invisible, the party found a haven in some black areas, particularly Harlem. Since then its influence among blacks has been declining, and although party leaders talk of a resurgence there—and elsewhere—the evidence for it is slim. Militant groups, such as the Black Panthers, took the play away from the CP in the Sixties, as the party's arguments for interracial solidarity and class struggle were countered by demands for black separateness. Again distinguishing between the Communist party and Marxism, there is evidence now that black intellectuals and activists are showing a renewed interest in the Marxist approach to the black condition. "They are not necessarily swallowing it whole," says Judith Stein, "but at least they are no longer saying, as they were several years ago, 'Marx was a white man.' "

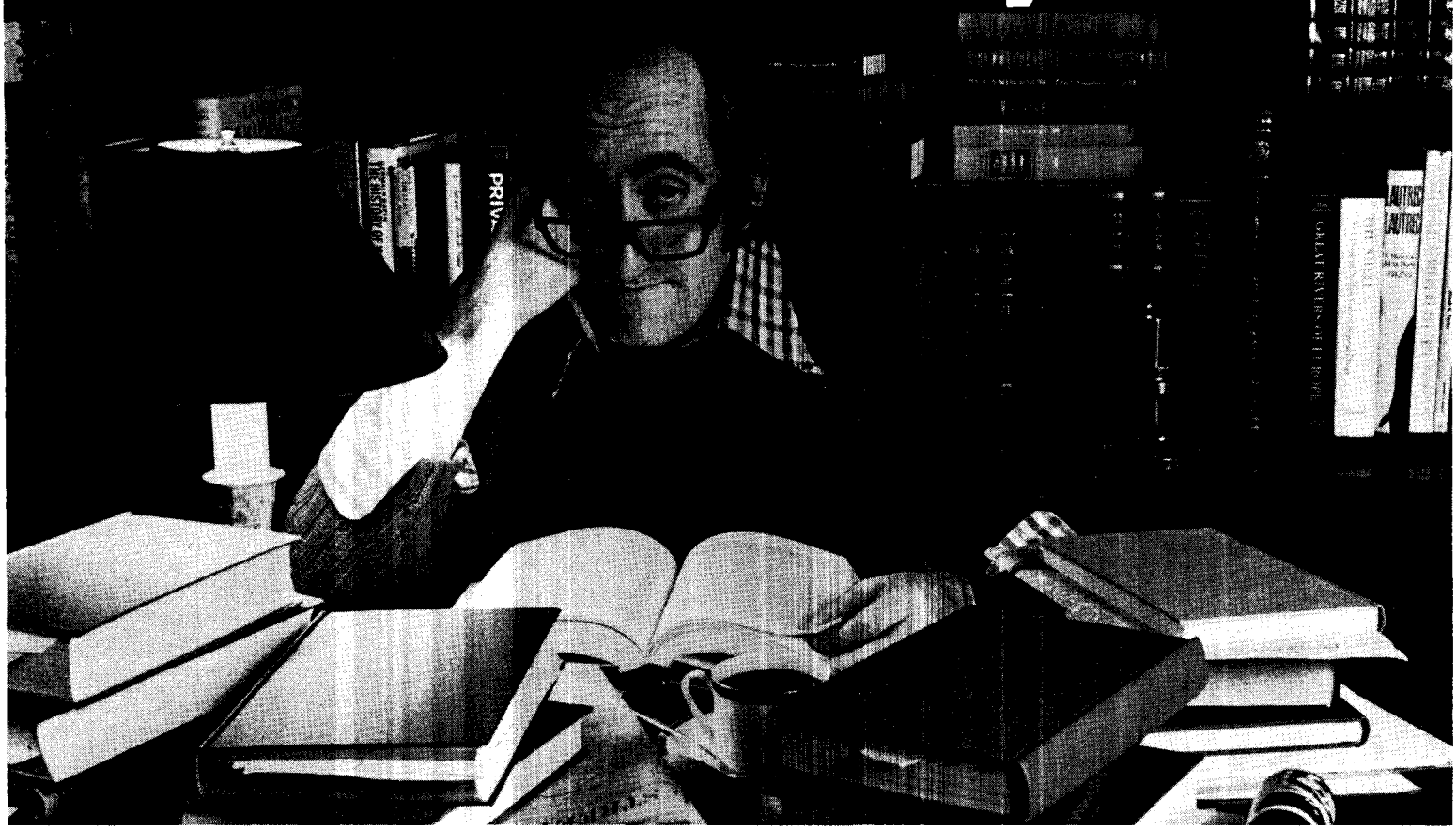
The career and trial of Angela Davis have boosted the CP's standing among blacks, giving the party an always-welcome issue to exploit while at the same time demonstrating that the party, as Si Gerson puts it, "is still a fighter." But the transfer of Miss Davis's popularity is not so great as the party likes to believe. Her substantial appeal in the black community stems almost wholly from her image

(Continued on page 46.)

*One of Meany's close advisers is Jay Lovestone, whose career is remarkable for both longevity and ideological range. Lovestone was ousted as general secretary of the CP in 1929.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How many books did you fail to read this year?



There are several reasons why you didn't read all the books you intended to last year:

—You didn't have the time to get to all of them.

—You forgot to pick them up at the bookstore.

—You were ambivalent about a book—weren't quite sure what it was about, and whether you really wanted to read it.

—The waiting list at the library was too long.

—You can't afford to buy all the books you need to read.

—You missed the reviews—or there were none.

We have found the solution to all of the above problems.

It's called BOOK DIGEST. BOOK DIGEST is a new magazine which will be published every two months.

Each issue will contain carefully edited selections and condensations of from ten to twelve important books.

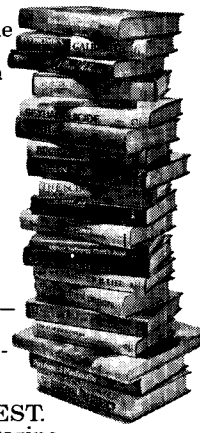
You will find four different kinds of books in BOOK DIGEST.

First, the smash best-seller.

Second, books that appear in BD at the same time as they begin to appear in bookstores and on best-seller lists.

Third, books that may never be best-sellers, but that are strong, important books you should be familiar with.

Fourth, forthcoming books, which will appear in BOOK DIGEST prior to publication elsewhere.



For example, our first two issues will contain the following books, among others:

- Imperial Presidency by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
- How to Save Your Life by Earl Ubell.
- Cosell by Cosell.
- Pentimento by Lillian Hellman.
- Marilyn by Norman Mailer.
- Economics and the Public Purpose by John Kenneth Galbraith.
- Kind and Usual Punishment by Jessica Mitford.
- The Anderson Papers by Jack Anderson.
- The Mind of Adolf Hitler by Dr. Walter Langer.
- Why Johnny Can't Add by Morris Kline.
- A Strategy for Daily Living by Ari Kiev, M.D.
- The Feminist Papers by Alice S. Rossi.
- Real Lace by Stephen Birmingham.
- Sexual Suicide by George S. Gilder.
- The Making of the President by Theodore H. White.
- Stalin as a Revolutionary by Robert C. Tucker.
- The Secret Life of Plants by Peter Tompkins & Christopher Bird.

If you had to buy all of these books in hardcover, they'd cost you $188.70. Yet you'll get them all in 2 issues of BOOK DIGEST! For less than $2.

Some material will be presented virtually intact: we'll give you a significant chapter or two. Other major selections will be sensitively edited down to an average of 25 pages each.

BD will serve as a preview of over 60 books a year, so you can select the books you wish to purchase for your personal library.

It is a good magazine to take along on a bus, train or plane trip: the selections are short enough and numerous enough so you can find several to suit your fancy at any time.

BOOK DIGEST will keep you up-to-date on the important books you will want to know about through the year.

In each issue, the author of a best-selling selection is the subject of a "Conversation" on his work and personal reflections.

A different guest columnist each issue pens a column of comment on some aspect of writing or publishing.

A "People" feature focuses on the accomplishments of those who write and make books important in our society.

And, in an 8-page special supplement, *Reviews and Recommendations,* BD will reprint vital portions of major reviews on the season's leading books.

Complimentary Copy for Charter Subscribers.

A complimentary copy of the first issue of BOOK DIGEST is being reserved for you as part of a special offer for charter subscribers.

By filling out the card, you will receive a year's subscription (six bi-monthly issues) for only $5.

You may cancel without obligation within 14 days if you are not fully satisfied.

And keep the charter issue.

Reserve your complimentary first issue and enter your subscription now.

It comes to less than 10¢ a book.

Book Digest magazine.
730 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cosmic Orphan

Reflections on Man's Uncompleted Journey Through Time

by Loren Eiseley

When I was a young lad of that indefinite but important age when one begins to ask, Who am I? Why am I here? What is the nature of my kind? What is growing up? What is the world? How long shall I live in it? Where shall I go? I found myself walking with a small companion over a high railroad trestle that spanned a stream, a country bridge, and a road. One could look fearfully down, between the ties, at the shallows and ripples in the shining water some fifty feet below. One was also doing a forbidden thing, against which our parents constantly warned. One must not be caught on the black bridge by a train. Something terrible might happen, a thing called death.

From the abutment of the bridge we gazed down upon the water and saw among the pebbles the shape of an animal we knew only from picture books—a turtle, a very large, dark mahogany–colored turtle. We scrambled down the embankment to observe him more closely. From the little bridge a few feet above the stream, I saw that the turtle, whose beautiful markings shone in the afternoon sun, was not alive and that his flippers waved aimlessly in the rushing water. The reason for his death was plain. Not too long before we had come upon the trestle, someone engaged in idle practice with a repeating rifle had stitched a row of bullet holes across the turtle's carapace and sauntered on.

My father had once explained to me that it took a long time to make a big turtle, years really, in the sunlight and the water and the mud. I turned the ancient creature over and fingered the etched shell with its forlorn flippers flopping grotesquely. The question rose up unbidden. Why did the man have to kill something living that could never be replaced? I laid the turtle down in the water and gave it a little shove. It entered the current and began to drift away. "Let's go home," I said to my companion. From that moment, I think, I began to grow up.

"Papa," I said in the evening by the oil lamp in our kitchen. "Tell me how men got here." Papa paused. Like many fathers of that time, he was worn from long hours, he was not highly educated, but he had a beautiful resonant voice and he had been born on a frontier homestead. He knew the ritual way the Plains Indians opened a story.

"Son," he said, taking the pattern of another people for our own, "once there was a poor orphan." He said it in such a way that I sat down at his feet. Once there was a poor orphan with no one to teach him either his way or his manners. Sometimes animals helped him, sometimes supernatural beings. But above all, one thing was evident. Unlike other occupants of earth he had to be helped. He did not know his place; he had to find it. Sometimes he was arrogant and had to learn humility; sometimes he was a coward and had to be taught bravery. Sometimes he did not understand his Mother Earth and suffered for it. The old ones who starved and sought visions on hilltops had known these things. They were all gone now, and the magic had departed with them. The orphan was alone; he had to learn by himself; it was a hard school.

My father tousled my head; he gently

© 1974 *Encyclopaedia Britannica*

Loren Eiseley is an eminent anthropologist and educator and the author of Darwin's Century, *among other works. The above essay appears in the one-volume* Propaedia *or* Outline of Knowledge *of the new Fifteenth Edition of* Encyclopaedia Britannica.

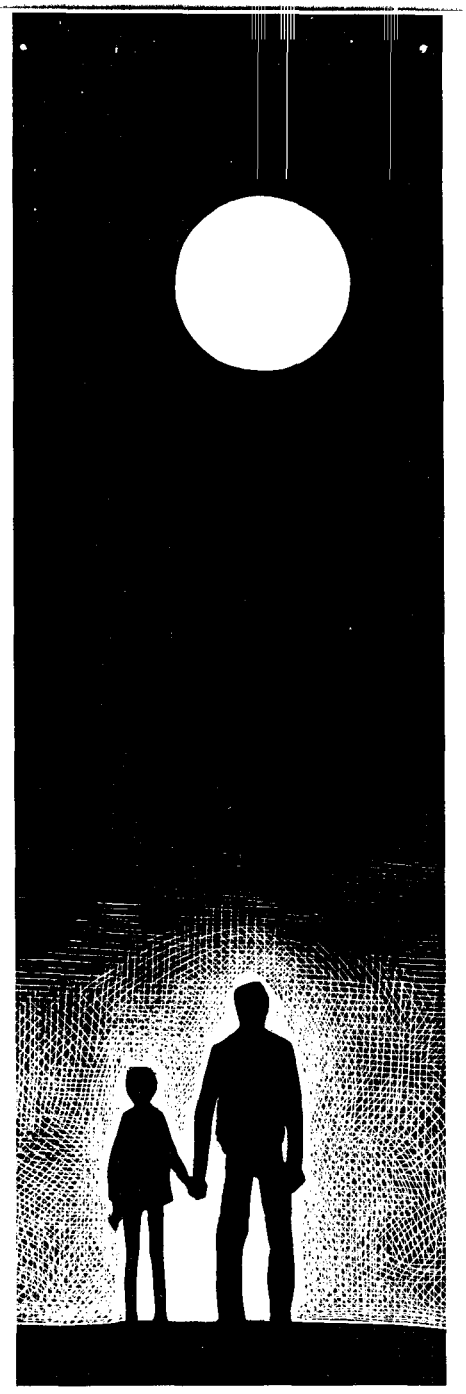
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

touched my heart "You will learn in time there is much pain here," he said. "Men will give it to you; time will give it to you; and you must learn to bear it all, not bear it alone, but be better for the wisdom that may come to you if you watch and listen and learn. Do not forget the turtle, nor the ways of men. They are all orphans and they go astray; they do wrong things. Try to see better."

"Yes, Papa," I said, and that was how I believe I came to study men, not the men of written history but the ancestors beyond, beyond all writing, beyond time as we know it, beyond human form as it is known today. Papa was right when he told me men were orphans, eternal seekers. They had little in the way of instinct to instruct them, they had come a strange far road in the universe, passed more than one black, threatening bridge. There were even more to pass, and each one became more dangerous as our knowledge grew. Because man was truly an orphan and confined to no single way of life, he was, in essence, a prison breaker. But in ignorance his very knowledge sometimes led from one terrible prison to another. Was the final problem, then, to escape himself, or, if not that, to reconcile his devastating intellect with his heart? All of the knowledge set down in great books directly or indirectly affects this problem. It is the problem of every man, for even the indifferent man is making, unknown to himself, his own callous judgment.

Long ago, however, in one of the Dead Sea Scrolls hidden in the Judean Desert, an unknown scribe had written: "None there be, can rehearse the whole tale." That phrase, too, contains the warning that man is an orphan of uncertain beginnings and an indefinite ending. All that the archaeological and anthropological sciences can do is to place a somewhat flawed crystal before man and say: "This is the way you came; these are your present dangers; somewhere, seen dimly beyond, lies your destiny. God help you, you are a cosmic orphan, a symbol-shifting magician, mostly immature and inattentive to your own dangers. Read, think, study, but do not expect this to save you without humility of heart." This the old ones knew long ago in the great deserts under the stars. This they sought to learn and pass on. It is the only hope of men.

What have we observed that might be buried as the Dead Sea Scrolls were buried for 2000 years and be broken out of a jar for human benefit, brief words that



might be encompassed on a copper scroll or a ragged sheet of vellum? Only these thoughts, I think, we might reasonably set down as true, now and hereafter. For a long time, for many, many centuries, Western man believed in what we might call the existent world of nature; form as form was seen as constant in both animal and human guise. He believed in the instantaneous creation of his world by the Deity; he believed its duration to be very short, a stage upon which the short drama of a human fall from divine estate and a redemption was in progress.

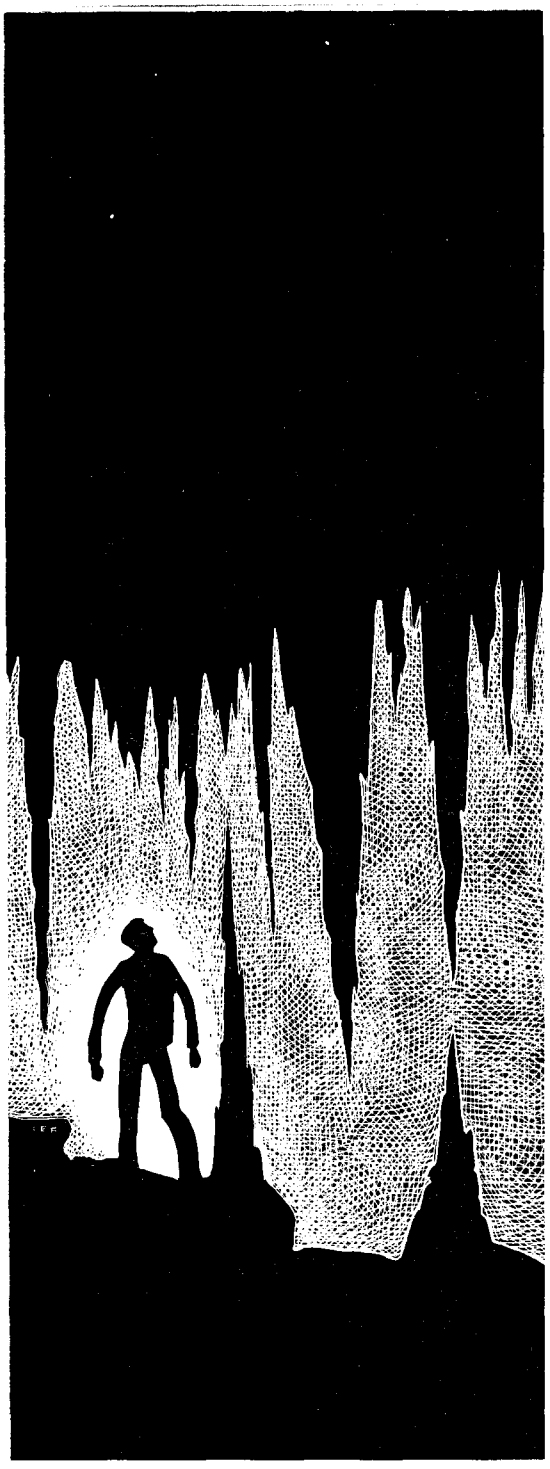
Worldly time was a small parenthesis in eternity. Man lived with that belief, his cosmos small and man-centered. Then, beginning about 350 years ago, thoughts unventured upon since the time of the Greek philosophers began to enter the human consciousness. They may be summed up in Francis Bacon's dictum "This is the foundation of all. We are not to imagine or suppose, but to *discover*, what nature does or may be made to do."

When, in following years, scientific experiment and observation became current, a vast change began to pass over Western thought. Man's conception of himself and his world began to alter beyond recall. " 'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone," exclaimed the poet John Donne, Bacon's contemporary. The existing world was crumbling at the edges. It was cracking apart like an ill-nailed raft in a torrent—a torrent of incredible time. It was, in effect, a new nature comprising a past embedded in the present and a future yet to be.

First, Bacon discerned a *mundus alter*, another separate world that could be drawn out of nature by human intervention—the world that surrounds and troubles us today. Then, by degrees, time depths of tremendous magnitude began, in the late eighteenth century, to replace the Christian calendar. Space, from a surrounding candelabrum of stars, began to widen to infinity. The earth was recognized as a mere speck drifting in the wake of a minor star, itself rotating around an immense galaxy composed of innumerable suns. Beyond and beyond, into billions of light years, other galaxies glowed through clouds of wandering gas and interstellar dust. Finally, and perhaps the most shocking blow of all, the natural world of the moment proved to be an illusion, a phantom of man's short lifetime. Organic novelty lay revealed in the strata of the earth. Man had not always been here. He had been preceded, in the 4 billion years of the planet's history, by floating mollusks, strange fern forests, huge dinosaurs, flying lizards, giant mammals whose bones lay under the dropped boulders of vanished continental ice sheets.

The Orphan cried out in protest, as the cold of naked space entered his bones, "Who am I?" And once more science answered. "You are a changeling. You are linked by a genetic chain to all the vertebrates. The thing that is you bears the still-aching wounds of evolution in body and in brain. Your hands are made-over fins, your lungs come from a creature gasping in a swamp, your femur has been twisted upright. Your foot is a reworked climbing pad. You are a rag doll resewn from the skins of extinct animals. Long ago, 2 million years perhaps, you were smaller; your brain was not so large. We are not confident that you

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



could speak. Seventy million years before that you were an even smaller climbing creature known as a tupaiid. You were the size of a rat. You ate insects. Now you fly to the moon."

"This is a fairy tale," protested the Orphan. "I am here, I will look in the mirror."

"Of course it is a fairy tale," said the scientists, "but so is the world and so is life. That is what makes it true. Life is indefinite departure. That is why we are all orphans. That is why you must find your own way. Life is not stable. Everything alive is slipping through cracks and crevices in time, changing as it goes. Other creatures, however, have instincts that provide for them, holes in which to hide. They cannot ask questions. A fox is a fox, a wolf is a wolf, even if this, too, is illusion. You have learned to ask questions. That is why you are an orphan. *You are the only creature in the universe who knows what it has been.* Now you must go on asking questions while all the time you are changing. You will ask what you are to become. The world will no longer satisfy you. You must find your way, your own true self."

"But how can I?" wept the Orphan, hiding his head. "This is magic. I do not know what I am. I have been too many things."

"You have indeed," said all the scientists together. "Your body and your nerves have been dragged about and twisted in the long effort of your ancestors to stay alive, but now, small orphan that you are, you must know a secret, a secret magic that nature has given to you. No other creature on the planet possesses it. You use language. You are a symbol-shifter. All this is hidden in your brain and transmitted from one generation to another. You are a time-binder; in your head the symbols that mean things in the world outside can fly about untrammeled. You can combine them differently into a new world of thought, or you can also hold them tenaciously throughout a lifetime and pass them on to others."

Thus out of words, a puff of air, really, is made all that is uniquely human, all that is new from one human generation to another. But remember what was said of the wounds of evolution. The brain, parts of it at least, is very old, the parts laid down in sequence like geological strata. Buried deep beneath the brain with which we reason are ancient defense centers quick to anger, quick to aggression, quick to violence, over which the neocortex, the new brain, strives to exert control. Thus there are times when the Orphan is a divided being striving against himself. Evil men know this. Sometimes they can play upon it for their own political advantage. Men crowded together, subjected to the same stimuli, are quick to respond to emotion that in the quiet of their own homes they might analyze more cautiously.

Scientists have found that the very symbols that crowd our brains may possess their own dangers. It is convenient for the thinker to classify an idea with a word. This can sometimes lead to a process called hypostatization or reification. Take the word *Man*, for example. There are times when it is useful to categorize the creature briefly, his history, his embracing characteristics. From this, if we are not careful of our meanings, it becomes easy to speak of all men as though they were one person. In reality men have been seeking this unreal man for thousands of years. They have found him bathed in blood, they have found him in the hermit's cell, he has been glimpsed among innumerable messiahs, or in meditation under the sacred bo tree; he has been found in the physician's study or lit by the satanic fires of the first atomic explosion.

In reality he has never been found at all. The reason is very simple: Men have been seeking Man capitalized, an imaginary creature constructed out of disparate parts in the laboratory of the human imagination. Some men may thus perceive him and see him as either totally beneficent or wholly evil. They would be wrong. They are wrong so long as they have vitalized this creation and call it Man. There is no Man; there are only men: good, evil, inconceivable mixtures marred by their genetic makeup, scarred or improved by their societal surroundings. So long as they live, they are *men,* multitudinous and unspent potential for action. Men are great objects of study, but the moment we say *Man* we are in danger of wandering into a swamp of abstraction.

Surveying our fossil history, perhaps we are not even justified as yet in calling ourselves true men. The word carries subtle implications that extend beyond us into the time stream. If a remote half-human ancestor, barely able to speak, had had a word for his kind, as very likely he did, and just supposing it had been *Man,* would we approve the usage, the shape-freezing quality of it, now? I think not. Perhaps no true Orphan would wish to call himself anything but a traveler. Man in a cosmic, timeless sense may not be here.

The point is particularly apparent in the light of a recent and portentous discovery. In 1953 James D. Watson and Francis H. C. Crick discovered the structure of the chemical alphabet out of which all that lives is constituted. It was a strange spiral ladder within the cell, far more organized and complicated than nineteenth-century biologists had imagined; the tiny building blocks constantly reshuffled in every mating had both an amazing stability and, paradoxically, over long time periods, a power to alter the living structure of a species beyond recall. The thing called man had once been a tree shrew on a forest branch; now it

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manipulates in its brain abstract symbols from which skyscrapers rise, bridges span the horizon, disease is conquered, the moon is visited.

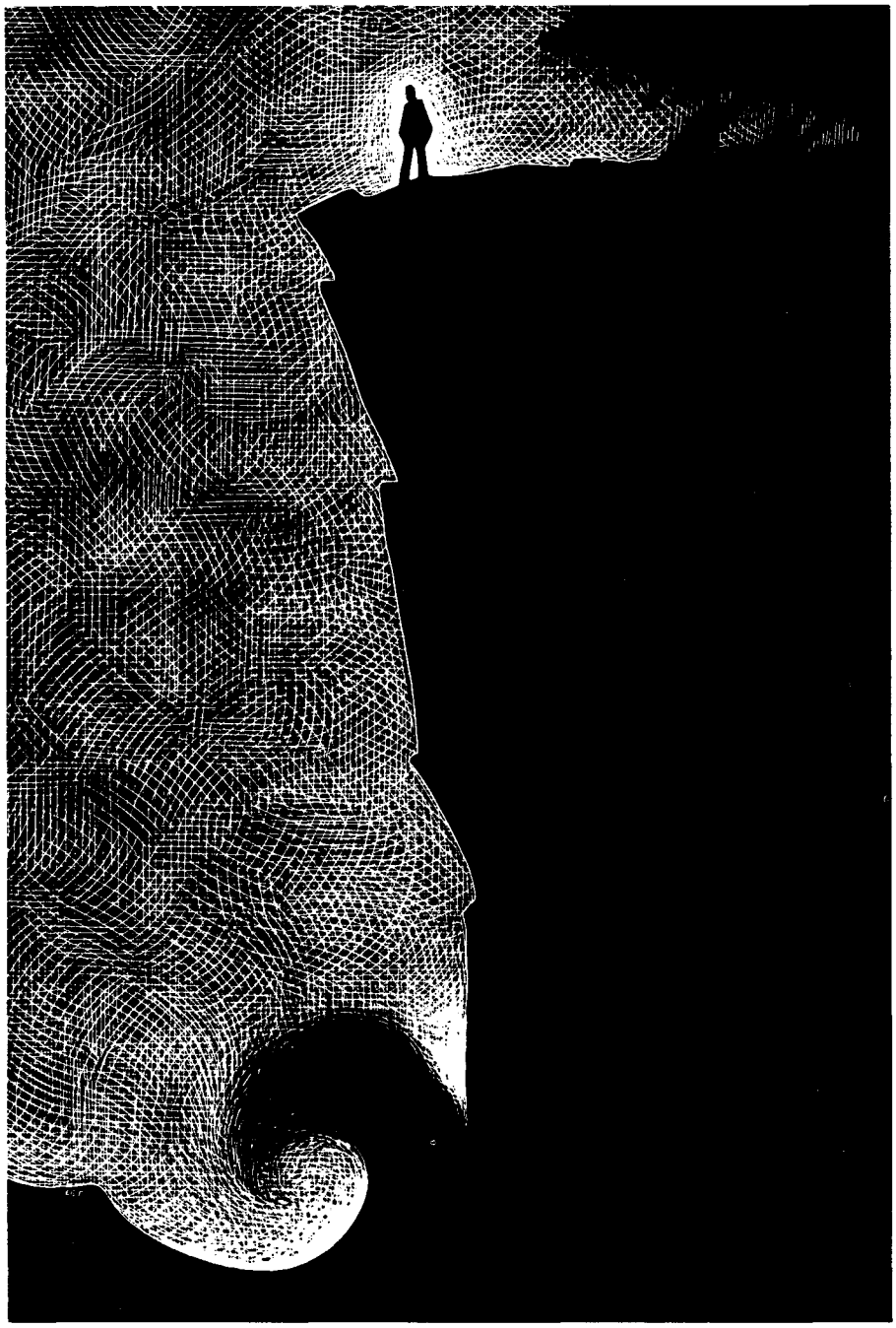
Molecular biologists have begun to consider whether the marvelous living alphabet that lies at the root of evolution can be manipulated for human benefit. Varieties of domesticated plants and animals have been improved. Now at last man has begun to eye his own possible road into the future. By delicate excisions and intrusions could the mysterious alphabet we carry in our bodies be made to hasten our advancement into the future? Already our urban concentrations, with all their aberrations and faults, are future-oriented. Why not ourselves? Is it in our power to perpetuate great minds ad infinitum? But who is to judge? Who is to select this future man? There is the problem. Which of us poor orphans by the roadside, even those peering learnedly through the electron microscope, can be confident of the way into the future? Could the fish unaided by nature have found the road to the reptile, the reptile to mammal, the mammal to man? And how was man endowed with speech? *Could* men choose their way? Suddenly before us towers the blackest, most formidable bridge of our experience. Across what chasm does it run?

Biologists tell us that in the fullness of time over 90 percent of the world's past species have perished. The mammalian ones in particular are not noted for longevity. If the scalpel, the excising laser ray in the laboratory, were placed in the hands of some one man, some one poor orphan, what would he do? If assured, would he reproduce himself alone? If cruel, would he by indirection succeed in abolishing the living world? If doubtful of the road, would he reproduce the doubt? "Nothing is more shameful than assertion without knowledge," a great Roman, Cicero, once pronounced as though he had foreseen this final bridge of human pride—the pride of a god without foresight.

After the disasters of the Second World War when the dream of perpetual progress died from men's minds, an orphan of this violent century wrote a poem about the great extinctions revealed in the rocks of the planet. It concludes as follows:

I am not sure I love
the cruelties found in our blood
from some lost evil in our beginnings.
May the powers forgive and seal us deep
when we lie down,
May harmless dormice creep and red
leaves fall
—over the prisons where we wreaked
our will—
Dachau, Auschwitz, those places
everywhere.
If I could pray, I would pray long for this.*

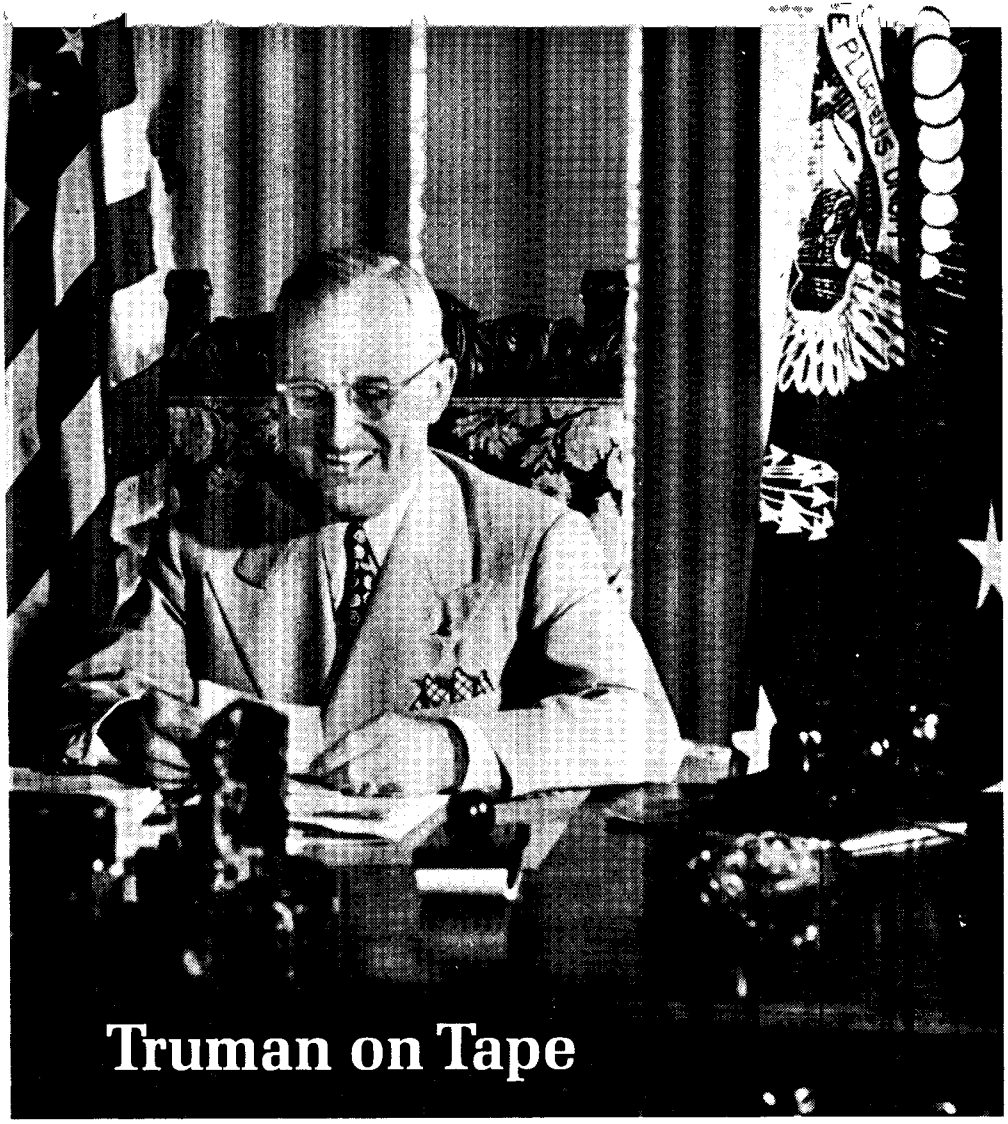
One may conclude that the poet was a man of doubt. He did not regret man; he was confident that leaves, rabbits, and songbirds would continue life, as, long ago, a tree shrew had happily forgotten the ruling reptiles. The poet was an orphan in shabby circumstances, pausing by the roadside to pray, for he did pray despite his denial; God forgive us all. He was a man in doubt upon the way. He was the eternal orphan of my father's story. Let us then, as similar orphans who have come this long way through time, be willing to assume the risks of the uncompleted journey. We must know, as that forlorn band of men in Judea knew when they buried the jar, that man's road is to be sought beyond himself. *No man there is who can tell the whole tale.* After the small passage of 2000 years who would deny this truth? □



Illustrations by Leonard Everett Fisher. Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons from *The Night Country* by Loren Eiseley. © 1971 Loren Eiseley.

*From Mr. Eiseley's book *The Innocent Assassins*, published in 1973 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Truman on Tape

U.S. Army: Courtesy Harry S. Truman Library

PLAIN SPEAKING: AN ORAL BIOGRAPHY OF HARRY S. TRUMAN
by Merle Miller
Berkley Publishing Company, 448 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by John P. Roche

"Who the hell is Truman?"—S/Sgt. John P. Roche, April 12, 1945.

"We in the State Department shared the concern of all Americans whether the 'little man from Missouri' could rise to the occasion. I had not met Truman at the time he became President. He was an obscure Vice President, who got to see Roosevelt less than I did and who knew less than I did about United States foreign relations."—Charles E. Bohlen, Witness to History.

John P. Roche is Henry R. Luce Professor of Civilization and Foreign Affairs at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy and a syndicated columnist. From 1966 to 1968 he was Special Consultant to President Johnson.

Thus the reactions, one simple, one informed, of two Americans on learning of President Roosevelt's death. Since then we have discovered a great deal about Harry S. Truman, but Merle Miller's "oral biography"—semi-fictional though it may be—has unforgettably caught the essence of the "little man from Missouri."

The term *semi-fictional* is not employed in a pejorative sense. It may seem like an odd way to begin a review, but it is essential at the outset to understand the limitations of recollection as a historical art form. To make the point, let me engage in a movie technique: the flashback.

On April 12, 1945, at about five in the afternoon, Speaker of the House of Representatives Sam Rayburn scheduled a meeting of "the Board of Education," a group of friends from both chambers who gathered to have a libation and discuss the affairs of the day. Vice President Harry S. Truman was a member of that extremely powerful, informal body and arrived about a quarter to five. According to former President Lyndon Johnson (then a Texas representative), Rayburn had just received a call from Steve Early, Franklin D. Roosevelt's press secretary, who was extremely agitated and kept asking, "Where the hell is Truman?" Rayburn said he was expected momentarily and promised to get him through to Early immediately. "It's absolutely vital," said Early.

Rayburn (still following Johnson's account, which differs somewhat from Truman's recollection as set forth to Miller) looked around the room and observed: "I don't like the smell of that at all; I just don't like it." When Truman arrived, the Speaker put him on a phone in the back room, from which the Vice President shortly emerged "white as a sheet" (LBJ) and said he had to go to the White House. "That's all he said, but we sat there feeling a cold wind" (LBJ).

In discussing this episode with Miller in 1961 or '62, Truman stated that even after he talked with Early, he had no inkling of why he was wanted or that anything had happened to FDR. Fortunately for the historian there is an independent witness still alive, John McCormack, then House Majority Leader, and his version of the events of that fateful day (obtained independently from that of LBJ) fully confirms the Johnson narrative.

Yet the sad fact is that even this doesn't prove to the meticulous historian that Truman was wrong and Johnson and McCormack were correct. Two times zero is zero still. Deceit does not enter the picture; before someone convinces anyone else, he first convinces himself.

This is particularly true of "closed" politics, the private, unstructured discussions that go on in the back rooms of Congress and the White House. President Johnson, for example, used a few of his aides (once he was convinced they were not working for *The Times*, *The Post*, or "Bobby") as therapists. Madder than hell about something or, more frequently, somebody, he would punch the direct POTUS (President of the United States) buttons to three or four of us seriatim and let go. One held the phone at arm's length and listened to a man with the most spectacular critical vocabulary I have ever known. Then we would caucus to discuss whether damage-control measures were in order. Each of us would, of course, relate the pithiest presidential comments, and within two days each was sincerely prepared to testify that the whole commentary had been

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

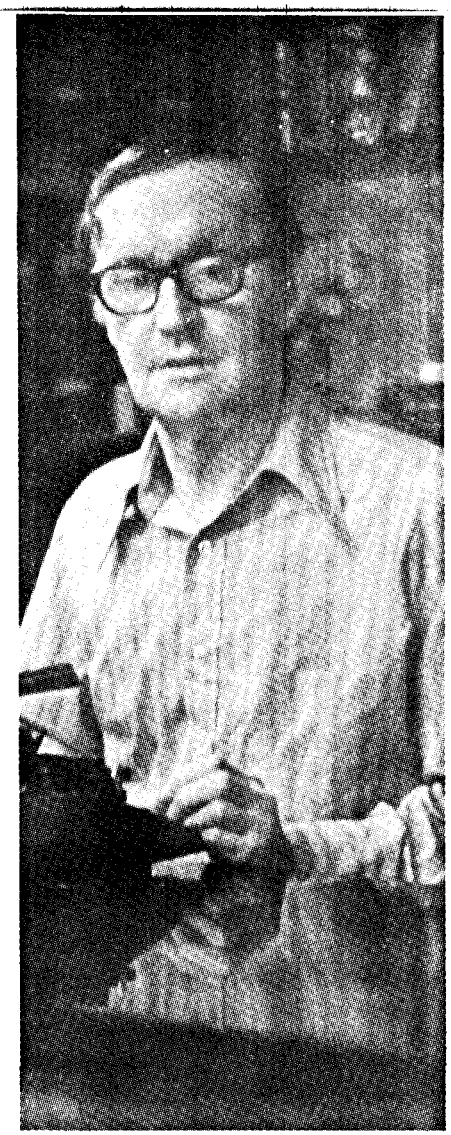
directed to him individually. Harry McPherson, Joe Califano, George Christian, and I will each go to our graves convinced that LBJ told him that the reason one member of the Cabinet kept whining and wouldn't quit was that "there is no vacancy in the Trinity." (Actually, he said it to me.)

THIS IS A GENERIC PROBLEM with recollections, but Merle Miller's oral biography of Harry Truman suffers from an additional flaw. On its face, the book is a series of taped interviews with Truman and those who knew him well. It makes fascinating reading, and I would like to say it is too good to be false. However, on the first reading I became deductively convinced that no former President of the United States would state for the record some of the observations Mr. Truman allegedly made to Miller. Here some guy comes in off the street, doing a television series, and Truman talks to him as he would to Sam Rayburn, Lyndon Johnson, or some other intimate? As the old Gaelic proverb puts the matter: "It doesn't stand to reason."

Well, since then it has turned out that Miller was a bit casual, to say the least, in his direct attributions. Let us begin with his talks with Dean Acheson, which constitute a significant portion of the book. Here Miller is frank: "I didn't tape any of these conversations; if you want the truth, I was afraid to ask for permission. But immediately after each session I hurried back to the Statler and typed up all of Mr. Acheson's stately sentences; they are not easily forgotten."

Now, I was born, fortunately or unfortunately, with what one of my enemies once called a "secret-police memory." I remember, for instance, what nice things Walter Lippmann said about Hitler, how Edward H. Carr considered Munich a triumph of British negotiating skill, what Dwight Eisenhower told congressional committees about desegregating the armed forces, and even, God forbid, what Attorney General Robert Kennedy said about our commitment to Vietnam. (This is not a boast; I was just born with a flypaper memory.) But Miller's performance with Acheson simply defies rational belief: By my rough calculation, he "hurried back to the Statler" and wrote down some 1300 words and put them in quotation marks. (A number of his other Acheson quotes are simply taken from *Present at the Creation.*)

Beyond that, it has turned out from newspaper stories—as parts of the book were serialized—that Miller has at best an existential approach to direct quotations. Several of the items that I considered much too hot for any TV tape were in fact not taped; they were Miller's retrospective recollections of Truman's words after he said (in the great political tradition), "Let's turn off that machine." So we are now faced with the question, which is not even alluded to in the book, How much of this is Truman on tape? How much of it is Miller attempting, perhaps after a number of "libations," to reproduce Truman's sentiments? No one can answer that until he has access to the tapes and can compare them with the text. But I insist that an author has the obligation to tell his audience how much of his material is based on hard facts (i.e., tapes) and how much is based on later reconstruction of informal discussions. (Or, how much is founded on contemporary inside gossip, which often poses as historical data.)



David W. Elliott

Merle Miller—"He has written a semi-fictional oral biography."

I don't mean to sound paranoid about this, but I have in my own experience picked up the papers and seen the most outrageously inaccurate statements attributed to me. Some clown who writes for the *New York Post,* for example, had me excoriating the "West Side jackal bins" (the word, of course,was *Jacobins*). and at the time of the 1967 Greek coup, a nitwit in *Ramparts* quoted me as supporting the junta. (What actually happened was that the night of the coup I returned from Adenauer's funeral and got calls from every economist I knew. Their complaint? Andreas Papandreou had been arrested. Finally, on about the eighth call, in some exasperation, I said, "Five thousand others were arrested too. Do you only defend the civil rights of members of the American Economics Association?")

IN SHORT, UNTIL I HEAR the actual tapes that Miller obtained from Truman, I simply cannot accept as hard data the former President's exploration of Gen. Dwight Eisenhower's relationship with his British WAC driver, Kay Summersby. (Gossip on that was rattling all over the European theater of operations when Miller was there with *Stars and Stripes.*) Nor can I believe that he would have stated flatly that Joseph P. Kennedy bought the Democratic nomination in 1960 for his son. Finally, the story Miller relates about Truman and MacArthur at Wake Island—that Truman stubbornly stayed in his plane until the general came out to greet him—has been authoritatively refuted by others who were present. (My personal contribution to that story is that when I asked the former President sometime in the 1950s what turned him off on MacArthur, he observed—after several "libations"—that "the son of a bitch didn't salute me." Again, recalling that two times zero is zero, Richard Neustadt, onetime Truman aide, gave me the same explanation. MacArthur, in his professionally sloppy uniform, complete with corncob pipe, ambled up to the President's plane and, as the latter descended, genially offered his hand. Truman, who was no stickler for protocol in normal line of duty, correctly took it as an insult to the commander in chief.)

So much for professional criticism. If we assume, as I do, that Miller has given us a semi-fictional "oral biography" of Harry S. Truman, what can we learn from it? The answer is that Miller has provided a superb portrait of the feisty President, one that provides far more in-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sight into his character than any other volume. (Margaret Truman, for instance, wrote a far better book than its reviews suggested, but she did have her father walking on water at an unusually tender age.)

What Miller has done is to destroy, hopefully once and for all, the myth that Truman was a nonentity who rose to the demands of the presidency, who was somehow transmuted from political dross by invisible emanations in the Oval Office. That fairy tale was concocted by commentators who really expected the world to end with the death of FDR and who had done no homework on Truman's background and experience. Moreover, the contrast between Roosevelt and Truman was, if anything, greater than that between John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. Truman simply took it for granted he was Truman, not FDR (and that anybody who didn't like it—to employ his favorite idiom—could kiss his ass), but Johnson brooded over his lack of "charisma." It was a crippling malaise: Incapable of being Kennedy, that man of immense talent was afraid to be Lyndon Johnson.

Not Truman. Nobody could make him into a "play-actor," and I don't think it ever entered his mind to worry about his image. Those of us who suffered through President Johnson's preparations for a major address or a press conference (I recall a three-day debate over contact lenses) can only envy the aides to a President who would walk briskly to the podium, open a notebook, and proceed in a flat voice to read a speech. At a time when there is much hubbub about the "imperial presidency," it is useful to recall that the man whose decisions committed the United States to the world stage had no pretensions to a throne.

MILLER HAS EMPHASIZED Truman's three distinctive qualities: intelligence, decisiveness, and loyalty. Employing the "camera's eye" technique (which was natural since the book originated as a television series), he takes Truman from childhood into politics and eventually through the great decisions of his presidential tenure—the Bomb, Israel, the Marshall Plan, Korea, MacArthur, to mention only a few. He does not, thank God, go wandering off into the revisionist bog where a sterile and apparently endless dispute is raging over whether Truman let down a barefoot, trusting Joseph Stalin and launched the cold war.

The prime target of Truman's darts was Eisenhower, whom he never forgave for silently endorsing the vicious attack on Gen. George Marshall by Senators Jenner and McCarthy. If only half of what Truman said about Ike was actually taped, it will immeasurably enliven the history of the last quarter century. Miller also presents a serious case against the notion (once current in liberal circles) that Truman was actually propped up by Acheson and Marshall, who were the real decision-makers. While the President had enormous respect and personal affection for both men and obviously took their views most seriously, he ran the store.

Truman came from a generation, and a section of the country, where "putting on airs" was a cardinal sin. It was in that spirit that he ran the government of the United States, taking his morning walks, blasting a music critic in a handwritten note for maligning Margaret's singing, and treating the White House staff—down to the women who washed the floors at night—like human beings. There were still some employees there in 1966 who spoke warmly of him, and a member of the Secret Service told me a story that helps to fill out Miller's perceptive montage: One morning the President—trusty Secret Service man in tow—walked out the French doors into the rose garden, where Bess was entertaining a group of friends from Missouri. After the amenities, Truman looked at the rosebushes with a critical eye, said, "Bess, they need manure," and returned to his office. A friend remonstrated with Mrs. Truman: "Bess, the President of our country shouldn't say 'manure'; he should say 'fertilizer.'" "Dearie," replied "the Boss," "do you have any idea how long it took to get him to say 'manure'?"

At a time when the White House seems to be dominated by the ethics of the advertising industry, it is a joy to go back to Truman and his simple creed. FDR, for example, loved to bug phones. The first time the FBI courier arrived with the week's transcripts, Truman took one look at them and abruptly ordered an end to what he saw as an egregious violation of privacy. (He summarily spiked the perennial Washington rumor that J. Edgar Hoover was a homosexual: "One time they brought me a lot of stuff about his personal life, and I told them I didn't give a damn. . . . It was what he did *while* he was at work that was my business. . . .")

Moreover, I cannot conceive of John Kennedy firing Douglas MacArthur: He would have ducked a head-on collision by reassigning the general to Guam. It is impossible to imagine Lyndon Johnson going to bed at ten o'clock on election night and sleeping the sleep of the just. And take Harry's word for Ike!

No, Truman was *sui generis* and, despite the reservations I have expressed about Miller's technique, he has provided us with a picture of Truman—warts and all—that can probably never be equaled by professional scholars. He has brought an American original to life. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 4

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 27.*

LB ACF RFHM NCM
RPV ZBIK KR KGB
NCUK IM NPKKXFY
KGB JPKPVB XF ZBIK
KR RPVUBHTBU.

WRGF IPAGCF

Rare Editions for Rare Individuals

IF you have a taste for beautiful books and sound investments, you will appreciate membership in The Limited Editions Club.

Only 2000 copies of each Club edition are printed, never more, and they are available *only* to Club members. Leading artists of international reputation are commissioned to illustrate these superb signed editions, each bearing the member's exclusive number.

No effort is spared in the design and craftsmanship of these truly rare — and valuable — editions. And yet the cost is surprisingly moderate.

At the moment there are a few vacancies in the membership. For a Prospectus, you may write to Eleanor Grant at

THE LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB
Avon, Connecticut 06001

[*There is, of course, no obligation*]

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Search of a Peerless Democracy

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S AMERICA: VOLUME ONE 1896–1945
edited by Barry Feinberg and Ronald Kasrils
A Richard Seaver Book, Viking, 384 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Norman Podhoretz

In the course of a very long life, Bertrand Russell managed to produce about sixty books on an extraordinary variety of subjects, but he never wrote one about America. This was not because America failed to interest him. If anything, he seems more nearly to have been obsessed by than indifferent to the country. Nor was it because he lacked the knowledge. He did, after all, visit the United States many times to lecture and to teach, and he once lived here continuously for six years. Nor, finally, was it because the thought of writing a book about America simply never occurred to him. The idea was so much on his mind that he once proposed as the epitaph for his own tombstone the inscription "He lived for six years in America, and did *not* write a book about it."

Yet if this inscription had actually been engraved on his tombstone, it would now have to be erased, for a pair of his disciples are posthumously arranging for Russell to have written not only one book about America but two. The first, covering the period 1896–1945, is just being issued. It consists of a long introduction by the editors, into which are woven excerpts from Russell's correspondence with American friends, followed by a generous selection of essays, newspaper articles, and speeches, many of them previously unpublished. A second volume, yet to come, will cover the remaining twenty-five years of Russell's life.

In those later years, Russell was often accused of anti-Americanism, and one of the chief purposes of *Bertrand Russell's America* is to acquit him of that charge. "His attitudes," the editors assert, "stemmed not from irrational hostility to the United States but from an overriding concern for the well-being of mankind, which led him to oppose all those ideas and practices he considered contrary to the interests of the American people." On the evidence of the materials collected here alone, Russell's feelings about America were far more complex than this pious interpretation (so characteristic in its unctuous tones of the introduction as a whole) could possibly suggest. I would guess, indeed, that the main reason Russell never wrote a book about America is that in this one instance he was unable to arrive at that state of self-assured clarity out of which he habitually delivered pronouncements on everything under the sun.

Emil Weiss: Culver
Bertrand Russell—"Never quite easy about committing 'treason' against America."

CERTAINLY HIS ATTITUDE toward America was contradictory in the extreme. In one mood America is for Russell "the world's greatest democracy" and the land of liberal thought *par excellence*. It is "achieving certain things of great moment which have never been achieved before, and is developing a philosophy of life which . . . is obviously more suited to the modern world than that of most Europeans." Moreover, "the culture of America has improved, while that of Europe has deteriorated." In general, the civilization Americans are creating "produces a higher level of average happiness than has ever existed before in the history of the world." Russell knows, of course, that "every country has its defects, but . . . those of America [are] less than those of any other country." Nor is this true only of America's internal character. In world affairs, too, "there is more wisdom in America than elsewhere." Having always been in "support of liberal and humane principles in international affairs," America will exercise its growing influence "wisely and humanely" and its "hegemony will be kindly and tolerant to a greater degree than that of any European country would be." The book ends in 1945 with Russell—in a piece of contrived dramatic irony—looking forward "to the Empire of America for the best

Norman Podhoretz is editor of Commentary *magazine and author of* Making It.

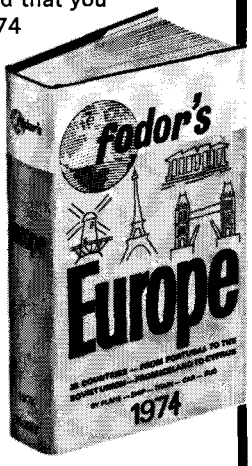
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU EVER NEEDED A GUIDE —THE TIME IS NOW!

fodor's

The World's Best-Selling Travel Guides Make Your Dollars S-T-R-E-T-C-H

Dollars are down and prices are up, but you don't need to worry. We've found comfortable hotels, excellent restaurants, lively night spots, interesting events, and fascinating places all over the world that you can enjoy in 1974 *at reasonable prices.* And we can lead you to all of them (and much, much more) in our enormous selection of guidebooks. So just pick your place from the countries listed in the coupon below, and send for your guidebooks now.



SR-2-74

FODOR'S MODERN GUIDES, INC.
750 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Dear Mr. Fodor: Your 1974 illustrated travel guides sound like just what I need. Please send me the Fodor's Guides I have checked at once.

☐ I enclose $_____.

☐ Europe	9.95	☐ Italy	8.95
☐ Caribbean	9.95	☐ Mexico	11.95
☐ Hawaii	7.95	☐ Morocco	7.95
☐ So. America	9.95	☐ Peking	6.95
☐ India	10.95	☐ Portugal	8.95
☐ Japan & East Asia	10.95	☐ Scandinavia	8.95
☐ Islamic Asia	12.95	☐ Spain	8.95
☐ Austria	7.95	☐ Switzerland	8.95
☐ Belgium	7.95	☐ Tunisia	8.95
☐ Czechoslovakia	7.95	☐ Turkey	7.95
☐ France	8.95	☐ Yugoslavia	7.95
☐ Germany	8.95	PAPERBOUND	
☐ Great Britain	8.95	☐ Europe on a Budget	4.95
☐ Greece	7.95	☐ Europe under 25	4.95
☐ Holland	7.95	☐ London	3.95
☐ Hungary	7.95	☐ Rome	3.95
☐ Ireland	8.95	☐ Venice	2.95
☐ Israel	7.95		

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

hopes that our distracted world permits."

This book, however, also shows us Russell in another mood—one that will be more familiar to anyone who remembers the kind of thing Russell was saying about America throughout the 1960s. For from the earliest days of his involvement with the United States, Russell was given to making nasty comments on almost every aspect of American civilization. Whether or not such comments stemmed from an "irrational hostility," they could hardly have derived from a measured assessment of the facts:

> The scale of emotion in America seems to me more frivolous, more superficial, more pusillanimous than in Europe; there is a triviality of feeling, which makes real people very rare.
>
> Read John B. Watson on mothers. I used to think him mad; now I only think him American; that is to say, the mothers he has known have been American mothers. . . . [The American] child grows up filled with hatred against the world and anxious to distinguish himself as a criminal, like Leopold and Loeb.
>
> A teacher of economics in America is expected to teach such doctrines as will add to the wealth and power of the very rich; if he does not he finds it advisable to go elsewhere.
>
> The empire of American finance will be in the highest degree illiberal and cruel. . . . It will make life everywhere ugly, uniform, laborious and monotonous. . . . The world will enjoy peace, broken only by the dropping of bombs from airplanes on strikers.

What was it about America that so disrupted the normally imperturbable coherences of Bertrand Russell's mind? He himself provides a clue when he tells us that in his own youth, "the English regarded America with the same mixture of admiration and hate that has been given to Russia since 1917." The United States was "the most complete and important example of democracy then in existence," and "it was treason among radicals to admit defects in America." For all his subsequent harping on the imperfections of democracy in America, Russell could never quite forget this early sense of the country as the leading standard-bearer of the democratic idea, and he was never quite easy about committing "treason" against it.

BUT IN ADDITION to being a democrat, Russell was also—and even more passionately—a socialist; and if he could never quite forget, to the credit of America, that it was a democratic country, neither could he ever quite forgive it for refusing to become a socialist one as well. Most of his criticisms of America were aimed at proving that true democracy was incompatible with capitalism, that only under socialism could democracy actually be realized. Whatever the merits of this analysis—and Russell, so far as I can judge, contributed nothing new to the familiar socialist indictment of bourgeois society—America did not agree with it. Remaining capitalist, America nevertheless stubbornly persisted in regarding itself as a democracy.

For a long time Russell was evidently unable either to accept or reject America's own view of itself. Then, in the 1960s, he finally decided the issue, surrendering almost ecstatically to what the publisher of this very volume calls a "vituperative anti-Americanism." The war in Vietnam supplied the occasion for many of his most strident denunciations of America, but it was not only, and not even mainly, the war that pushed Russell into so violent a resolution of his conflicting feelings about America. Ever since the early Twenties, Russell had for various reasons believed that true socialism would never triumph until it had triumphed in America and that people like himself could bring about the conversion of America to socialism through persuasion, agitation, and argument. By the 1960s, as I suspect volume two of *Bertrand Russell's America* will show, he had given up all hope of ever converting America to socialism, and therefore of ever seeing socialism succeed anywhere else in the world; and as I also suspect volume two will show, it was this disappointment that turned ambivalence into vindictive hatred.

In the meantime, we have before us in volume one the literary fruits of his earlier ambivalence, and they are remarkably unimpressive. Perhaps one or two of the pieces collected here possess any intrinsic intellectual interest. There is a light and mildly charming essay called "Can Americans and Britons be Friends?" And there is a brilliant disquisition on the differences between British and American nationalism—the only display of Russell's famous brilliance in a volume which for the most part gives us Russell at his village-atheist worst. Reading these pieces today, one understands why Russell left so many of them unpublished yesterday and also why he never attempted to write a book about America. The wisdom of both decisions was lost on the editors of *Bertrand Russell's America,* but it will in all probability be clear to any disinterested reader. ☐

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bertrand Russell and God: A Memoir

Confronted with the Almighty, he would ask, "Sir, why did you not give me better evidence?"

by Leo Rosten

Whenever I run across Bertrand Russell's name, I remember several afternoons I spent with him in London, many years ago, in his home on Queen's Road.

He was very thin, frail, and skin-creased, shorter than I had assumed, with a head much too large for his body, a bright-eyed elf with an aureole of white hair and a thread of a mouth that twisted —sardonic or amused, petulant or defiant—with every turn of his mood.

A pipe was never out of his hands. Whenever I asked him a question, he would fuss and fiddle with that pipe, tamping it down or reaming it, blowing into its stem to clean the passage, filling it, lighting it slowly, tapping it out, or refilling it—and then his answer would emerge, pellucid in phrasing and breath-taking in precision. Never before had I heard such a flow of epigrams or such tantalizing fugues of intelligence and irony. He used his pipe as a prop—to give him time to think, formulating his response, editing it, polishing it, rehearsing it, I suspect, before he presented it to me. The result was intoxicating.

He was rather cool in manner, I should say—perhaps because he was suspicious of my purpose: I had written to say I hoped to persuade him to write an article on agnosticism (for *Look* magazine). Almost his first words were: "I doubt that your editor will publish—in America—what I should want to say."

(One must remember how shabbily Russell had been treated by the city of New York, judged "unfit" to teach at City College and fired, despite his contract, because of his "lecherous, lustful, erotomaniac, aphrodisiac . . . writings," the complaint read.)

He asked, "What sort of article have you in mind?"

"A question-answer format. . . ."

"And who," he murmured, "will put the questions?"

"I."

Pause. Puff. Smoke. "Do give me some examples."

"Are you an agnostic or an atheist?" I began.

"Agnostic, of course. . . . Atheists are like Christians: That is, both dogmatically maintain that we can know whether or not there is a God. The Christian holds that God does exist; the atheist holds that God does not. But the agnostic knows that we simply do not possess sufficient grounds either to affirm or deny the existence of a supreme being. . . . So I believe that although the existence of God is not impossible, it is improbable. Quite improbable."

"Then how do you explain the beauty and harmony of nature?" I ventured.

He cocked his head to one side like a mischievous sparrow: "I fail to see much beauty or harmony in a tapeworm. . . . Animals throughout the kingdom of 'beautiful' nature kill and prey upon each other quite without mercy. The stars in the 'harmonious' heavens explode from time to time and destroy everything in their vicinity. Beauty is entirely subjective. It can exist only in the eye—and the mind—of an observer. . . . Try another question."

"Well, do you ever—however vaguely or infrequently—fear God or God's judgment?"

Russell shrugged. "*If* there is, in fact, a Supreme Deity, which I doubt, I think it most unlikely that he—" a pause, an ironic grimace—"would possess so uneasy a vanity as to be offended by my views about his existence." He fixed me with a skeptical stare. "Now then, will your magazine print such scandalous comments for the God-fearing American public?" His lips corkscrewed both dubiety and disdain.

"I can assure you that we will."

"Perhaps you had better ask more questions."

"Do you deny that man has a soul?"

A moue traversed his lips. "What do you mean by 'soul'? One can't give a precise answer to an imprecise question."

"I suspect, sir, that you know what men mean when they talk about the soul."

"Mmh." He shrugged. "I suppose that 'soul' is meant to designate some non-material essence, temporarily associated with man's corporeal existence—an essence, in the case of those who believe in immortality, that presumably leaves man's body to continue its existence, in one form or another, throughout all of the future. . . . I do not believe any of this, of course." He blinked. "But that should in no way lead you to think I am a materialist. I am just as doubtful about the reality of the body. . . ."

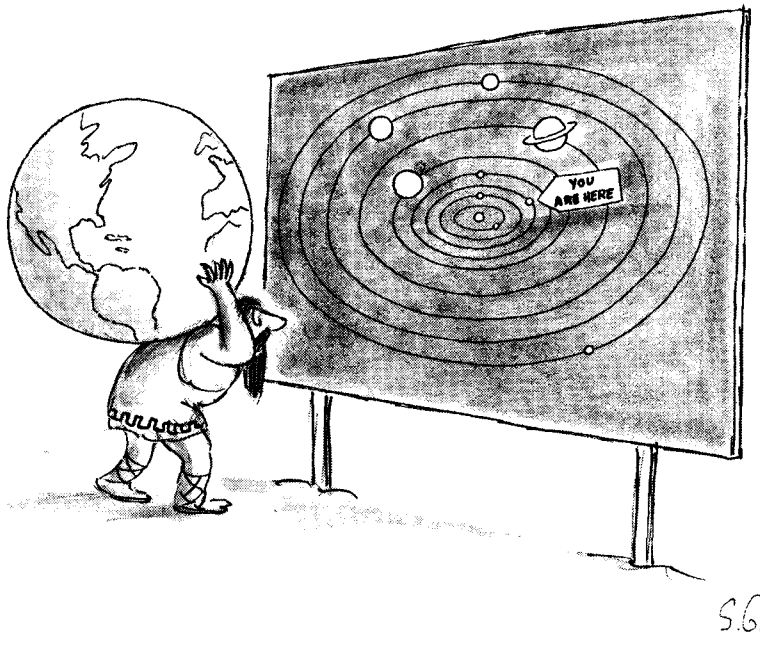
"Then do you in any way distinguish between mind and matter?"

"That," he sighed, "takes us into rather difficult problems in metaphysics. For my part, 'mind' and 'matter' are merely symbols, conveniences used in philosophical discourse."

"Don't you think that matter exists?"

"There are powerful reasons for holding that neither mind nor matter 'exist.' "

(Continued on next page.)



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW DIRECTIONS
Recent Books

THOMAS MERTON
Asian Journal. "Wonderfully entertaining, mystifying, and spiritually deepening"—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. Second Printing. $12.50

PABLO NERUDA
Residence on Earth. Nobel Laureate's major poetic work. Tr., D. Walsh. Bilingual. Cloth, $10.00; Paper, $3.75

ELIO VITTORINI
Women of Messina. His final novel. $9.50; $3.75

A Vittorini Omnibus: Twilight of the Elephant & Other Novels. $9.50; $3.75

Please send for complete catalog

NEW DIRECTIONS
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

I am me.
I am separate.
I am an individual.
I use...

the Osmiroid Italic pen because in a world gone mad with mass production, this marches to a different drummer. Made in England. Made in left-handed models, too. $3.25 for the Osmiroid . . . and a free instruction booklet.

Available at all good art supply, stationery and college bookstores.

Osmiroid Italic Pen
Hunt Manufacturing Company
1405E Locust St., Phila., Pa. 19102

"That, I suppose, would lead you to deny that there is a hereafter."

A cloud of smoke appeared from his pipe. "I have failed to find any persuasive evidence, even—[dryly]—in the most earnest allegations of spiritualists, transmigrationists, or psychical researchers, that would lead me to take seriously the assumption that we, or vaporous parts of us, survive death. But I remain open to conviction; if respectable data ever come along, I should examine them with great care." The tone suggested that Russell was confident such data were not likely to consume much of his time in the years ahead. "You know, agnosticism totally baffles many people. . . . When I was sent to prison as a pacifist, during the First World War, the warder, after asking the conventional questions—name, birthdate, place of residence—asked what was my religion. 'I am an agnostic,' I said. The poor man—a very decent sort—looked bewildered. 'A what?' he asked. 'Agnostic,' I repeated. He said, '*Would* you be so good as to spell that out, sir?' So I spelled out 'a-g-n,' and so on. When the warder read the strange word he had written, he looked up cheerfully and said, 'Well, there certainly are a great many religious sects—but I am sure they all worship the same God!' " Russell smiled; he would not elevate his amusement with a laugh.

"What about so-called miracles?" I asked. "Miraculous cures, for example?"

Russell waved a hand in benign dismissal of divine therapy. "My dear boy, faith certainly does heal—some people. But that scarcely proves anything 'miraculous.' Even at Lourdes, some diseases and afflictions and physical disabilities have never been cured. . . . Those pious people who do experience a mystifying cure at Lourdes would probably have been cured in another place, or by some physician, if they retained the same confidence in the powers of medicine."

"What about the miracles in the Bible?"

An expression of pain (or dismay) preceded the answer: "Even learned churchmen, if enlightened, think of the Bible as do I: not as holy revelation, but as a compilation of early history, folktales, myths—not much different from, say, the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. . . . I daresay that Homer makes as strong a case for the gods of Greece as Moses made for the God of Israel."

After his young wife brought us tea, I asked, "What is the meaning of life to an agnostic?"

"What is the meaning of 'the meaning of life'?" he retorted. "I do not believe that life has meaning; it just happens. Individual men and women have their own goals and purposes; and nothing in agnosticism need cause them to surrender those goals or alter those purposes."

"Are many agnostics Communists? They both oppose religion. . . ."

"Not at all. Communism simply opposes religions other than itself. Marxism is a set of virulent and intolerant dogmas. Agnostics must therefore oppose it with all their energy."

I asked, "Let us suppose, sir, that after you have left this sorry vale, you actually found yourself in heaven, standing before the Throne. There, in all his glory, sat the Lord—not Lord Russell, sir: God." Russell winced. "What would you think?"

"I would think I was dreaming."

"But suppose you realized you were not? Suppose that there, before your very eyes, beyond a shadow of a doubt, *was* God. What would you say?"

The pixie wrinkled his nose. "I probably would ask, 'Sir, why did you not give me better evidence?' "

• • •

There is a noteworthy end to my story. After *Look* printed the article, the New York *Daily News* ran a blistering editorial to the effect that Bertrand Russell's shocking ruminations proved that there must be a merciful God: How else could one explain "the continued existence" of so unpleasant, wicked, and muddleheaded a philosopher?

I sent Russell the editorial. His reply (which I publish by permission of his estate) is vintage irony:

> Dear Mr. Rosten:
> Thank you for sending me the extract from the N.Y. "Daily News."
> I think the evidence for the existence of God supplied by my continued existence is strengthened by the continued existence of the N.Y. "Daily News." It and I can agree in wishing that His mercy were less infinite.
> Yours sincerely,
> Bertrand Russell

To my surprise, the *His* was capitalized. All else illustrates Russell's unique combination of reasoning and mockery.

I sometimes think the great agnostic could have invented the epigram whose author no one knows: "Let us thank God that there is no God." □

Editor's Note: Leo Rosten's newest book, Dear Herm, *will be published soon by McGraw-Hill.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

by William Cole

Dugan

As the season of St. Patrick approaches, it seems appropriate to salute a poet named Dugan. Not that Alan Dugan is particularly Irish; he's Brooklyn born and lives in New York. He appeared on the poetry scene with a bang in 1961 when his starkly titled *Poems* was (1) in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, (2) a winner of a National Book Award, and (3) a Pulitzer Prize. Since then he's gone on to publish *Poems 2, Poems 3,* a *Selected Poems,* and in late March *Poems 4* (Atlantic–Little Brown). Speaking of Irish, his is a combination of gloom and wit. Here's one he titles "Untitled Poem."

Two shots down and I'm exalted,
so I have the choice: do I give out
the passion of the day to whiskey, arts
and crafts,
and lose tomorrow's to the shakes and
nausea,
or do I be a joiner with the bourgeoisie
and cool it, feed, do labor, and make sleep?
Ah how I envy my iron-gut youth
when I could drink and talk all night
and get to work next morning, work the
day,
and come home to a woman saying honey.

The Age of the Interview

We are living in the Age of the Interview. Everywhere—the press, magazines, radio, television—talk, talk, talk. One of the canniest interviewers is Studs Terkel, the Chicago TV chap. A few years ago he did *Hard Times,* interviews about the Depression, and now he's prying into a subject that touches everybody, *Working,* subtitled *People Talk About What They Do All Day and What They Think of While They Do It* (Pantheon, March 28). This will be a best-seller and deserves to be. Over a hundred men and women gabble on about their occupations: farmers, steelworkers, waitresses, stockbrokers, advertising types—you name it. Most don't like their work, are bored, stuck, underpaid. The few who love what they're doing stand out: a piano tuner, a bookbinder, a stonemason. A few celebrities are thrown in: Pauline Kael, Bud Freeman, Rip Torn. Here's an installment dealer:

I've had a duodenal ulcer. But it didn't come from this business. I had it when I was a furniture salesman. It was schlock furniture. A bait and switch type. Advertise something at a ridiculously low rate and then expect the salesman to switch the customer to something else. It's worked on the TO system, turnover. The first man who greets the customer warms him up a little. And then is commanded to turn him over to a man who's introduced as the manager of the store—which makes a tremendous impression. The greatest amount of things sold in this country right now is bait and switch. Schlock.

Literary Historian

Herbert A. Kenny is a sometime poet, a moretime literary editor (*The Boston Globe*), and, now it turns out, a fine literary historian. On March 17 (when else?) Taplinger Publishing Company will bring out *Literary Dublin: A History.* When he says literary Dublin he really means literary Ireland, since the book covers all the major and many of the minor writers from that font of genius —"the Dublin dimension works like a whirlpool sucking the outlanders into its vortex." Many, many examples of the famous Irish wit. Here, on Yeats:

Yeats suffered from Dublin wits. By the yahoos of the streets he was frequently called "Willie the Spooks," because of his interest in the occult; or "The Gland Old Man," because of the rejuvenation surgery he sought. James Joyce said of him that he spoke more like a man of letters than a poet, a jibe that hurt. Professor Dowden of Trinity gave an even meaner cut. Yeats, he said, "was a man born to write the life of Southey." George Moore said of him that he looked "like an umbrella left behind at a picnic."

Lapin Lore

It seems that each year something a bit loony turns up in publishing. Lately, anthropomorphism has been creeping in; there was that famous sea gull, and the March madness this year is an upcoming long fiction about bunny rabbits, *Watership Down,* by an Englishman, Richard Adams (Macmillan). Avon has bought paperback rights for $800,000, and the English have showered it with literary awards, comparing the author with Kenneth Grahame and Tolkien. The setting is a down in Berkshire, in case the title puzzles. I looked through a set of galleys but simply couldn't get with it. I mean, the boss rabbit is a male named Hazel, and others are called Bigwig, Pipkin, and Bluebell. And the little buggers have their own language: A motor vehicle is *ahrududu,* and rabbit droppings are *hraka.* But I was never given to Tolkiening, either. Allegory allergy.

Great Caricaturist

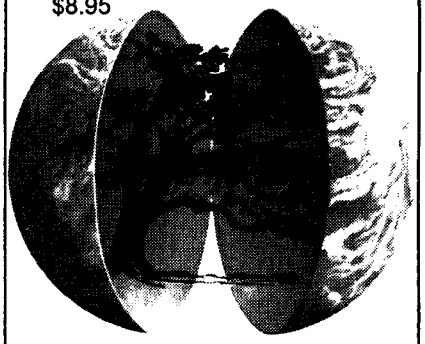
The only lightness that ever shows up in the stately *New York Review of Books* is the illustrations by that contemporary genius David Levine and those by the nineteenth-century master Grandville. In his short life (1803–47) he produced thousands of wildly imaginative caricatures and illustrations for such classics as Gulliver and Aesop. I own four of his books, and they cost me an arm and a leg; they're rare. Now Dover Publications, bless them, is coming up in March with a fully annotated selection of 266 clearly reproduced plates called *Bizarreries and Fantasies of Grandville,* with introduction and commentary by Stanley Applebaum, paperbound, for only four dollars. A situation in which you simply can't go wrong. □

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 22): We can only pay our debt to the past by putting the future in debt to ourselves.
John Buchan

26 top specialists show all the ways science is giving nature another chance.

NIGEL CALDER, Editor
NATURE IN THE ROUND
A GUIDE TO ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCE

A collection of original essays about our current ecological knowledge and the role of traditional sciences in keeping our planet green and alive.
$8.95



THE VIKING PRESS
625 Madison Avenue • New York, N.Y. 10022

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

THE HESITANT HEART
by Anne Edwards
Random House, 256 pp., $5.95

Miss Edwards has constructed a novel around private correspondence of Emily Dickinson, released by the family only in the 1950s. According to the afterword, the Dickinson family went to some trouble to conceal the facts of Emily Dickinson's relationship with Judge Otis Lord, even going so far as to construct rumors of her "queerness" to obstruct the truth of what the family felt to be a disgraceful relationship. Otis Lord was a widower, but he and Emily Dickinson had known and loved each other long before the death of his wife. There was an extensive and fiery correspondence between these two, who were destined never to marry. Lavinia Dickinson burned Lord's letters to Emily but, by devious means, Emily Dickinson's letters were preserved and finally, in 1954, published. The extraordinary Dickinson family deserves better by way of imaginative reconstruction than a limpidly romantic novel whose design is all too amply suggested by Miss Edwards's hope that this book would "make clear the fact that not only was Emily Dickinson a great artist, she was also a complete and fulfilled woman." A novel bent on such ends is on shaky grounds at best. Arguments—at least such up-to-date ones as concern themselves with the complete and the fulfilled woman—are no doubt better served by essays than by novels. Still, there is a good deal of venturesomeness here, which one might admire were one not so often irritated by the callowness at the heart of the prose. Then a murder trial at which Judge Lord presided is interestingly reconstructed, though what the trial is doing here at its inordinate length is a mystery. One can scarcely blame Miss Edwards for not having Emily Dickinson's sensibility; yet her novel is liberally sprinkled with direct quotes from the poems and the letters of the poet, and it must be said that the confrontation of Miss Edwards's prose (as assigned to her imagined Emily Dickinson) with that of the real Emily Dickinson is a disturbance one does not recover from along the way.

•

UNREQUITED LOVES
by Elliott Baker
G. P. Putnam's Sons, 256 pp., $6.95

Mr. Baker's rue-laden stories draw heavily on the memoirist in him. Reflections on a boyhood in upstate New York, memories of a mad aunt and of a madder army career all feed into a sensibility more than moderately well equipped to craft drama out of experience. If Mr. Baker has a trouble it is in the peculiar nature of his authority, an ironic intrusiveness that persists throughout the style here, and usually not to the advantage of the narrative. Still, it is a fault born of confidence, and on the whole that confidence is justified, for Mr. Baker is, in addition to being something of a didact, an inordinately witty writer. Two tensely wrought stories, "Celia" and "The Portrait of Diana Prochnik," are, each in its chilling way, emblems of the author's capacity for rendering the simultaneous nature of human experience. It is a sensibility capable of recording the seaminess, the pleasure, the embarrassment of any given moment and of appearing to do so, moreover, all at the same time. It is no small capacity, and Mr. Baker's collection of stories is no small achievement, being among the most admirable and engaging of works to have come by this season.

•

THE OBSESSION
by Meyer Levin
Simon & Schuster, 316 pp., $8.95

Mr. Levin has here recorded the details of his twenty-year obsession with *The Diary of Anne Frank,* his long quarrel with its stage treatment, and the severely damaged reputation that proceeded from the quarreling. This is to put things mildly; Mr. Levin believes that a political conspiracy operated to suppress his point of view all these years and that the conspiracy was Stalinist in nature. It must be said at once that the work is a fascinating one and that its frankly assaultive character and its frequent harsh simplicities do not diminish certain truths Mr. Levin has seen very well. One cannot doubt, for example, that the version of Anne Frank's *Diary* presented to the world on stage and screen—the version Mr. Levin contested so bitterly—was divested of its strongly Jewish character and sent forth swaddled in that "universalism" so well loved by the progressive mind. No one who knows the fatuities Anne Frank is made to utter on stage and screen in place of the passages in the diary, which bespoke so profound an identity with her faith, can doubt that it is so. The universalists do not leave such things alone, for theirs is an impulse more totalitarian than any religion has dreamed of being in our time. The Anne Frank issue aside—and Mr. Levin hardly ever puts it aside—the book is a study in psychic pain. There is rashness and cruel accusation aplenty in it. It is the testament of a psyche as aware of its madness as of the truths it has divined, and one cannot, reading it, escape the intense humanness of the character revealed upon these pages or, for that matter, the gallantry inherent in so long an effort at redemption. It is not an illuminating book in the traditional sense of the word; yet, in the end, one has caught a view of the world as Mr. Levin sees it and has felt with an almost unnatural immediacy the shock of his shock, the force of his anger. That translation of vision is a writer's triumph, and Mr. Levin has accomplished it against heavy odds.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

THORNTON WILDER'S
new best seller is "extraordinarily entertaining."
(N.Y. Times Book Review)
THEOPHILUS NORTH
Harper & Row
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022
1817
4th printing. $7.95 at bookstores

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
© 1973 Philip W. Quigg. All rights reserved.

Alternative Energy Sources

Second in a Two-Part Series

In the previous issue we offered a general introduction to the subject of alternatives to conventional fuels and then summarized the state of the art, environmental impact, and prospects of coal gasification and liquefaction; MHD (magnetohydrodynamics); oil from shale and from tar sands; the conversion of various kinds of waste through combustion, gasification, liquefaction, and fermentation; and the application of these same processes to vegetable matter grown especially for the purpose.

In this issue we treat the other principal alternatives: nuclear fission and fusion; geothermal; solar (a broad term, since in some sense all energy derives from the sun, but confined here to space heating and cooling, and conversion to electricity); wind; tides; currents and thermal gradients; and "the hydrogen economy."

THE NUCLEAR OPTION

The fission reactor—Of all non-conventional sources of energy, nuclear fission has received far and away the most development support. When the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission was founded in 1946, it expected that nuclear reactors generating electricity would become, without undue difficulty, our most important source of energy. It was anticipated that by about this time conventional fission reactors of the light-water or gas-cooled type would provide energy almost equal to that of the fossil fuels. The fission reactor's unique "clean air" characteristics appeared to make it a most desirable option. Nuclear fuels are a compact source of energy, and their use involves lower mining and transportation costs than coal requires: Water pollution, land disruption, and human injuries associated with mining are correspondingly reduced.

The rate at which nuclear power has entered into the production of electricity has been greatly disappointing to its supporters. In the United States there are some three dozen operating reactors, supplying about 5 percent of the nation's electrical capacity. Initial delays were largely related to the problem of establishing reliability and safety for commercial operation. More recently, fears have mounted concerning the environmental impact of large-scale use of nuclear fission. The optimistic period for fission technology ended around 1970.

Unforeseen natural disasters and human actions ranging from carelessness to deliberate sabotage are of critical concern. Of all sources of energy, nuclear fission is potentially the most hazardous to human health and to the environment.

The breeder—A further disadvantage of the conventional fission reactors in commercial operation today is that they utilize less than 1 percent of the energy in naturally occurring uranium. These reactors consume the fissionable uranium isotope U-235 (0.71 percent of natural uranium) and convert only small amounts of the dominant uranium isotope U-238 into fissionable plutonium. While experts differ as to the quantities of uranium that are economically recoverable, reliance on conventional fission reactors for a significant portion of our electrical energy demand would require the use of expensive, low-grade uranium ores. As a consequence, great emphasis has been placed on the development of the "breeder" reactor, which produces more fissionable material than it consumes and theoretically utilizes between 50 and 80 percent of the uranium.

However, breeders pack more energy into less space than the ordinary reactors do, making the possibility of a meltdown more frightening. Their radioactive wastes are much richer in highly toxic plutonium, the stuff of which weapons are made.

In the United States, the AEC is predicting that by the year 2000 there will be 900 nuclear power plants in operation, and the Federal Power Commission is renewing the prediction of three decades ago: that nuclear plants will meet 50 percent of the nation's energy needs within twenty to thirty years. Japan and some European countries foresee even greater dependence on nuclear fission, but some are meeting stubborn resistance from significant sectors of the public.

Fusion—The possibility of obtaining power from a controlled thermonuclear reaction has steadily receded in time. Some believe that the process will never be perfected; others forecast that significant power from fusion is possible by the end of the century.

The fusion process involves the interaction of very light atomic nuclei, such as hydrogen, to create highly energetic new nuclei, particles, and radiation. Oversimplified, the problem is how to contain the reaction at astronomically high temperatures and pressures. The fusion processes being explored include the magnetic containment of the fusion plasma (ionized gas) and laser-induced fusion. In the first process, the plasma is surrounded by a neutron-moderating blanket and contained by very large super-conducting magnets. The other process uses a giant laser pulse to impinge on a deuterium-tritium pellet.

The advantages of nuclear fusion are now legendary: for all practical purposes, an inexhaustible source of clean energy with minimal environmental impact, primarily thermal pollution. But control of the fusion process involves many scientific phenomena that are not yet adequately understood, and research has not yet reached the stage of engineering feasibility. Controlled nuclear fusion is conceptually attractive but has a highly uncertain outcome.

GEOTHERMAL

At least eighty nations have geological conditions indicating that the earth's heat is within potential reach as a source of energy. Today, usable geothermal energy is being produced only in the United States, the Soviet Union, Italy, Iceland, Japan, New Zealand, and Mexico. For the most part these developments are not recent but go back many decades—in the case of Italy, to 1904. The total electric power produced amounts to about 1100 megawatts, or the equivalent of a single large fossil-fueled power plant. Geothermal power is now being tapped in Kenya and Ethiopia, and serious exploration is proceeding in Turkey, Chile, El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Taiwan. It is in lands having a history—however ancient—of earthquakes and volcanoes that heat from the earth's molten interior can be expected to be within man's technological grasp.

Geothermal energy need not be converted to electricity to be useful. As in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reykjavík, Iceland, hot springs may be used for home and industrial heating, or they may be applied to desalinization and mineral separation. While some geothermal reservoirs have very hot water with temperatures as high as 550° F.. others, such as those underlying Hungary and parts of the Soviet Union, are of relatively low temperatures (around 200° F.) suitable for space heating and residential hot water.

The limited energy that has so far been tapped from the earth's interior has come entirely from sites of natural outcroppings of steam or hot water. These occur in only a few places in the world; the most notable example in the United States is the Geysers, ninety miles north of San Francisco, where efforts are being made to increase output from 237 to 1000 megawatts.

Any widespread use of geothermal energy requires exploratory drilling deep into the earth to reach either steam, hot water (also brine), superheated rock, or possibly magma (molten rock and gases).

The Economics and Technology

Geothermal steam is cooler than that normally used in power generation. This means lower efficiency and a higher capital investment per watt of output.

Hot *water* at high temperatures may be converted into steam for direct power generation. This is being done successfully, though with low efficiency, in New Zealand and at the relatively new plant at Cerro Prietto, Mexico. At lower temperatures the water must be used to heat a liquid that has a lower boiling point, such as Freon or isobutane, which in turn drives the turbines. One such plant using this so-called binary system is in operation in the Soviet Union, and another is planned.

The geothermal fluid may in fact turn out to be brine—with up to 30 percent solids (salt, silica, carbonates)—and highly corrosive. In this case a binary system is essential in order to keep the brine isolated. Enough hot brine is believed to be under the Imperial Valley in California to produce 20,000 megawatts for a century.

The most widespread and possibly the richest source of geothermal energy is probably dry hot rock, which can be used to heat water fed from the surface. To permit the water to pass over multiple surfaces of the rock and absorb its heat, water is initially pumped down the bore hole under high pressure, thus hydraulically fracturing the rock. The heated water then rises by natural convection through a parallel bore hole, and after its heat has been tapped, it is returned by gravity to the underground rock in a continuous cycle.

So far this is theory, but it has been successfully tested to the extent that hydrofracturing (developed by the oil industry for reviving tired wells) can be achieved in granite and other crystalline rock formations at relatively modest pressures; and the cracks will not cause the water to leak away, as some feared. Thus the technology appears promising and will receive a full-scale test soon.

Scientists are now assessing a two-by-five-square-mile area near Marysville, Montana, where hot rock lies only a mile below the surface at a temperature of at least 932° F. (500° C.). It is estimated that for a period of thirty years, this relatively small source could provide nearly 10 percent of all the electricity now used in the United States. Experiments on removing this dry-rock heat will begin next summer, when an exploratory hole will have been completed.

A Hydrogen Energy Regime

A chemical fuel having attractive qualities for replacing oil and gas is hydrogen, which is non-polluting and virtually inexhaustible. Moreover, it is an ideal form in which to store and transport other forms of energy, especially from such intermittent sources as the sun, wind, and tides. The proponents of hydrogen have used the term "the hydrogen economy" to describe a regime in which it would be the predominant fuel. As a gas, it would be delivered by pipeline to homes or plants for use directly by burning or by conversion to electricity in on-site fuel cells. Hydrogen would be burned in engines, as gasoline and other petroleum products are. It is a clean and efficient fuel for internal-combustion engines and appears to have good promise for aircraft propulsion. The range of aircraft would be increased two to three times for the same weight of fuel. Liquid hydrogen does have the disadvantage that it must be kept at very low temperatures.

Hydrogen is not a "natural" fuel, but it can be synthesized readily from conventional fuels or it can be produced simply by splitting molecules of water—including ocean water—into hydrogen and oxygen. This electrolysis process requires an input of electrical energy derived from new or old energy sources. Hydrogen may also be produced by biological processes and photosynthesis. Any organic matter would serve, including waste. Of all these processes, electrolysis now seems the most practical for large-scale use.

Environmental Impact: Hydrogen is a clean, non-polluting fuel. It is, however, a hazardous material that must be handled with all due precautions. We have had extensive experience with pipelining hydrogen over short distances, using pipeline materials and pressures similar to those for natural gas. Liquid hydrogen is regularly shipped in railroad tank cars and truck trailers. Handled with proper practices and in equipment designed to ensure its safety, hydrogen could be used without undue risk.

The transmission of energy via hydrogen in underground pipelines avoids the visual pollution, loss of energy, and misuse of land characteristic of the transmission of electricity via high-voltage power lines. Electrolysis facilities can be placed in the optimum locations either for utilizing fuel sources or for dispersing polluting by-products of the power production.

Among the most important advantages of hydrogen is that it adds to the feasibility of other energy sources, which may be limitless but variable (sun, wind, etc.) and can be converted to hydrogen at peak periods.

Prospects: A hydrogen-energy regime is already technically feasible. The cost of hydrogen produced from electricity must always be higher than the cost of the electricity. But its storage advantages and the lower transmission and distribution costs, compared with electricity, make it attractive. It should already be possible to sell hydrogen energy to the average customer at a price lower than he now pays for electricity and lower than he soon will pay for natural gas.

Perhaps the principal obstacle to be overcome is public fear of the hazards of hydrogen, sometimes described as the "Hindenberg syndrome." In part because of this concern, some have suggested "the methanol economy" could be a transition route from an oil to a hydrogen economy. Methanol, a synthetic compound of hydrogen, has the advantages of being safer, possibly cheaper, and more easily adaptable to the automobile.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Environmental Impact

Geothermal energy is not so free of environmental consequences as some of its proponents suggest; its impact will vary widely with the quality of the steam and/or water that emerges and will be dependent on whether subterranean pressures prevent returning them to earth. If so, the problems of disposal may be formidable, though having adequate water for cooling is an asset, and relatively pure water may find agricultural and other uses. In the case of hot dry rock, substantial quantities of surface water will be required. In other respects, hot rock seems the most environmentally satisfactory source of geothermal energy. The fear that hydrofracturing, especially in earthquake-prone areas, may cause dangerous geological instabilities has been somewhat lessened.

In populated areas noise and odor pollution may be serious, though not insurmountable. Steam escaping under high pressure is ear-splitting, and the frequent presence of hydrogen sulfide, unless extracted, will fill the neighborhood with the odor of rotten eggs.

As with other forms of on-site power generation, which will be increasingly common, the electricity must be carried to where it is needed. This means an expansion of transmission lines with their attendant problems of land use, visual pollution, and energy loss.

Prospects

There is no question that geothermal energy offers a gigantic potential. For example, the Russians estimate that their geothermal potential is probably equal to their reserves of petroleum, coal, and lignite combined. Moreover, unlike many other so-called esoteric sources, the basic technology is at hand. The uncertainties lie largely in economics and geography. Little is known about costs of exploration and extraction. If geothermal energy is to be competitive in the near term, it will be only in those areas where the earth's heat is close to the surface. In the United States, that means in the West, where the energy shortage is less severe.

Development in the United States has been excruciatingly and inexcusably slow. The R&D budget for this fiscal year is a paltry $11 million—and scheduled to rise to $40 million next year. Only this year are the first leases being issued for exploratory drilling on federal land—where most of the best prospects exist. Nevertheless, a study by the National Science Foundation estimates that by 1985 the United States will generate 132,000 megawatts of electricity from geothermal energy and that by the end of the century the output will reach 395,000 megawatts—or more than the total generating capacity of the United States today. From a different perspective, the Joint Atomic Energy Committee estimates that by the year 2000, geothermal will provide less than 5 percent of U.S. energy requirements.

SOLAR

The limitless potential of solar energy today captures some of the excitement generated by thermonuclear energy two decades ago, when its promise seemed imminent. The new interest in solar radiation is deserved, but again high expectations may be disappointed; years of neglect of this primordial source will not be overcome quickly.

By now every literate person has read something about solar energy; therefore we will encapsulate this section even further than others.

The Possibilities:

- *To supplement conventional methods of heating and cooling homes and commercial buildings* through the use of large panels that "collect" the sun's radiation and store it by transferring the heat to water, rocks, or (more recently) special salts. The technology is available, but each system and its components must be custom-designed. The usual objective in the north temperate zone is that solar energy should meet half the space-conditioning requirements of a given structure.
- In addition to heating, *to install solar cells that will convert the sun's heat directly into electricity* for household light and appliances. Excess power might be stored in conventional batteries, in flywheels, or chemically as hydrogen for use at peak periods of demand on public utilities. One experimental house combining space heating and photovoltaic conversion exists at the University of Delaware. Though the findings are not yet published, it is hoped that solar energy will provide 80 percent of the building's heating and electric needs at an added capital cost of 10 percent. With a fifteen-year amortization and abundant fuel savings, such a system would be highly competitive.
- *To capture the sun's thermal energy in a solar furnace by concentrating large amounts of solar radiation.* With parabolic mirrors or plastic lenses, automatically steered, the sun's rays would be focused on a large boiler, probably mounted on a tower. The heat would be converted to electricity initially by a steam turbine generator, with possibly more sophisticated methods to follow.
- *To generate massive quantities of electricity from solar heat captured in hundreds of miles of pipe containing a liquid with a low boiling point.* The pipe, laid out in deserts or raised above grazing land, would be coated with a material designed to allow solar radiation to penetrate but not to escape. In theory, the amount of electricity that could be generated is limited only by the high capital costs and amount of land that could be devoted to the purpose. Such a project would be practical only in areas of maximum sunshine. Much further research is required.
- *To put into synchronous orbit one or more giant satellites with solar cells spread out over several miles, which would transmit electric energy by microwave to earth stations.* Placed in pairs, so that one was always outside the earth's shadow, such satellite stations could provide an uninterrupted supply of energy. The financial and energy costs of placing the satellites in orbit would, however, be astronomical.

Of these possibilities, only space heating and cooling and small-scale conversion to electrical energy are in any sense imminent. Since the basic technology is available, the key question is how far and how rapidly mass production can reduce costs.

Environmental Impact

Although solar energy may be the most non-polluting of all sources, it of course has environmental implications.

Solar ranching clearly has important consequences for land use. Hundreds of miles of heat-absorbing pipe extending over vast areas of desert may be viewed either as a productive use of waste land or as an insult to the natural environment and especially to its fauna. The same would be true of the huge antenna required to receive microwaves from space and convert them into electricity.

Extensive use of solar energy may cause one other form of pollution not often mentioned: visual pollution. The incorporation of solar collectors into structures of attractive and varied design will be a severe challenge to architects. Because these solar panels must be oversized in relation to the structure, because they must all face south (in the Northern Hemisphere) and at approximately the same angle, the appearance and orientation of houses may leave much to be desired.

In any case, the environmentally adverse aspects of solar energy are minor compared with its assets as a potentially

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unlimited source of clean energy that is available everywhere.

Prospects

It is possible that solar heating units will be commercially available in five years. Much testing remains to be done to determine which systems and their components are most reliable and economical. How rapidly solar heating is thereafter adopted will depend on many factors involving attitudes and incentives. The most important motivation will be the shortage of fuel oil and electricity as it is felt by the individual consumer at the end of the decade.

More ambitious schemes for converting solar radiation to electricity are fairly distant. Thus the use of the sun as an energy source will evolve slowly, in part because there are no economies of scale.

In the United States, the Joint Atomic Energy Committee anticipates that solar energy will constitute about 6 percent of the supply by the year 2000. Taking a longer look, a Solar Energy Panel formed by the National Science Foundation and NASA estimated that by the year 2020 solar energy "could" provide as much as 35 percent of the nation's space heating and cooling and 20 percent of its electricity.

Perhaps the brightest prospect for solar energy is in the developing world. If photovoltaic cells can be mass-produced at reasonable cost, there is the possibility that the most remote area can have enough electricity.

WIND

Windmills were first used to generate electricity in Denmark more than eighty years ago, and it is in that country that the most successful large wind turbine is found. Yet its output is only 200 kilowatts. The most ambitious experiments have been in the United States, the Soviet Union, Germany, and India; most were undertaken many years ago, and their lack of success did little to encourage further research and development.

Today, however, there is not only fresh motivation, but also new, lighter materials, improved understanding of aerodynamics, and more efficient means of storage. Whereas the most celebrated U.S. experiment (in the Forties in Vermont) used a two-bladed propeller 175 feet in diameter and weighing sixteen tons, today's experiments use lightweight propellers with a diameter of six to twenty-five feet and advanced aerodynamic design.

Since the energy available in a twenty-mile-an-hour wind is eight times that at ten miles an hour, there is obviously a premium on placing turbines where the wind is strong as well as steady. One suggestion is to put floating windmills off the Atlantic coast. Twenty to fifty thousand would provide the base load for a good part of the East Coast; when the wind fails, conventional power plants would meet power needs. Another plan is to place windmills atop existing transmission towers. One student calculates that there is enough wind over the western plains to supply half the electric-power requirements of the United States.

Almost the only objection that can be raised to wind power on environmental grounds is that it will cause visual pollution. Technologically advanced wind generators scattered by the tens of thousands over several states would lack the appeal of windmills of old.

A New Age of Sail?

One of the most fascinating possibilities is that square-rigged cargo ships, entirely automated and capable of speeds of twelve to sixteen knots or more, can be made as reliable as, and more economical than, freighters fueled by oil. As with windmills, the technology relies on new, light materials and on advanced aerodynamic design. According to plans developed by German engineers, sails would be set, trimmed, and furled by push button from the bridge. The ships would have auxiliary power and would not be suitable for all runs. But in the heavily trafficked North Atlantic, for example, the wind is said to be reliable 85 percent of the time.

TIDES

Despite millennial interest in the power of tides, there are only two places on earth where it is being harnessed to generate electricity—one in the Soviet Union, which generates 400 kilowatts, and one in northern France, which generates 240,000 kilowatts. Though much more could be done to capture tidal energy, the opportunities will always be limited geographically: There are not many places where the difference in elevation between high and low tide—the head—is sufficient to make electricity generation practical.

Tidal installations of the future will almost certainly have special holding basins, pumped storage, flywheels, or hydrogen conversion to provide constant power from intermittent tides. The most likely site is Canada's Bay of Fundy, where the fifty-foot head is the highest in the world.

The required dams across bays or estuaries obviously will have an impact on the marine environment, which must be studied in each case.

OCEAN CURRENTS

The unimaginable energy in ocean currents may be tapped using "underwater windmills." The Florida Current, only one component of the Gulf Stream, is said to carry fifty times the flow of all the freshwater rivers of the world. Near the surface it moves at speeds that sometimes exceed 5.5 miles per hour. If the total flow between Miami and Bimini could be harnessed, it would amount to about 25,000 megawatts.

So far, an experimental turbine has not even been designed, and some doubt that the low RPMs could generate electricity economically. But the attractions are obvious: Usable currents are moderately widespread in the world; they are relatively constant; the energy would be pollution-free; and the environmental impact on the marine or coastal environment would be minimal.

THERMAL GRADIENTS

These same qualities apply to thermal gradients, a term that describes the fact that surface waters in the ocean may be as much as 45° F. warmer than the water at 1000 feet or more. This difference can be a source of energy.

The warm water would flow through a heat exchanger, causing another fluid—probably ammonia—to boil. The vapor would drive a turbine to produce electricity, which might be carried to shore by cable or used *in situ* to extract hydrogen from seawater. Cold water from lower depths would then be used to cool the vapor back into a liquid, and the cycle would start over.

The potential of thermal gradients has been known for at least half a century. In 1929 a Frenchman produced 22 kilowatts of useful power, using a thermal gradient of less than 20° F. Until quite recently, almost all research in the field was conducted by France.

Although efficiency is low, many claim that the system can easily be made competitive. An added bonus is the fact that nutrients from deep-sea water can be used to great advantage in the cultivation of shellfish. From an environmental viewpoint, thermal gradients appear to be most desirable.

Its wide adoption may be slowed by the fact that extremes of water temperature are not found where energy demand is greatest. The principal potential is in tropical or sub-tropical waters. In the long run thermal gradients could become an important source of energy for many developing nations.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

The Gift Without the Giver Is Bare (and Still Barer With Him)

Five years ago, when we were still exporting body-count material to Vietnam, my driveway was a rutted strew of gravel through which weeds kept pushing. The driveway is a long one, circling around an island of plantings to a sizable apron in front of the old carriage house. It came to about 3000 square feet of gravel ruts, and, given the lustiness of New Jersey weeds, I was not moved to pull them up by hand. I tried scraping and grading with a tractor attachment I had bought from Sears, but though I mangled a few weed tops, I did little more than corduroy the drive at right angles to the ruts. In a few days I also discovered that I had churned a lot of new seeds into germinating position.

It was time, obviously, for chemical warfare, and for it my garden books (all a bit dated) recommended cacodylic acid, which is garlicky, arsenic stuff and not exactly a good inhalant but has the virtue of packing a fast clout and of dissipating in a few days. By the time rain could wash the residual gook to the roots of my plantings, it would have lost its toxicity.

It was the ideal stuff. The trouble was that none of the garden centers had any. My local hardware store is a sub-garden center, and when I stopped in for something else, I bemoaned the absence of the stuff to my friend Al, who runs the place and who is knowledgeable in ways known only to men who deal in hardware (an intended praise). "There's none on the market," he said. "The total national output has been shipped to Vietnam for defoliation."

"*All* of it?"

"The Pentagon," Al said, "does not defoliate by halves."

It came to me that I had never heard a darker comment on the national character. I tried some substitute sprays with minor unsuccess. In the end, for less than a defoliating general's monthly pay, I signed a contract and had the mess hardtopped.

As a side benefit, hardtopping permits basketballs to be bounced. That gave the boys their chance to mount a hoop over the once-carriage-house, now-garage doors and to break most of the windows with their stray shots. True, the window holes are now covered with nailed-on slats, in case I want to protect any panes I put in later, but there is nothing in the huge garage but my tractor and a mess of the boys' junk, both in need of total erosion. Let the weather in and hope.

There is always reason for a residual optimism. It is even possible that the added surface weight of the hardtopping may be just the seismological straw that breaks the back of the earthquake and swallows the whole mess into the abyss of time. This is not prime earthquake country, to be sure, but we must all hope as we can.

I am not, I confess, entirely hopeful. Now and then my mind turns to a supply depot somewhere in Vietnam and to a small humped mountain of cacodylic acid stored there—our total national output for X years. I try to visualize that hump as a gift from the American Dream, but what I see is blackness-in-the-round, our poisoned, defoliating gift to the hungry of this world.

I had that garlicky, arsenical hump in mind when I stopped in at Al's to buy a new chuck key to replace the one the boys lost when they took my electric drill to the garage for "something"—to practice (I suspect) obviously unsuccessful brain surgery on one another. *Something* is a central word in all our colloquies and covers more than is dreamed of in most philosophies.

"What do you hear from the cacodylic works?" I asked.

"Haven't had any for years," Al said.

"I know," I said. "It all went to Vietnam. But that's over now. Hasn't any of it been shipped back?"

"Not that I know of," Al said.

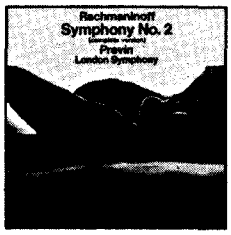
I am sure he was right. We Americans are not Indian givers: Once we ship poison to the oppressed, we don't turn around and take it back. It does come back in other forms, of course. But we don't take it back. Nosirree. We are Americans and know how to bestow a gift. □

"I don't know why I always let you talk me into these things."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PREVIN
CONDUCTS
Rachmaninoff

The *complete* Symphony! Beautifully recorded sound complements the expert interpretation of this sprawling, gorgeously orchestrated work.



S-36954

GERSHWIN
Rhapsody in Blue (with An American in Paris; Piano Concerto in F).
SFO-36810

TCHAIKOVSKY
The Nutcracker Ballet (Complete).
(2 LPs) SB-3788
A Spectacular 1812 Overture (with Romeo and Juliet; Marche Slave).
S-36890

PROKOFIEV
Alexander Nevsky—Cantata. S-36843
Peter & the Wolf (Mia Farrow narr.).
SFO-36962

SHANKAR
Concerto for Sitar and Orchestra.
SFO-36806

André Previn
In the Angel tradition of recording the great artists of our time.

Angel

Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

High Diddle Diddle

When man first jumped over the moon, cows were contented to stay down here on earth. But now that the price of milk has jumped over the moon, what is sorely needed is milk at a price we can afford in order to save our children from calcium deficiency and mouths full of cavities.

The need is immediate: like yesterday. We can't wait around, as we're doing with the oil situation, for someone to come up with an Alaskan pipeline that will pour milk. That oil answer is going to take seven years, as will some of the other favored energy solutions, such as getting oil out of shale and coal and the exotic process of burning our garbage to get electricity. That recycling of garbage into energy will provoke a drastic change in our eating habits.

SCENE: Family at the dinner table. Mother speaks: "Jennifer, Lynn, Andy, don't you dare eat every bit of food on your plates! Leave some for our garbage, and someday, when you look up at an electric light, you can say proudly: 'That's the sausage I didn't eat.' "

My suggestion for milk at a reasonable price right now is that every family buy its own cow. Hold it! Before you say, "Here's a page of garbage I can turn into electricity," allow me, please, to submit that in times of crises, man must explore new horizons, try the untried. Such as every family buying its own cow.

But, before I get to my new horizons, I should admit that, although I was born and raised in a midwestern city on the banks of the Missouri River, I did not experience the rustic childhood life of Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn, who lived on the banks of the Mississippi. Missed it by one river.

Even worse, I have never lived on, much less visited, a farm. And the only cow I ever knew personally was Elsie, advertising cans of condensed milk from contented cows. And an early, early cow on the billboards advertising Bull Durham tobacco. If you want to count him.

I knew that cows went "moo." And I always thought cows gave milk. It wasn't till late in life, age ten or eleven, that I learned they don't give milk; you have to take it from them. When that was graphically explained, it seemed such a messy business that I preferred not to think about it.

Okay, so now you know for sure: I am not the man you would relish seeing appointed secretary of agriculture. So I'm no Earl Butz. Now *that's* the man who can demand a half-hour of prime-time TV to set forth the proposition that every family buy its own cow. Mr. Butz has the pastoral background, the smell of fresh grass about him. And, it is hoped, the courage. Like this:

"GOOD EVENING: With milk at supermarkets superpriced at forty-four cents a quart at this point in time, and with the $427,500 contributed by the milk producers to the Nixon re-election campaign, which coincided with an earlier price hike, and with the realization that the milk of human kindness is skimmed, you can bet your bottom bottle cap you're going to be milked for even higher prices.

"This, then, is my game plan. Which may, at first thought, seem a bit gamy. But do you like to be milked? Or bilked? As your secretary of agriculture, I've done some research, and I find a cow may be bought for about $400 in any reputable cow lots. Use your Master Charge. The cow will supply you with about fifteen quarts of milk a day.

"At the present price, that much milk comes to about seven dollars a day. In a year, you'll save about $2000. So on an investment of only $400, you'll get a return of 500 percent. That's better than you could get from IBM.

"I know you're now worrying about the housing and caring of a cow. There are, of course, some high-rise apartments that do not permit pets. However, given our milk crisis, I'm certain your doorman and elevator boys will cooperate.

"As for caring, treat her gently. Cows always appear to be suspicious of human behavior, afraid that you're about to lead them to slaughter. So on delivery, make her feel like one of the family. During the fuel shortage, your fingers may be icy cold; warm them before milking. It will make her feel contented and wanted.

"A word of warning to the man of the house. Don't surprise your wife by suddenly coming home with a cow. Phone her and say, 'Honey, guess who's coming to breakfast, lunch, and dinner?' " □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

The latest in children's books is something called Me-Books—from Hollywood.

All you have to do to get one, we noticed in an advertisement, is to fill out a coupon containing what's called your "Personalized Story Data." This includes such matters as boy/girl—check one—your first name; your address; your birthday; the names of "up to three friends, brothers, or sisters," and finally your dog's name and/or your cat's name.

You do this, the advertisement claimed, and then, "a Magic Computer does the rest." And, in short order, you will receive a whole book—all about just you. Well, not *just* you—but still, you're the big cheese in it. You have, at present, four choices—*My Birthday Land Adventure, My Special Christmas, My Jungle Holiday,* and *My Friendly Giraffe.*

It was a tough choice, all right—things like this are never easy—but we finally crossed the Rubicon with *My Friendly Giraffe.* For one thing the advertisement for this one said—and we quote—"Personalized in Over 70 places." We weren't quite sure what this meant—whether there were going to be that many references to us throughout the book, or whether we were going to be a big man all over the map—but anyway, that was the one we picked. And we even included our childhood nickname, "Clip"—one that we have been fairly successfully burying for forty years. It's not that we had any particular big thing about "Clip," you understand; it was just that nobody got it right. They called us either "Cliff" or, sometimes, "Kip"—and Cleveland Fadiman already had that one.

Well, sir, when our Me-Book arrived, what do you think the first sentence was? You'll never guess. "Once upon a time," it read, "in a place called New York, there lived a little boy named Chip Amory."

Chip, for God's sake. And what do you think was the name of the damned giraffe? *Pihc!* No, we're *not* kidding. It *was* Pihc. And it turned out, if you can bear it, that Pihc was named that because it was *Chip* spelled backwards. Honest to Pete, we'd have been better off with Cliff. Even a computer might have balked at Ffilc.

Well, no matter—we suppose it takes all kinds. But the more we thought about the idea of these books, the more we wondered if these Me-Boys weren't on to a pretty big thing. After all, these aren't the most modest of times. The way we see it, there's no reason to waste as good an idea as this one on mere children.

TAKE US, for example. Sure, we got a kick out of being in *My Friendly Giraffe,* but now that we've been bitten, so to speak, we can see no reason not to move on. We would like, for instance, *My Gone With the Wind,* or even *My War and Peace.* And we think other book buyers would feel the same way. After all, there should be no difficulty getting enough of these books written—Norman Mailer, to use just one name, has been writing Me-Books for years. And the field is a broad one. Some readers might prefer *My Joy of Cooking;* others, *My Joy of Sex.* There's something for everyone. And no need anymore to read a book like *Seven Who Shaped Our Destiny.* Make it, we say, *Eight.* And there'll be an end to all those tiresome guessing games you have to play, say, with an author like Jacqueline Susann, to know whom she's writing about. Hell, you don't have to play any games anymore—the ball, so to speak, is in your court. And finally, the whole Me-Book thing is certainly the answer for giving books as presents. Imagine the thrill of giving your godfather not just *The Godfather* but *My Godfather.*

NOTICE DEPARTMENT—as found by Jean and Howard Albano of Los Angeles, in the Weiser (Idaho) *American*:

NOTICE TO ALL CITY ASPIRANTS FOR MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL

We, of the Weiser Coffee Committee, are very much concerned about the behavior of our elected officials in high government offices. We further realize that these men grew up in towns such as ours and must have gone astray in their younger lives. We feel that a much closer check must be made of the behavior of men at the grass roots.

Therefore, we urgently request all aspirants who are running for city office this coming election to reveal to the public a written report in detail of all their behavior from the time they were five years old.

Respectfully,
Weiser Coffee Committee

We say make it four—these days, you can't be too careful.

CRITICS' CHOICE – as spotted by Sharon Gaiser of Independence, Missouri, in John O'Connor's TV review in *The New York Times*:

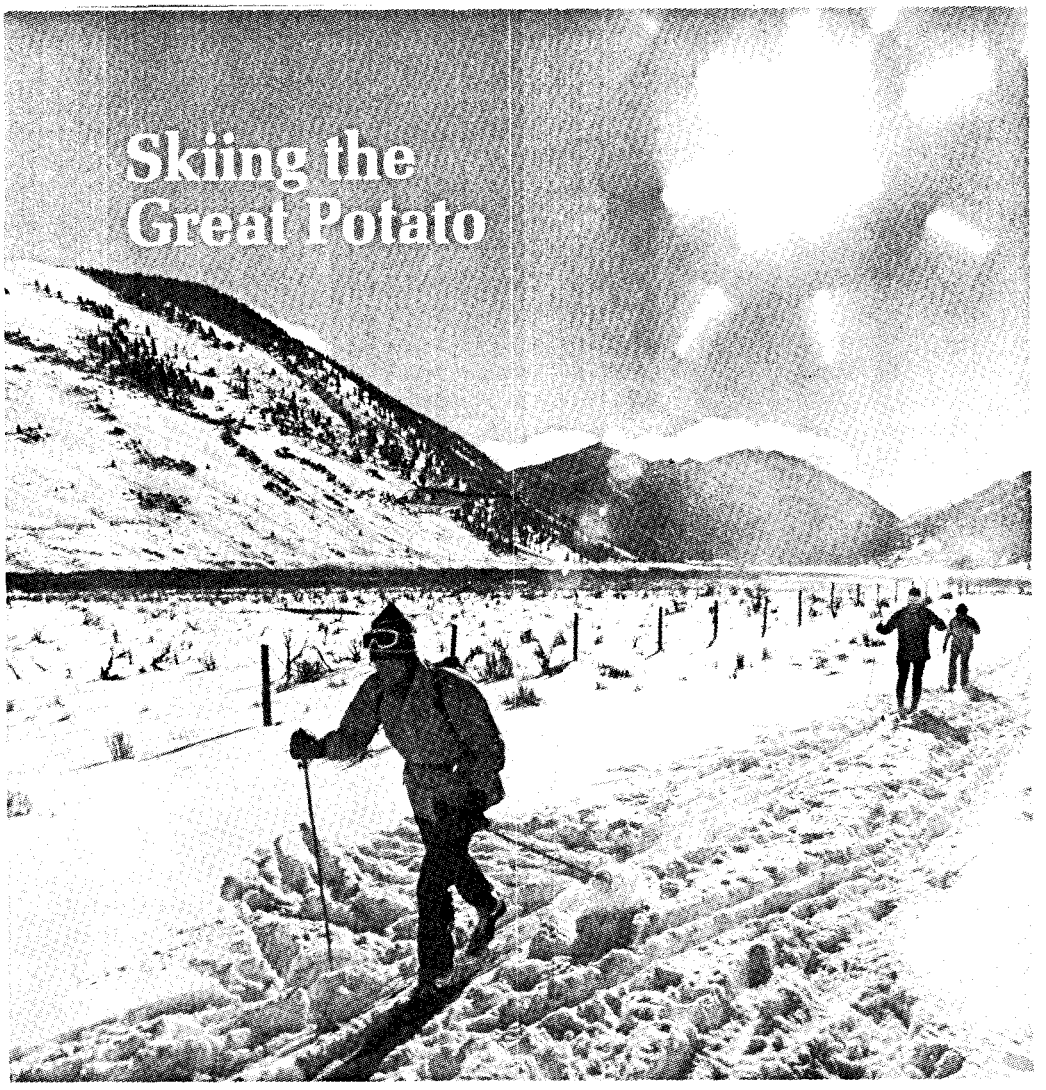
The Rockefellers prevail. And, as the documentary makes clear, they prevail a gold course dotted with rather awesomely. The 3,500-acre Rockefeller estate on the Hudson River contains eleven homes, one a fifty-room mansion, and such amenities as a stable of twenty-five horses and remarked, "It's what God sculptures by Picasso, Calder, Henry Moore, et al. As George S. Kaufman once reportedly would have done if He had the money.

Gee. And we always thought God said it—about Moss Hart. □

"This is your captain speaking. First, I would like to welcome aboard the town of Mt. Ephraim, New Jersey. . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Skiing the Great Potato



Cross-country skiers in Wild Horse Canyon—in the frozen rills, ghosts and elk.

by Horace Sutton

Ghosts of a thousand yesterdays hibernate in the frozen rills of Sun Valley. They live in the timbers of the Lodge that Averell Harriman built in 1936, a hospice in the wilds of Idaho to shelter the practitioners of the *outré* art of skiing. They swirl with the snows among the wisps of wild sage that grow in the back country where Hemingway came to shoot birds with Gary Cooper. They run the open slopes where Clark Gable, in deep plus fours and peaked cap, learned how to ski, and they ride the chair lifts with Steve Hannagan, the flamboyant publicist who looked upon the tract of Idaho valley and mountain as a "godforsaken snowfield." Then he named it Sun Valley and lifted it to fame even as he had fashioned the sand dunes of Miami Beach into a golden strip.

Hannagan is dead, Cooper and Gable are gone, and Hemingway lies in the cemetery in Ketchum, a mile away. A sculpted likeness of his massive head stands on a pedestal, and you pass it now when you take the big sleighs drawn by steaming Belgian draft horses out to Trail Creek Cabin to sit by the fire and sip hot spiced cider.

Other names come now. Brando is sequestered in a condominium apartment, although it is said he does not ski. Paul Newman arrives to ski with an Austrian instructor, and he stands in line in front of the popcorn machine that is set up on the village mall each afternoon when the skiers come back. Andy Williams is out on the open slopes of Dollar Mountain, and his four-year-old son is tumbling in the play school, whose matriculants learn how to ski, too.

Now there are condominium apartments spread over the meadows, ample room to bed down 3600 people in style, and that does not include the motels and inns that have sprouted in Ketchum, the old silver-mining town that lies just down the pike. Two hundred instructors in their bright-orange suits teach skiers anything from a basic snowplow—they call it a wedge out here—to fancy hot-dogging. Fifteen lifts carry skiers up Baldy and Dollar, outlifting Snowmass, Aspen, and Vail. "You don't learn to ski while standing on lift lines," says Bill Janss, who is now the owner of Sun Valley. It was the Janss family which bought the resort from Harriman's Union Pacific Railroad in 1964, whose lawyers helped to legislate the condominium law, and who, in the term of Bill Janss, "renovated the valley."

A whole new village has opened two miles away at Elkhorn, developed by Johns-Manville and Janss's Sun Valley Company. Carpeted in the snows of its first winter season, it sits on a barren white plain, a cluster of cedar-shingle longhouses surrounding a bell tower. Its very core is not a village square but an ice rink with fire pits at the side, where one can roast a hot dog or, indeed, one's frostbitten bones.

The village apartments huddle around the ice rink with smart little shops and restaurants on the ground floor, European-village style. A nook called Treat Haus will dish up a Danish *ebleskiver* and a cup of cappuccino, the general store sells steaks and Idaho potatoes, and the J. Norman Gallery can decorate your flat with the stuffed head of a mule deer or a black-bear skull, if such be your taste.

A triple ski lift rises straight out of the village to the top of Elkhorn, where the viewer seems to stand at the top of the world, looking off to the snowy peaks like a balloonist in suspension over the Swiss Alps. Down below await the forty-six Hydro-Spa jets of the hot-water pool to take the kinks out of the skiers. The Cross Buck Café will chase the chills with hot spiced wine, and after there is a steak waiting in the Chart House if you don't slump to the floor with scurvy before they tell you your table is ready.

On the one hand, a four-bedroom condominium sells for $72,000, but on the other, a studio apartment that has a half-sized refrigerator, a four-burner stove, and sleeps three rents for $27 a night. A mile away, by next summer, there will be a new condominium with a built-in John Gardiner tennis ranch. Clubhouse, restaurants, bar, sauna, gym, and twenty-six courts will be ready by July.

Old Sun Valley hands are not all in favor of this "renovation" of the valley, but surely it is the way of tomorrow. Janss talks in terms of doubling the number of the people in the valley in ten years, a projection that will be anathema to Ketchum types who would like to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

close the gates before the flood tide comes. Still, Janss's master plan allows a so-called green belt—white in winter—of more than 70 percent of the turf. And in the words of Dorice Taylor, one of the early publicists of the Hannagan era, who arrived the second season Sun Valley was open and still lives in an apartment in the heart of the mall, "The condominium concept is bringing young people here to live."

Truth to tell, it is bringing older people, too, and they all mix and mingle, young educators, artists, and shopkeepers, well-to-do Californians who have bought condominiums or built houses and come for holiday weekends. The cocktail circuit is an endless roundelay, a whirlpool of long tweed skirts and silk blouses, Zuñi and Navajo jewelry that the West admires, double-breasted red-velvet jackets, ties, and turtlenecks.

Yet, withal, the heart of it remains Sun Valley Lodge, which the Union Pacific opened in 1936, a destination resort for its passengers, as the Canadian Pacific had developed Banff Springs, and the Santa Fe had served Grand Canyon. The Olympics at Lake Placid in 1932 had awakened the nation to winter sports. Rope tows and T-bars had appeared in the East, and even in urban New York skiers who had deployed to Macy's to shop for gear put on their skis at the doors of their apartments and went off to try the Alps in nearby Central Park.

Averell Harriman, then the forty-five-year-old chairman of Union Pacific, had heard the tales told by Felix Schaffgotsch, a young Austrian count. European ski trains were meeting the channel boats, the count said, to take passengers off to the ski resorts of Austria. Harriman sent Schaffgotsch westward across America with a party of Union Pacific executives to find a location for an American resort.

The expeditionary force looked at Mount Rainier, near Seattle, but dismissed it—too many weekend skiers, too close to large centers of population. The count's party rode to Mount Hood in the rain, plowed on to Yosemite, to Reno, into Colorado and Utah. In Wyoming they liked Jackson Hole, later to be developed by the Rockefellers, but the state wouldn't guarantee to keep Teton Pass open in the winter, and they abandoned that idea.

Schaffgotsch was on his way back east, empty-handed, when someone in the group remembered Ketchum, the old mining town. It wasn't established until 1880, after the last Bannock War had dispatched the Indians. The mines gave out, but the railroad had kept the spur line from Shoshone, sixty miles away, to carry sheep. By then Idaho had imported Basques, and sheepherding was its biggest industry.

When the townspeople heard that an Austrian count had arrived to ski the slopes and search for a site for a big hotel, the reaction was immediate. "Don't cash any of his checks," a sheep-rancher advised. After a look at the treeless slopes of Dollar Mountain and the runs that could be cut through the trees at Baldy, the count wrote Harriman. "It contains more delightful features than any other place I have seen in the United States, Switzerland, or Austria for a winter sports center," he exulted. Harriman arrived aboard a private car of the Union Pacific ten days later, and the railroad bought the 4300-acre Brass Ranch. In the depths of the Depression, $3 million went into the resort. A Union Pacific engineer who had built a tram to haul bananas in the tropics substituted chairs for banana hooks, and newly named Sun Valley had the nation's first chair lift. By Christmas of 1936 it also had its Lodge, an outdoor, heated swimming pool, an ice rink, a ski school with five instructors, and an orchestra that played for dancing.

Hannagan, who was well connected in Hollywood, brought Paramount out to film some of the European mountain scenes for Claudette Colbert's new picture, *I Met Him in Paris*. The set designers put up an Alpine village that seemed to fit so well in the Idaho high country that they were asked to submit designs for a new inn that Harriman wanted to build for the young crowd unable to afford the Lodge. What evolved was an amalgam of a Swiss or Tyrolean village that was to set the style, albeit transplanted, for many ski resorts in America today.

The centerpiece was the inn, its facade painted in the Tyrolean manner. The Union Pacific named it The Challenger, after one of its trains, and flanked it with the Ram restaurant, an opera house, and a second outdoor, heated pool. By the next year, 1938, the company went to work on Baldy Mountain, developing the trails and lifts. And in 1941 Hannagan capped it all with a new picture called *Sun Valley Serenade*, featuring Sonja Henie, John Payne, Milton Berle, the Nicholas Brothers, and the Glenn Miller Orchestra. Henie, the Olympic skating star of three Olympics, alas, didn't ski. Her skiing scenes were done by Gretchen Fraser, who won America's first Olympic gold medal in the sport in 1948, and by Jackie Simpson, now the owner of Warm Springs Ranch, who put on a blond wig for the role. Hans Hauser, then head of the ski school, would ski into the shadow of a tree, and John Payne, the celluloid hero, would ski out of the shadow for the romantic closeups.

"A sculpted likeness of Hemingway's head stands on a pedestal, and you pass it now when you take the big sleigh out to Trail Creek Cabin to sip hot cider...."

Hollywood sprinkled more stardust on Sun Valley when Mrs. Marie Harriman brought Marjorie Oelrichs, the society decorator, out to do the Sun Valley Lodge. Miss Oelrichs was married to Eddy Duchin, the orchestra leader, and an elegant salon of the Lodge was named the Duchin Room in her honor.

Much of that lore remains. The Duchin Room is still the place to start the day (with waffles, blueberries, and whipped cream), to go for lunch (vegetarian's open sandwich of mushrooms, avocado, cucumber, radishes, tomatoes, and alfalfa sprouts) or dinner (trout stuffed with asparagus, mushrooms, tomatoes, and shallots baked with lobster sauce and topped with hollandaise). For all or any of it, there is the constant view of the skaters twirling on the outdoor rink, and, of course, the view of everyone else. For skiers who fancy that kind of fare at lunch but don't want to leave the mountain, a branch called Duchin-9000 has opened at the 9000-foot level of Baldy, complete with fine linen, silver, and a cultivated cuisine.

The Challenger has become, simply, The Inn, its rooms refurbished and trig, its Continental restaurant now a cafeteria. A standard room comes as decently priced as $25 a night for two, $32 in deluxe quarters. The Lodge prices start at $30 double and range up to $65 for suites, and the apartments, strung out behind it, offer any quarters from modest to magnificent at prices that run from

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bumby at Fifty

When Ernest hurried in that morning at nine for the first sight of the baby, he told Hadley that the nose made the child resemble the King of Spain. There was even a Spanish flavor in the name they had chosen, John Hadley Nicanor Hemingway, in honor of his mother and the matador Villalta. . . . —Carlos Baker in *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story*

Schruns was a healthy place for Bumby, who had a dark-haired beautiful girl to take him out in the sun in his sleigh and look after him, and Hadley and I had all the new country to learn and the new villages, and the people of the town were very friendly. . . .

It was necessary that I leave Schruns and go to New York. . . . When I saw my wife again standing by the tracks as the train came in by the piled logs at the station, I wished I had died before I loved anyone but her. She was smiling, the sun on her lovely face tanned by the snow and sun, her hair red gold in the sun, grown out all winter awkwardly and beautifully, and Mr. Bumby standing with her, blond, and chunky and with winter cheeks looking like a good Vorarlberg boy. —Ernest Hemingway in *A Moveable Feast*

Sun Valley, Idaho

Hadley is eighty now, for she was older than Ernest, and she lives in the East. Bumby, who is now called Jack, has turned fifty and lives in Ketchum, where his father first came to fish and hunt in the late Thirties. He wears Western clothes, is slimmer than his father was at forty, but grows the same moustache, though not as bushy, that Ernest wore until he grew the beard after the war. The laugh comes easily and often, especially when he plunges back into the yesterdays with Papa. He doesn't go back as far as Paris or Schruns, but he starts with the time when war broke out and he tried to join the marines but couldn't get parental permission. When he finally got into uniform, he found himself in charge of a black military-police detachment. He spoke French and Spanish well, and got a transfer to OSS that dropped him behind the lines fifty miles north of Montpellier in occupied France.

Jack doesn't tell you he was wounded and twice captured. You have to go back to Carlos Baker to find out in vivid detail that the boy who was once called Bumby was hit in the arm and shoulder, and that the Austrian officer who interrogated him recognized his name because he had been in Schruns in 1925 and had known Ernest, Hadley, and Bumby, who was then two.

"Papa got me started...it was the W. C. Fields approach—'get the hell out of the way, you little bastard....'"

At the end of the war, Jack tried the brokerage business, but it didn't take. After Ernest died in 1961, Mary arranged for an inheritance from the foreign rights to his father's books. Jack then came back to Ketchum, which he had known as a boy. He is teaching languages in a new private school that has opened in Sun Valley. He is able to get to Europe almost every year, he pursues an interest in wines, and he fishes with expertise. He doesn't write, aside from a local contribution now and then "when I'm not mad at the newspaper." Among publications, sparse as grass out here, he favors *Ketchum Tomorrow*, a southwestern-Idaho version of *The Village Voice*.

His eldest daughter, Muffet (real name, Joan), who is twenty-three, is writing screenplays, and, with Paul Bonnecarrère, has finished a fast-action thriller called *Rosebud*, soon to be published.

"I find it hard to understand this, but I'm very pleased. I'm afraid I'm not an intellectual. I read a helluva lot, but I'm not analytical."

JACK'S RETURN TO KETCHUM as a permanent settler in 1967 was almost three decades after he had first seen it. "Papa came in '39, and in the fall of '40, Patrick, Gregory, and I came out. Papa bought Bob Topping's house. It had twenty-two acres and looked like a bordello. Papa simplified it and put in bookcases and some skins. He hunted antelope and elk, but the main thing was birds—pheasants in Shoshone and ducks down on Silver Creek. He started bird shooting while he was going over the galleys of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (in Room 206 of Sun Valley Lodge). He had over 200,000 words in the original manuscript, and he had to cut it down.

"One morning in the fall of 1941, I looked out with my brothers at a little pond where eight tame geese with clipped wings used to sail around, taking the sun. This morning there were twelve geese there. 'Papa,' I said, 'I think there are some wild ones among them.' Papa got off a shot that sent the wild ones into flight. He wounded the leader, who settled down on a lake, and the three others followed. Then, as he put it, he called up the troops and surrounded the lake. There must have been eight guns out there, and we all had goose for Thanksgiving dinner. Now that may sound awful to some people, and it is true there are a lot of slob hunters who kill for trophy. But done right, it gives you an appreciation of wildlife, and you care about their survival.

"I fish a helluva lot, too. I'm national director of the Federation of Fly Fishermen, and I'm on the Idaho Fish and Game Commission. Papa got me started, and in a very clever way. It was the W. C. Fields approach —'get the hell out of the way, you little bastard.' I was intrigued. Most fishing fathers push their kids into it, and they shy away."

Bumby, at fifty, finishes his eggs in Sun Valley's fancy Duchin Room and makes a sandwich of the bacon slices. "I'm getting so I even do this in front of people," he says. It seems as much a part of the Western informality as his leather jacket and his love of the fishing streams. "Yellowstone Park is only three-and-a-half hours away. And sixty to seventy percent of this state is federal land. I wanted to come back sooner, but this is a tough place to make a living. And it's not so easy, either, if you like good wine."

H.S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$26 a night for one to $150 a night for a four-bedroom apartment that sleeps eight.

A four-o'clock swill begins in the Ore House after the lifts close for the afternoon. A pitcher of beer is $1.50, and the noise is supplied by a madhouse of skiers and instructors, abetted by an amplified combo. Once that séance is over, the Ore House settles down to steaks. Next door, the Ram does fondues and goulash, and El Torito, a neighbor, supplies winter warmth with *chalupas jalisco, chili verde,* and a tequila martini served with a whole Mexican pepper, any or all of it enough to melt the snows on Baldy.

Of all those social havens, perhaps the most appealing is Poor Richard's Konditorei, where the non-skiing ladies like to come for lunch (open tuna-fish sandwiches swathed in melted cheese) and the rosy-cheeked skiers come at four for tea or hot chocolate and a selection of *Nuss Knackers, Linzertortes, Florentiners,* and *Zigeuners,* all concocted by a pastry chef imported from Kitzbühel. The newspapers are on sticks, Vienna-style, and in the corner Herman Primus plucks out the melodies on his zither. He's from Kitzbühel, too.

At night there is the normal rock racket in the Boiler Room. Or, more peaceably, there are the silent sleigh rides over the snows to Trail Creek Cabin for the Idaho mountain trout, split and broiled, and sheepherder potatoes fried with onions and garlic.

Some of the new condominium owners who feel too creaky in the bones, too paunchy in the middle, or both, to take up the arduous challenge of downhill, or Alpine, skiing, have turned—not without a sigh of relief—to the new Nordic Ski School. Run by Leif Odmark, the U.S. Olympic coach, the school teaches cross-country skiing. After a morning wrestling match putting on heavy, cumbersome Alpine ski boots and toting heavy skis, cross-country seems like liberation. The low, lightweight shoes and the thin, graceful, featherweight skis, all rentable from Pete Lane's shop in Sun Valley, are easy to handle and simple to put on.

Once the technique (bend the knee, lift the heel, and glide the ski forward) is mastered, the cross-country skier graduates from lessons on the snow-covered golf course to bus ski tours to Prairie Creek and Cherry Creek with lunch on the snows, a ski trek along a pathway marked by flaming torches to Trail Creek Cabin for dinner, and finally helicopter tours that lift skis and skier into the back country. Fluttering over the ridge of the Pioneer Mountains, the bird settles in Wild Horse Canyon. There is nothing, then, but the whiteness, an occasional coyote, antelope, or elk if you're lucky, and Leif Odmark to mark the trail.

No streamliners of the Union Pacific puff into the valley now, although there have been conversations with Amtrak to revive that ancient art of transport. Passengers from the East come by air, usually flying American Airlines to Salt Lake City, 369 miles southeast of Sun Valley, and connecting with feeder lines (Trans Magic and Sun Valley Key) that fly into the airport at Hailey, thirteen miles away, when the weather permits. When the weather is uncooperative, they are liable to come in at Twin Falls, eighty-two miles to the north. The service is a little iffy aboard Sun Valley Key, the only line I tried, and while the pilots don't wear white scarves or sit in open cockpits, one is just as likely to draw a small plane and a lone pilot as one of the new twin Otters flown by a crew of two. In any case, American has set up packages —seven nights at Sun Valley for $142.13, lift tickets included—or a combination plan that offers a split week at Sun Valley and at Park City, half an hour from Salt Lake. From the west it is shorter and easier, with regular flights on Hughes Airwest and Western into Twin Falls and a bus (an hour and a half) from there.

It isn't as easy as putting on your skis at the door to your apartment house, but when you've skied Idaho, as the posters say, you have skied the Great Potato. And Idaho ain't no small potatoes. □

One of Bermuda's finest cottage colonies on 16 acres in fashionable Tucker's Town. 1500' oceanfront with natural pink sand beaches. Breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our clubhouse with its superb seascape; luncheon on the Pool Terrace.

See your travel agent or David B. Mitchell, 217 East 49th St., N.Y.C. 10017. (212) 371-1323.

PINK BEACH CLUB AND COTTAGES TUCKER'S TOWN BERMUDA

Ethiopia is not the Africa you expect.

It's the only country in Africa with 30 centuries of recorded history. See churches almost 2,000 years old. Explore a 7th century Arabian Nights city. Visit 17th century castles. Call your travel agent or mail the coupon for information about the Hidden Empire.

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES 200 E. 42nd Street, Dept. M-8 New York, N.Y. 10017 Tel. (212) 867-0095

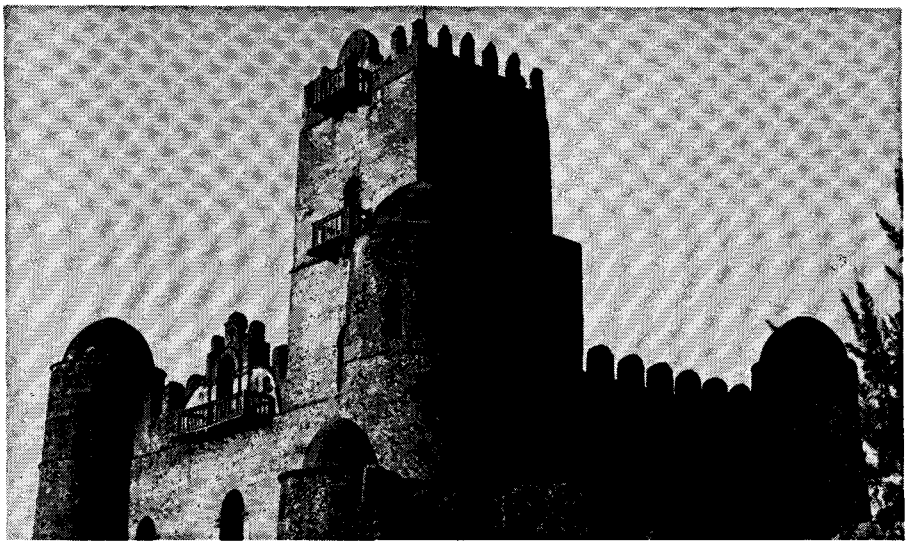
Name

Address

City State Zip

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES

The key to the Hidden Empire



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Film

The Year Before the Beatles

by Hollis Alpert

William Friedkin, Francis Ford Coppola, and Peter Bogdanovich—After a financial bath, Hollywood's latest batch of young filmmakers clean up.

It is well known that an *Easy Rider* complex developed in Hollywood a few years ago and nearly brought ruin to the place. Almost anyone who was young and had a semblance of an idea, along with a minimal amount of filmmaking experience, was able to get studio backing for a film. Some of those films have yet to see release, and the industry took another of those financial baths that it was increasingly unable to afford. One result was that young filmmakers fell into perhaps merited ill repute.

However, was the wooing of youth to make films for youth all that ill-advised? During the past couple of years, the younger group of filmmakers has begun to come through handsomely. Francis Ford Coppola, in his early thirties, directed *The Godfather* to a dizzying financial return. Peter Bogdanovich had three hits in a row. Equally youthful William Friedkin helped rescue ailing 20th-Century-Fox with *The French Connection* and has another bonanza for Warner Brothers in *The Exorcist*. The past year has seen two more young directors emerge: High on the ten-best lists were Martin Scorsese's *Mean Streets* and George Lucas's *American Graffiti*. And, just as MGM decided that the feature-film business was for horse players and that the hotel business in Las Vegas was a much better bet, it almost embarrassingly found itself with a huge hit on its hands: *Westworld*, made by another relative youngster, Michael Crichton.

Somehow, Hollywood now finds itself with a new and capable generation of filmmakers, several of whom are impressive to that bilious group, the critics, and, much more impressively for the studios, are able to tap that audience that is not supposed to be there anymore. Probably the most surprising hit of 1973 was *American Graffiti*, and it may be worth taking a look at how it happened.

IT BEGAN IN HIGH SCHOOL, so to speak. George Lucas, who co-wrote and directed the film, spent a goodly amount of his four high school years "cruising" the main streets of Modesto, California, with his car radio on full blast. Out of that experience came the story line for *American Graffiti*.

After two years as a social-science major at Modesto Junior College, he wandered into the Cinema School of the University of Southern California. His talent quickly manifested itself. Several of his short student films won prizes, the best among them being a science-fiction experiment, *THX 1138*. It won him a six-month scholarship at Warner Brothers to "observe." The film he was assigned to was *Finian's Rainbow*, and more important for him than observation was meeting the director, Francis Ford Coppola, already well embarked on his own career.

Who one associates with in Hollywood appears to be a key element for survival in the filmmaking jungle. A case can be made for Roger Corman as the progenitor of the new American wave of filmmakers. Corman attracted young film enthusiasts willing to work for the experience for little or no money. Among them were Coppola, Bogdanovich, eventually George Lucas, and Gary Kurtz, the co-producer of *American Graffiti*.

Gary Kurtz attributes to Corman much of the technical know-how he has managed to accumulate. He is now in his early thirties. "There are those," he said, "who say all Roger did was rip off a bunch of talented film students. It's true he got them for very little money and didn't have to pay them for working all night on tasks that would have sent the budget up otherwise. But I can attest that Roger has a genuine interest in helping young people along, and the greatest thing about him from the young person's point of view was that he had an automatic outlet for his projects. American-International would take anything he would furnish them, if it was long enough. As a matter of fact, I spent a lot of time shooting people merely walking up and down corridors, and we'd use the footage to cut into various films simply to pad them out to a required length. The important thing is, we got experience."

While Coppola was at Warner's, the youth wave crested, and he talked the company into backing a program he had for using a lot of young filmmakers. He had come across an old warehouse in San Francisco's industrial area, and his idea was to equip it as a post-production facility, complete with dubbing and screening room, the latest in sound equipment, and color cutting tables. With the help of Warner's, he bought the building and called his production facility and company American Zoetrope. Why San Francisco? Coppola liked the city and thought it would be a good place to work. One of the projects for Warner's was a feature version of Lucas's *THX 1138*. By the time it was ready for release, Warner's and Coppola had parted, due, according to Kurtz, to a "personality clash." And by that time the youth wave had reached the beach.

Undaunted, Lucas and Kurtz met for

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talks about the project that eventually became *American Graffiti*. Both insist that they had no intention of taking advantage of the nostalgia boom that had hit film and stage. The events in the film were based on incidents that had happened to Lucas or his friends during their high school days. And from the beginning, the sound track, which was to be filled with the pop songs of the late Fifties and early Sixties, was an integral part of their plan. In fact, along with the first ten-page treatment, done in collaboration with Gloria Katz and Willard Huyck, Lucas and Kurtz compiled a list of two hundred songs from which they would select some for the sound track. When it came time to present their project, they brought along a tape recording of several of the songs, to better get across the atmosphere they were after.

Although they planned to use the American Zoetrope facility for the technical work, Coppola was not at first part of the project, although the credits list him as producer. United Artists got first chance at what was to become one of the two or three biggest money-makers of 1973. And, indeed, UA saw enough in it to commission the development of a screenplay. After several drafts, United Artists said in effect that they liked it but were afraid of it—dependent too much on atmosphere and not enough on story content. "So," said Kurtz, "UA passed and told us we could take it elsewhere. We did, to practically everywhere else in town." That meant the major studios.

At Universal, Ned Tanen, a vice president still friendly to new talent after developing such failures as *The Hired Hand* and *Two Lane Blacktop*, liked the project but said, the situation being what it was, a name would have to come with it—someone, said Kurtz, "who would in himself represent a salable commodity. From their point of view, we had nobody. *THX 1138* had done fairly well critically but was playing on the bottom half of a double bill with a Warner's flop. My track record was not encouraging, and we had no names for the cast. It was at that point we went to Francis [Coppola] and asked him if he would come into the project. Since he had just directed *The Godfather*, his name was impressive. He kind of guaranteed the picture to the studio, saying, 'I'm behind these guys, and I know their film will turn out all right, and I'll do what I can to help them.' And he did help us."

In retrospect, it appears that Lucas and Kurtz had something good, along with the competence to do it, but they had not properly "packaged" it. They had not added that essential to their "property," the "name." Coppola became the name. In other circles, he might have been called "the beard." Almost everyone knows that the beard is the good guy.

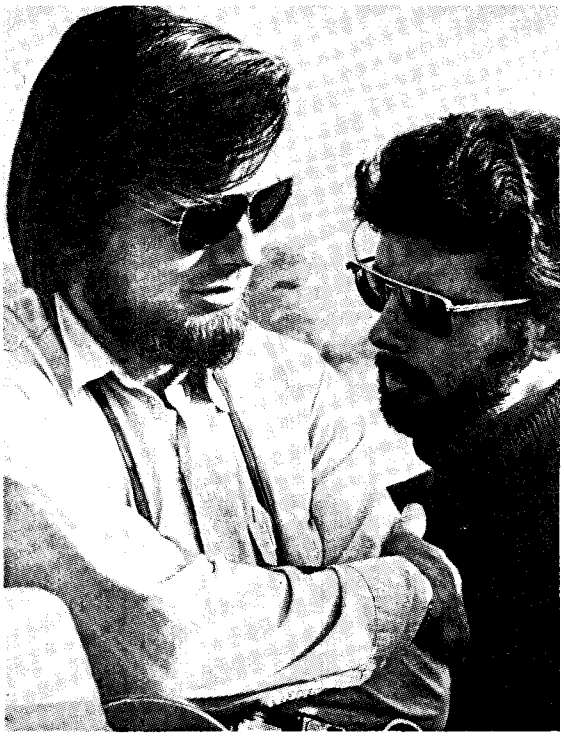
Standard operating procedure in Hollywood is to develop a package, consisting usually of the property, the director, and the bankable names. Certainly a case in point is Universal's other recent hit, *The Sting*. Producers and/or agents will add to an attractive story a prestigious director willing to do it, a star name, or, if possible, two star names. When a script has attached to it George Roy Hill as the director and such a heady combination as Paul Newman and Robert Redford, the package is all but irresistible. Once a package comes through at the box office, names adhering to it take on a bankable luster for the future.

Lucas and Kurtz were also a bit naive in formulating an "honest" budget, which is to say the minimum amount for which the picture could be made without sacrificing its values. "We came up with a figure of $800,000," Kurtz said. Universal countered by offering a budget of $650,000, again standard operating procedure, because it is well known that producers will inflate a budget so as to have room to come down to what is known as "the deal point." After some haggling, not unlike the kind that may go on in a Middle Eastern rug dealer's emporium, a compromise was reached at $715,000. "We knew we'd have to be lucky to bring it in at that," Kurtz said, "because we had shaved off all the edges and had to knock off things we knew to be important. We even cut down on items like telephone calls and Xerox copies."

The music being such an essential element, the sacrifice was greatest in that area. They had wanted to use at least one Elvis Presley number, but Elvis Presley rights come high, and they were no longer affordable. They had wanted to use fifty songs of the pre-Beatles period, then they settled for forty-two, holding to a total of $75,000 for the rights to all of them. In one sequence, a pop version of *Some Enchanted Evening* was on the sound track. At an early preview, representatives of Rodgers and Hammerstein were present, felt the scene represented a derogatory use of the song, and withdrew the rights. The scene had to be excised from the final print.

On the other hand, the production team was lucky in obtaining the services of Wolfman Jack for a nominal sum. In the year before the Beatles came along and revolutionized the entire pop scene, as well as the youth culture, Wolfman Jack, an oddball disc jockey operating out of Tijuana, was heard at night across a good part of the United States. FCC regulations do not allow radio stations more than 50,000 watts of power, but that limit doesn't apply outside the national boundaries. Thus, XERB, the station on which the Wolfman was heard, used 250,000 watts. Depending on weather conditions, he would be heard loud and clear or, sometimes, fading in and out. And nobody had ever seen him. "He was an ethereal presence in the lives of young people," Kurtz said, "and it was that quality we wanted and obtained in the picture." Wolfman Jack, back in the United States, and with the aid of his 2500 syndicated stations, has done much since to help promote *American Graffiti*.

Thus does Hollywood genius manifest itself. Lucas and Kurtz are now firmly ensconced in the Hollywood establishment, courted by agents, producers, and studio executives, all hoping to make them part of packages. They are already scheduled through 1975; one of their upcoming projects is called *The Star Wars* and another, *The Radioland Murders*. It hardly needs mentioning that they have not had to carve any fat or lean off budgets considerably larger than those drafted for *American Graffiti*. □



Gary Kurtz and George Lucas—All that was needed was "the beard."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theater

La Mama, Bienvenue!

by Henry Hewes

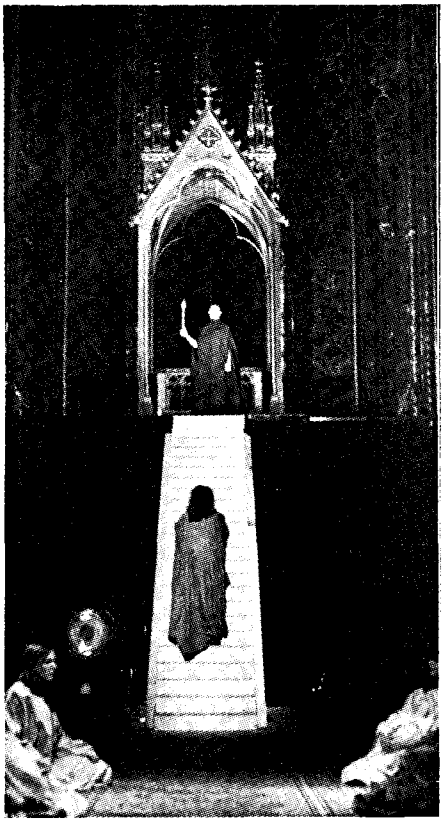
Paris

Although experimental theater has been duly recognized by critics, it has never attracted large enough flesh-and-blood audiences to compete with conventional attractions. However, in 1972 the Festival d'Automne à Paris was brought into being in an effort to see if there was a sizable number of theatergoers who were becoming bored with conventional offerings and who therefore might support a more demanding, more original kind of theater.

The festival's founder-director, Michel Guy, reversed the usual process. Instead of looking for what the public wanted, he decided to do whatever would contribute most to the development of the artists involved. His method is simple. He merely picks up the most interesting unorthodox talents around the world and encourages them to come to Paris for a few months and create something fresh.

Guy begins by acknowledging that audiences often reject new forms on first exposure. But at the same time he believes that what was rejected by a startled audience yesterday may be embraced by them tomorrow. Indeed, two of the best-received events of this year's festival were created by groups that had been violently booed in their first Paris engagements. One is Merce Cunningham's dance company. The other is the La Mama Experimental Theatre Troupe. Back in 1965 Ellen Stewart and Tom O'Horgan brought a La Mama repertoire of Jean-Claude van Itallie's *America Hurrah* plus twenty other short plays by such then-unknown writers as Lanford Wilson, Sam Shepard, and Adrienne Kennedy. At that time the audiences were so outraged by the "obscenities," and most particularly the graffiti written on the motel wall in the van Itallie play, that La Mama was asked to leave.

NOW A LA MAMA troupe is being hailed for producing the 1973 festival's purest and most intense theater event, a magnificent staging of Sophocles' *Electra*. Using part of the small company he has been developing at La Mama under a Shubert Foundation grant, director Andrei Serban has applied special techniques to the old tragedy. These techniques require the actors to speak in an ancient Greek that is both dramatically supercharged and mysteriously eerie. Through months of research, the company has found ways of using deep inner resonances that permit them to pour out harsh syllables without vocal strain. And the actors concentrate on expressing the deepest emotional truths rather than on trying to illustrate the line-by-line details of the old text, which the audience can't follow anyway.



Béatrice Heyligers

La Mama production of "Medea"—"Remarkable for its physical staging."

But this *Electra* is equally remarkable for its physical staging in the high-vaulted Sainte-Chapelle, a thirteenth-century church on the Ile de la Cité. At the altar end, Serban has erected a stairway that symbolically leads to Electra's long-awaited hope of Orestes' return and his carrying out of the compulsory vengeance against Clytemnestra and Aegisthus. In the middle of the playing area is a small platform surrounded by a chorus of five members of the Compagnie Renaud-Barrault, who evoke in rhythmic spasms the preordained cruel act of justice that has turned the participants into sleepwalkers. And at the opposite end of the church is a balcony sixty feet high, which represents the palace of Clytemnestra and Aegisthus. Serban has dynamically used the confrontation between Clytemnestra, on the high balcony above, and Electra, shouting imprecations upward from the stone floor beneath. Most inventive is the sequence in which Aegisthus' corpse is dragged off upside down, his head lasciviously buried in the folds of his dead mistress's red robe. The result of Serban's unusual staging is an *Electra* in which we see the players as the victims of a cruel, absolute justice.

THE FESTIVAL D'AUTOMNE, which also included Grotowski's revised *Apocalypsis cum Figuris*, Richard Foreman's demanding *Classic Therapy*, Patrice Chereau's fascinating revival of Marivaux's *La Dispute*, and Jorge Lavelli's strong staging of Copi's *Les Quatres Jumelles*, has come up with one other production that may come to America. It is *Luxe*, a music-hall creation by Le Groupe TSE, from Argentina. A little like *Cabaret*, *Luxe* sets out to underline the decadence and inanity of the meaningless lavish spectacle that the leisure class has pretended to enjoy over the past fifty years. Into that Folies-Bergère world of perpetual smiles, lavish displays, and shrewdly measured naughtiness—acceptable because one is assured that it will never actually go too far—comes a fresh young girl who wants to be a star. The only real moment in the evening occurs when she changes her dress to put on the first of her many costumes. Then, for a brief instant, we see her totally naked before she puts on a cache-sexe and the body makeup that impresarios of nude spectacles believe transform ugly and pale natural bodies into pretty illusions. The rest of the proceedings is a relentless parade of the clichés of the genre of artificial spectacle, a neo-Brechtian bombing of capitalism with its own petard. The TSE troupe does it without malice, so that one is left with a kind of sadness at our society's frenzied efforts to become superfluous.

The implications of these successes are highly significant. In its first year, the festival drew 90,000 spectators. In this, its second year, 200,000 spectators enjoyed ten experimental events in theater, music, and dance, over a three-month period. Certainly the French government, which subsidized the festival with a modest $700,000—about the cost of one Broadway musical—now has good reason to increase its support next year. For whereas the government subsidy to the conservative Comédie Française is $15 per ticket buyer, the subsidy for adventurous festival attenders comes to only $3.50 apiece. A surprising bargain in expensive Paris. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perennial Rubinstein, Late-Blooming Barlow

by Irving Kolodin

Artur Rubinstein may be the oldest young pianist ever to play in public. By long-standing documentation he was born on January 28, 1886. That would put his age at his most recent appearances in New York only days under eighty-eight. That amounts to one year for every key of the piano, which he has lived with, and by, for eight decades.

One verity is beyond question. No matter how long he continues to pursue his pattern of annual appearances in America, he will be a perennial among pianists, an evergreen among artists. Such is the nature of his endowment, his metabolism, and his attitude that his music making will always flow from the springtime of life, whatever the leaves of the calendar may contend.

No one who spent the hours from three to five with him in Avery Fisher Hall on that Sunday afternoon in January had ever heard anything quite like it. At his entrance, he was all business—serious, quietly responsive to the applause that greeted him from all sides (the hall was, of course, full, and there were as many seated on stage as the law allows). Immaculate as always, in tailcoat, fawn-colored vest, and decorously sparkling stickpin, he peered into the piano keyboard with a slight suggestion of "What am I doing here?" then launched into a performance of Chopin's Scherzo in B-flat Minor that was shattering in its decisiveness and impact—when decisiveness and impact were in order—melting in the graciousness and generosity of its melodic formulation. It was on grand lines, with the sense of spaciousness below and firmament above that has been, for all these years, the ground plan of Rubinstein's musical universe. Two hours later he paused for a moment before the final measures of the Chopin Polonaise in A-flat Major, then dispatched them with a thunder of emphasis and a volley of tone that will reverberate in the ears of those who heard it as long as they have the power of memory. Then, to a truly overpowering accolade from his listeners, he strode off, jaunty and smiling, having satisfied his most demanding auditor—himself.

The program was, of course, all Chopin. It was not always the fastest or the cleanest, the most sparkling or the least effortful, of performances of the Sonata in B Minor, the Ballade in F Minor, the Nocturne in D-flat Major, or sundry preludes and études we have heard. To pretend that it was would belie the heroic deeds and the legendary accomplishments by which his white mane has been earned. It was, however, the richest, ripest kind of self-expression: resounding in its individuality, evocative (in its penetration of essence) of a whole school of pianism. Those to whom Hofmann and Rosenthal, Paderewski and Godowsky, are no more than inanimate names on record labels were hearing, in Rubinstein, the last of this breed of giants, whose like history cannot, and will not, produce.

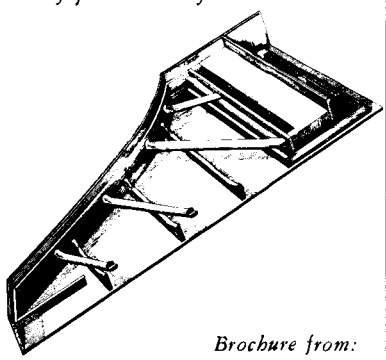
In some of the performances enumerated above—especially in the sonata—one had the sensation that Rubinstein was invoking a retrospect of all those who had played these notes before. The performance was measured, deliberate, at an overall pace that suited the sustained song of the Largo better than it did the volatile propulsion of the opening Allegro maestoso. Was it a pace chosen to lessen difficulties? Perhaps. But to play deliberately and with clarity, at a slower pace, may be to intensify, rather than to alleviate, the problem of keyboard control. It was, for me, rather a matter of mood and intent that the story he told in the later Ballade in F Minor harked back to "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago." But the ensuing group of études showed that the deep well of power that Rubinstein always holds in reserve had not run dry. Those who heard him on these occasions need no assurances of past accomplishments to tell their offspring that they did, indeed, hear the great Rubinstein.

AT ANOTHER END of the chronological scale during the same period, Schuyler Chapin, the Metropolitan's youthful general manager, came of instant age by risking the season's first Tristan with an untried Isolde. Some, including myself, (had I been asked, which I was not) would have counseled caution and a recourse to some other, safer repertory. But Chapin refused to run scared, and as a result of his own observations and musical judgment during rehearsals, matured an Isolde who can be an asset to the Met, and to other theaters worldwide indefinitely.

She is Klara Barlow, an American-born soprano whose career has been a history of one German opera house after another for much of a decade. When she took over at the Metropolitan in February 1971 as Leonore in *Fidelio*, for which Catarina Ligendza was scheduled (incredibly, the same soprano whose absence put Chapin in his dilemma), *Saturday Review* readers were told of "an American soprano all but unknown here. This is not a condition likely to endure much longer, for the tall, clear-voiced Miss Barlow . . . survived the exacting introduction with considerable credit." The "bright, strong voice" is still "not big enough to conquer an auditorium of the Metropolitan's size without strain," but she sang the music on time and in pitch under firm vocal control, and with a sense of dramatic purpose that blossomed as the initial pressures relaxed. Her Liebestod would have fared better with a more flexible conductor than Erich Leinsdorf, whose large-scale sense of orchestral values remained in effect no matter what. But the late-blooming Barlow has the worst of her ordeal behind her and can now move confidently ahead. □

18th CENTURY
FRENCH HARPSICHORD
IN KIT FORM

All parts pre-cut
ready for assembly.



Brochure from:
FRANK HUBBARD
Harpsichord Maker
185A-W Lyman Street, Waltham, Mass.
02154

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fine Arts

The Two Vincent van Goghs

by Katharine Kuh

There are several heroes in the van Gogh story. First, Vincent himself, who, despite or perhaps because of a tormented life and psyche, was able to produce in one brief decade a body of work that has moved a vast public more deeply than that of any artist since Rembrandt. Both painters were Dutch; both were compassionate observers of mankind, and, not surprisingly, van Gogh was an admirer of his seventeenth-century forerunner. Why so many outstanding artists have turned up in that small land during the last 350 years is a question, the answer possibly depending on the consistency, the sense of integrated progression that restricted boundaries make possible. People and periods remain more closely in touch when distance is not a barrier.

Gerda van der Veer
Dr. V. W. van Gogh—"Vigorous and dignified, a man of enormous vitality."

Without three other heroes in the family, much of van Gogh's work might have perished, lost through neglect, ignorance, or heedless commercialism. We need scarcely be reminded that Theo, Vincent's younger brother by four years and an associate at the Paris branch of the art firm Goupil, provided the material and spiritual backing that kept the artist alive and creatively productive. Theo died at the age of thirty-four, barely six months after Vincent's suicide. The two men, who complemented each other in life and accompanied each other in death, are buried in twin graves at Auvers. Merely to read Vincent's letters to Theo is to recognize how intuitively the brothers responded to each other. Beyond that, the same letters suggest that the artist was almost as gifted a writer as he was a painter.

Fewer people realize how much Theo's wife, Johanna van Gogh-Bonger, was also involved in the preservation of Vincent's work. She was only twenty-nine and had been married a short year and a half when her husband died, leaving her with an infant son and a bewildering array of paintings, watercolors, and drawings by her brother-in-law, at that time virtually an unknown artist. Some months later she returned to Holland, taking with her Vincent's letters, paintings, drawings, and the art collections and documents both brothers had assembled, all of which she looked after for thirty-five years with selfless devotion.

On November 15, 1891, this remarkable young woman wrote in her diary, "To give the baby fresh air I came to live here in Bussum [15 miles from Amsterdam]; to earn a living for both of us I am taking boarders. . . . Along with caring for the child, Theo has left me another task: the work of Vincent, to show it as much as possible and to get it appreciated. . . ." Johanna, who also supported her small son by translating books and articles, used every opportunity to show her brother-in-law's paintings, but even as recently as 1915 an exhibition of his drawings attracted unfavorable notices in Holland and a sparse attendance. Thirty-five years later, a retrospective at the Art Institute of Chicago drew such hordes of people that gallery floors were eroded by the shuffling feet of devotees waiting in line for a glimpse of the pictures. And it was Jo, too, who first prepared Vincent's letters for publication, translating some of them herself into English.

When she died in 1925, her son, the painter's namesake, Dr. Vincent Willem van Gogh—better known as V.W. van Gogh or the Engineer—continued his parents' tradition, protecting and making known his uncle's work with tenacity, intelligence, and the utmost integrity. Indeed, few artists in history have received such sympathetic posthumous understanding as Vincent did from his sister-in-law and nephew. Although a busy engineer himself, Dr. van Gogh has found time to arrange and accompany innumerable exhibitions throughout the world. In addition, with food desperately scarce during the Second World War and during the German occupation of Holland, he and his wife steadfastly refused to dissipate the 200 paintings and 500 drawings and watercolors left him by his mother. In that difficult period, only one work was traded for much-needed provisions intended not alone for the Engineer's family but for friends who, their lives in danger, were hidden in the van Gogh home. Nothing has been disposed of since. When one considers the astronomical prices van Gogh's paintings have brought in recent years, this refusal to exploit the current market is little less than heroic.

THE WORKS THAT WERE SAVED NOW constitute the extensive collection of the new Rijksmuseum Vincent van Gogh in Amsterdam, which only last summer was officially opened by Queen Juliana. A few months ago, I visited the museum with the Engineer as my cicerone. I must confess I went there with slight misgivings, worried lest the experience might seem a bit déjà vu. After all, van Gogh's work has been so widely promoted during recent years that new insights merely because of a new setting seemed somewhat unlikely, but I was wrong. I expected a handsome building from the Dutch government, and I was not disappointed. The museum, conveniently located between the Rijksmuseum, with its renowned Rembrandts, and the Stedelijk, famous for its splendid modern collection, is inviting, flexible, spacious, and uncluttered. Light is excellent and, whenever safe for the works on view, is nonartificial, for van Gogh's slashing stabs of color are best seen in daylight.

However, what I had not bargained for was how these insistently autobiographical works, shown here without fanfare, phony installations, fancy frames, or any vestige of pretension, came through with new impact. Paintings, drawings, watercolors, relevant mementos, and documents are installed throughout in such meaningful juxtapositions as to give long-familiar pictures both added dimen-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion and deeper meaning. The whole museum has been conceived *con amore*, but not as a shrine. Vincent pervades it less as a character in art history than as a believable, literate, if harassed, man, and only rarely as the over-romantic myth that popular fiction has made him. The works are never subverted by their surroundings, which, alas, has not always been true of various international van Gogh exhibitions.

There is probably no other museum in existence that so fully documents and, at the same time, so clearly reveals a single artist. The library contains every known publication on van Gogh—books, periodicals, catalogs, newspaper and magazine clippings, as well as 1000 illustrations from such magazines as *London Graphics, Punch, London News, Harper's Weekly,* and *Charivari,* all carefully cut out and mounted by Vincent himself. Among the group are wood engravings by Daumier, Nast, Forain, Doré, and a host of other artists. Even a brief study indicates how much van Gogh was influenced by these popular engravings and also by some of the 200 Japanese prints he bought in Paris, most of which are in the library, with only a few on view near paintings inspired by them. In the library, too, is the precious cache of Vincent's letters; several are on exhibition, again often adjacent to related canvases. It is a touching experience to glance up after reading a letter from Arles and find van Gogh's painting of his lonely bedroom there, with the very table on which the letter was probably written. Though to be historically accurate, this canvas of *The Bedroom at Arles* was done later in Saint-Rémy because an earlier version had been damaged when Vincent, in an obsessive hurry to send it off to Theo, had rolled it before the paint was dry.

FILTERING THROUGH my mind were memories of a quarter century ago when I was working with representatives of the Metropolitan Museum and the Art Institute of Chicago on a van Gogh exhibition held at the two institutions during 1949–50. In preparation, we spent considerable time in Holland at the Kröller Müller Museum in Otterlo, studying its extensive van Gogh collection, and at the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, where many of Vincent's works were on loan from the Engineer, and, of course, with the Engineer himself, who lived with his second wife in Laren, a suburb of Amsterdam. There, in a modest house, its walls covered with paintings by van Gogh and by several of his contemporaries, we were allowed to examine the original letters to Theo. Many were illustrated with urgent small sketches; many were in French and, for me, were often heartbreaking. The yellowed wisps of paper, the strong personal calligraphy, the candid little drawings, all combined to intensify the sometimes despairing words. Here in his nephew's orderly home, Vincent came to life with unbearable immediacy.

"Merely to read Vincent van Gogh's letters to his brother Theo is to recognize how intuitively they responded to each other."

From those visits to Laren I also remember the Engineer's thriving collection of train schedules gathered from all over the world. He was planning to accompany the exhibition to America and had already pinpointed the train he expected to take from New York to Chicago. He is still assembling railway timetables and now has added plane schedules to the collection. As a traveler he is something of an authority, having visited the United States thirty-one times since 1948, to say nothing of innumerable other countries.

FOR SOME REASON, it is the small, friendly details I remember most vividly from that visit: Mrs. van Gogh, charming and vivacious, removing the caddy from a pot of fragrant tea; the small garden she prized; the happy painting by Vincent of a blossoming almond branch, hanging in the upstairs master bedroom. I remember, too, how we pleaded with the Engineer to permit more conventional frames when the exhibition came to America, but he was adamant, and now, looking back, I think he was right. As he wrote recently, "After the war we did away with all different kinds of frames and replaced them with mere protective strips. These are all that is required. . . ." And when I think of certain privately owned self-portraits where Vincent's face is swallowed up in ornately carved gold frames, I must agree.

The years have changed the Engineer very little. At eighty-three he is still vigorous and dignified, a man of enormous vitality. He still lives in the house at Laren, though his wife has died and the pictures are gone. He commutes to Amsterdam several times a week to work on various projects at the museum, among them publications that specifically interest him. At present he is editing forty-two letters from Gauguin written to Vincent or Theo, none of them ever published before. In addition, he keeps up with his own profession at a dizzying pace. The first day I was in Amsterdam he was off to Utrecht for a meeting of consulting engineers and the next day to Lunteren for a conference of the Royal Institute of Engineers.

ON OUR MUSEUM TOUR, he led me first to his father's collection—some sixty paintings and drawings by such contemporaries of the two brothers as Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin, Monticelli, and Guillaumin. In several instances there are portraits of Vincent by his associates, often spontaneous, yet penetrating. Especially interesting is a pastel likeness by Lautrec showing Vincent in a rare light as a quiet, contemplative man. The Engineer guided me through the museum floor by floor, from the early dark, awkward paintings to the luminous Paris ones, from the hot landscapes and still lifes of Arles to the tortured olive trees of Saint-Rémy, and finally to an extraordinary unfinished composition, *Tree Roots and Branches*, done at Auvers in July 1890, the same month van Gogh was to die. The picture, with its gnarled blue tree trunks, was painted so freely, so widely and wildly, as to predict the twentieth century's dual preoccupation with abstraction and expressionism. No work could have foretold American action painting more graphically. In the museum is a canvas from Saint-Rémy also dated 1890 but done six months before the unfinished picture and a complete antithesis of it. Celebrating the birth of Theo's son, Vincent, the composition depicts a single *Branch of an Almond Tree in Blossom* (the same painting that hung in the master bedroom at Laren) and implies how much van Gogh admired Japanese art but, even more, how much he reacted to his own immediate emotions. The picture, painted with love, has survived numerous vicissitudes, as have many others in the museum, thanks to the Engineer and his mother. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UPI

CP officials convicted in 1949 Smith Act trial—Their prosecution "strikes all save the least reconstructed cold warriors as unreasonable and punitive."

(**American Communism:** *from page 14.*) as a persecuted black woman—that is, from her status as "Sister Angela," not "Comrade Angela."

Blacks and members of other minority groups are most apparent in the CP at election time, when many of them are put forth as party candidates. The party has decided to return to the electoral process it largely abandoned in the Forties (it did not run a presidential candidate in the years between 1940 and 1968).* Now it runs at least a couple of candidates in every major-city election. In 1972, with Gus Hall and Jarvis Tyner as its national ticket, the CP drew 25,222 votes in thirteen states.

THE 1972 ELECTION brought to a head the intra-party issue of supporting liberal Democratic party candidates as lesser evils. The issue has roots in the party's past and is a favorite target of other leftist groups, who argue that the CP is selling out to bourgeois, capitalist politicians. In 1972 numerous CP adherents urged voters to support George McGovern, reasoning that the Hall-Tyner ticket had as much chance as Nixon-Agnew would have in a Russian election. Hall subsequently led the fight against that "Right opportunism" and won after a protracted battle. "It is an illusion," Hall said, "to think that one of the two parties of monopoly capital somehow can become the vehicle for the struggle *against* monopoly capital."

In non-electoral areas, the CP's efforts for a "united front" are achieving success. Last November, when leftists organized a New York City rally to protest the Chilean coup, Gus Hall and Angela Davis were two of the most prominent speakers. At protest demonstrations, signs and banners now openly proclaim the CP's presence without drawing fire from either Right or Left. The party took an active role in last summer's consumer meat boycott, and over the next few months it was a participant in such events as a trade-union march in Chicago, a Solidarity with African Liberation conference, also in Chicago, and a World Peace Congress in Moscow, which drew a broad-ranging American delegation. The CP stand on an issue is still likely to be rejected by a united-front group; but for the first time in many years, it is also likely to be given a hearing.

On issues, the CP platform is the old line with a few new touches. The United States should "end all military expenditures and padlock the Pentagon"; after all, "the United States is not threatened from abroad." Major industries must be nationalized; racism, anti-Semitism, and the like should be made federal crimes, and the "brutality, terror, and repression" against blacks, Chicanos, and other minorities must be ended; earnings above $15,000 will be subject to "sharply graduated" income taxes and earnings below $15,000 to no income taxes at all; the FBI must be abolished, the police "disarmed." The party also espouses the rights of "working-class women" against their male chauvinist bosses. While much of the party rhetoric has the creaky sound of old bolshevism, on balance it does not seem nearly so outrageous as it once did. Vietnam, *agents provocateurs*, Watergate, and virulent inflation have narrowed the credibility gap.

THANKS, THEN, more to time and tide than to its own ingenuity, the CP has apparently overcome one long-standing handicap: automatic exclusion from the main arenas of the American political process. It is also solving an internal problem: the prospect that it would die of old age. The McCarthy repression, the Khrushchev revelations about Stalin, the Soviet occupations of Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and the rise of the New Left combined to choke off the flow of young people into the party, depriving it of a "middle generation." At the top, the CP is still gray haired, still run by men weary from the infighting and the struggles against repression. But down the line young faces are appearing. Gus Hall, sixty-two, notes proudly that a majority of the political committee are now under thirty-five and that, by party policy, one quarter of the preeminent central committee must be twenty-three or younger. The CP's electoral candidates also reflect this youthful emphasis.

So the Communist party, often left for dead, is alive. But can it grow significantly in size and influence? The odds are strong that it cannot. The fragmented, volatile American Left is pulling in directions that the CP can't hope to control; the radical Left is more disposed toward attacking the CP than cooperating with it, while the conservative Left will not accept the party's totalitarian philosophy and subservience to Moscow. Also harmful to the CP's long-range future are basic developments in American life: the rising standard of living and continuing racial integration that cut severely into the Communist appeal to its major constituent groups—workers and minorities. Finally, there is the persisting belief among Americans that communism is a foreign ideology determined to overthrow the "American system" by violence. However distorted that image may be, it is not likely to change for a long, long time. □

*The party's electoral high-water mark came soon after World War II, when two of its members held seats on the New York City Council, and New Yorker Vito Marcantonio, who enjoyed heavy CP support, served in Congress.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look to the Neutrino, Thou Doomsayer

Doomsday, we keep hearing, is upon us—a doomsday fathered by a science and technology gone wild, and now gone wrong. Recently, while my son was home from Cornell for the holidays, I saw him looking glum as he read Roberto Vacca's *The Coming Dark Age*, one of the innumerable books in this apocalyptic genre. Only a day or two earlier, my daughter (age sixteen) had been profoundly depressed—at least momentarily—while reading an essay by Isaac Asimov, whose books usually cheer her up. She was understandably dismayed at the prospect he conjured up of an earth that, in her own lifetime, could be carpeted with sea-to-sea people, choking on their own pollutants and running out of essential resources—provided that most of them had not meanwhile been wiped out in a thermonuclear war.

I had been frightened by similar writings and forecasts long before our children were born. In those days, though, the predicted troubles seemed a bit farther off in time, not quite occasions for instant personal worry. But as we go into 1974 with such sharp and present reminders as the energy crisis and the uneasy Middle Eastern truce, our fears acquire a new immediacy and a new legitimacy. To brush them aside would be fatuous. Indeed, one of our problems is that we *have* fatuously brushed them aside. Even so, to escalate them into a certainty of doomsday is to perpetrate a sin upon the young.

All too often experts, wearied by the too-muchness of the world around them, will weigh the future on the basis of *present knowledge and assumptions*—and declare our situation to be hopeless. We should take Arthur C. Clarke's sound advice: Whenever an expert, even a computer-assisted expert, insists that our problems are impossible to solve—he is certainly premature and almost certainly wrong.

Hardly anything exists in our civilized lives that would not once have been declared impossible.

Look at a jumbo jet, with 350 passengers aboard. See them lifted aloft and carried across the ocean in a few hours—carried in comfort, too, and fed a sumptuous meal, shown a movie, given a choice of seven stereo listening channels. That bizarre, implausible kind of occurrence does, as we know, occur routinely every day, many times a day, in many parts of the world. You can, *mirabile dictu*, call up and get a reservation!

One would not have to go very far back in time to find the world's sanest, most knowing authorities, confronted with such a description, pronouncing it to be among the more preposterous and unattainable fantasies they had ever heard.

Let's take another example, this time from the realm of pure theoretical physics: the case of the neutrino. In 1931, studying the disintegration phenomenon known as beta decay, Wolfgang Pauli could account for everything except a half-unit of "spin." That was intolerable, because it violated the law of the conservation of angular momentum and energy. So, as an admitted "accountant's trick" to make the atomic books balance, Pauli invented the neutrino (Fermi's name—"little neutral one"), a most curious subatomic "particle." Since all it possessed was that half-unit of spin, it had no rest mass, no electrical charge, no magnetic moment, no way of interacting with any other particle except by the most improbable chance.

How improbable? Physicists calculated that an average neutrino would pass through *fifty light-years of solid lead* before the chance interaction occurred. Imagine the lead shielding around a nuclear reactor. Imagine it extending out beyond the sun, out beyond Alpha Centauri, out as far as light could travel non-stop for fifty years—and to the neutrino, all that might as well be empty space! Trillions upon trillions of neutrinos might pass through the earth in a split second, and no particle on earth would be the wiser for it.

Obviously, the neutrino would always remain a purely theoretical particle, since no one could even imagine a way by which it might ever be detected. But then some new and unforeseen circumstances came into being: (1) nuclear reactors, which—if neutrinos existed—should be emitting enormous quantities of them, sufficient quantities to increase the chance of an occasional interaction; (2) liquid scintillating compounds, full of protons packed at unprecedented densities, thus further increasing the chance of interactions; (3) photomultiplier tubes, which amplify detection capabilities several millionfold.

Now, neither nuclear reactors, scintillating compounds, nor photomultiplier tubes were devised with the neutrino in mind. But once they all existed, it occurred to two Los Alamos scientists, Frederick Reines and Clyde Cowan, that they might put all those things together for their own purposes. They did—in a brilliantly imaginative and painstaking series of experiments—and behold, they detected the neutrino. (They actually detected the *anti*neutrino—but let's not complicate the story.) That happened in 1956, exactly twenty-five years after the invention of the particle that could never possibly be detected.

Take a lesson from the neutrino.

We *can* solve our problems.

We really do have a lot to say about what happens to us. And science can help us make it happen. We commonly make two mistakes about science: We tend to have too blind a faith in it or too massive a mistrust in it. Science and technology are powerful instruments (with power to help us study and understand ourselves as well), but they are only instruments. It is of no use to kick them in frustration when they "fail" us. Science cannot give us the good sense to use it properly. Nor can science—nor should it—set our goals or establish our values. But if we can do that for ourselves, if we can decide, as a species, "what we want to be when we grow up," then science can be an enormously valuable servant. It has limitations, of course, but we have not yet begun to reach, or even see, those limitations.

We live in an electrifying time, a watershed moment in human history. Young people have every reason to feel that it's all out there waiting to be put together, that it's worth all the energy and zest and imagination they can muster to tackle a magnificent opportunity not given to every generation: to change the world decisively for the better.

ALBERT ROSENFELD
Science Editor

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science

Seismic Sleuthing

After years of guesswork about impending earthquakes, geoscientists have learned to detect the early warning signals.

by Patrick Young

On August 3, 1973, at 7:10 P.M., an earthquake shook the ground and rattled windows in the resort area around Blue Mountain Lake in New York's Adirondack Mountains. It was a mild tremor, measuring a mere 2.5 magnitude on the Richter scale, and it left no dead, no injured, and no damage. But the event was noteworthy nonetheless, and future textbooks will more than footnote it, for Yash P. Aggarwal, a graduate student at Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, had predicted a small quake for the area for that date. It was the first successful scientific prediction of an earthquake in the United States, and it was based on the new ideas about the mechanisms of earthquakes that Aggarwal, born in Kenya of Indian parents, had helped formulate.

Until recently earth scientists in the United States generally have regarded earthquake prediction as an unattainable goal. Some still regard it as such, an effort best left to psychics, astrologers, and religious prophets. But largely within the last year, a number of seismologists, geophysicists, and geologists have come to accept the idea that the ability to predict at least some earthquakes is a scientific feat whose time has nearly come.

"Many earth scientists in the United States and abroad, particularly in Japan and the USSR, are now convinced that systems can be devised to predict the time, place, and size of earthquakes successfully," says Jerry P. Eaton, chief of the U.S. Geological Survey's earthquake research and crustal studies branch.

Such systems would be a benefit throughout much of the world, for they hold the promise of saving lives, preventing injuries, and even reducing property damage.

The United States's most famous earthquake—and its most costly in lives lost—came in the early hours of April 18, 1906, when tremors estimated at 8.3 on the Richter scale hit San Francisco, killing 452 people, injuring 1500, and leaving the city a burning shambles. (The Richter scale measures the magnitude of an earthquake at its source. The readings are logarithmic; thus an 8.3 quake releases about one million times as much energy as does one of 4.3 magnitude.) Other nations have suffered far more fearsome devastation. In 1556 an earthquake killed an estimated 830,000 Chinese; some 143,000 died in Tokyo in 1923; nearly 67,000 perished in Peru four years ago, and perhaps 10,000 died in 1972 when a tremor shook the Nicaraguan capital of Managua.

The theory of plate tectonics, which has evolved in the past decade, provides a general theory explaining the cause of earthquakes. It holds that the earth's crust is divided into gigantic blocks, called plates, that move erratically and slowly over the globe, carrying continents and oceans with them in their wanderings. Earthquakes result from the strain and pressures that develop where plates touch and collide.

However, more important for earthquake prediction is the discovery in the 1960s by Soviet and Japanese scientists that a series of physical changes occurs in the earth before at least some earthquakes. It is those quake precursors and an intriguing theory advanced by several U.S. researchers to explain why they occur that have stimulated the belief that the era of earthquake prediction is near.

Japan is a land crisscrossed by faults—the cracks in the earth's crust where earthquakes occur. Scientists there have found that the ground in a quake area actually lifts up slightly before a tremor. Using sensitive devices called tiltmeters to measure changes in the ground elevation, they successfully predicted a major quake near Niigata in 1964 and a series of smaller quakes near Matsushiro in the mid-1960s. The Japanese have discovered that changes occur in local magnetic fields before quakes, and that tiny earthquakes—most so small that they cannot be felt by humans—increase in number before a large quake strikes.

THE RUSSIANS, whose earthquake-prediction efforts span more than two decades, have found lower electrical resistance in rocks before a quake and an increased amount of radon, a naturally occurring radioactive gas, in deep-well water. Using these precursors, they have successfully predicted three earthquakes —one on the Kamchatka Peninsula, which juts into the Pacific Ocean, after researchers noted an increase in the ground's electrical conductivity; and two others in the Tashkent region of south-central Asia, based on increased radon readings.

But the Russians made their most important quake-precursor discovery in 1969. A. N. Semenov and I. L. Nersesov of the Institute of Earth Physics in Moscow found that a major change had occurred in the seismic waves recorded in the Garm region of Tadzhikistan, in

U.S. Dept. of Interior *Geological Survey*

A San Francisco bank after the 1906 quake—Fault-finders fear another.

Patrick Young is the science writer for The National Observer.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russia, before the occurrence of several earthquakes there.

Earthquakes, explosions, even the rubbing of rock against rock deep within the earth, produce two basic forms of sound waves: P (compressional) waves and S (shear) waves. Under normal conditions the P waves travel 1.75 times faster than S waves. But the Russian researchers discovered that the normal ratio between the speeds of the P and S waves had decreased in the weeks and months prior to the quakes they were studying. After a sharp drop, the ratio gradually returned to normal, reaching 1.75 shortly before an earthquake. The Soviets also found that the longer the abnormality lasted, the greater the magnitude of the quake that followed.

U.S. scientists tended to dismiss the Russian findings as the result of some geological quirk peculiar to the area. But Lamont-Doherty's Yash Aggarwal decided to examine the seismic records of a series of tiny earthquakes that had occurred at Blue Mountain Lake in 1971. Last January he and several colleagues reported finding the same type of ratio decrease that the Russians had discovered.

In May, James Whitcomb, Jan Garmany, and Don Anderson of the California Institute of Technology reported that they had found the same changes in seismic activity pre-dating the devastating San Fernando earthquake near Los Angeles, which killed sixty-four people in 1971. And in August, Japanese scientists told a meeting in Boulder, Colorado, that they had detected the seismic-ratio decreases in records made before four Japanese earthquakes that occurred in the 1960s.

The Cal Tech team also discovered that the ratio drops primarily because of a slowing of the P waves, an important finding for future prediction possibilities, since P waves are easier to measure with seismometers than S waves are. By examining the seismic records of nineteen small quakes (2.4 to 4.0 on the Richter scale) that had rattled the Los Angeles area between 1961 and late 1970, they found further that the seismic changes had begun three-and-one-half years before the San Fernando tremor. As with the Russian and New York State quakes, the seismic pattern had returned to normal before the area suffered its deadly jolt.

It was that phenomenon of the sharply decreased seismic-wave ratio that Aggarwal used for predicting the Blue Mountain Lake earthquake. When another swarm of tiny tremors hit the area last summer, Lamont-Doherty scientists rushed seven portable seismometers to the Adirondacks to join the permanent station already on line. In late July Aggarwal saw the seismic ratio drop off and then return to normal in a few days' time. He called Lynn Sykes, his adviser and co-investigator of the Blue Mountain Lake quakes, and told him another small tremor would rattle the area on August 3. It did, on schedule.

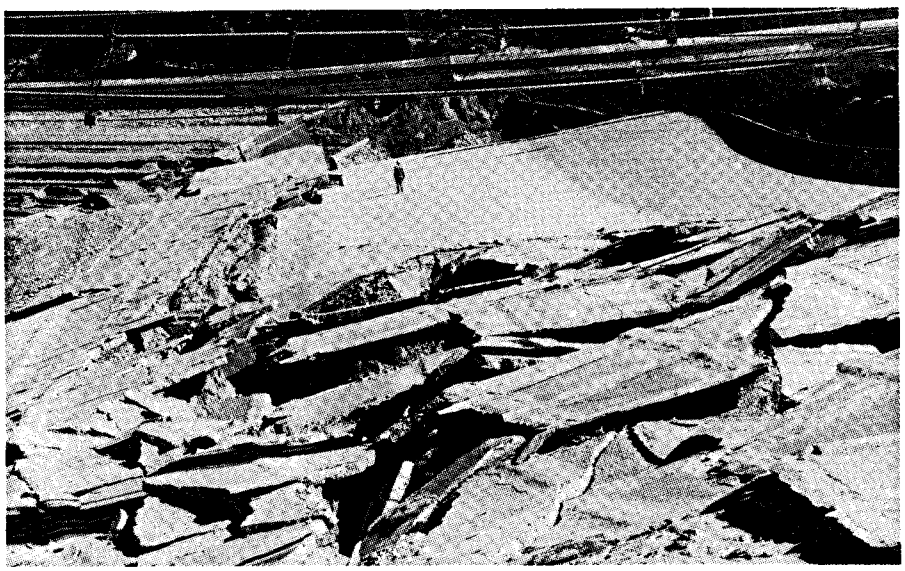
Cal Tech's Whitcomb suggests that the seismic changes can be used to forecast not only the location but also the strength of at least some quakes. "The longer the time anomaly, the greater the magnitude of the earthquake," he says. And if the San Fernando findings can be extrapolated, the ratio would take about eight years to return to normal for a magnitude 7 quake and something like forty years for a magnitude 8 event. "However," Whitcomb cautions, "we cannot be confident of the validity of that extrapolation until many questions are resolved about the nature of the precursor time–magnitude relationship."

Other fundamental questions must be answered before a reliable earthquake-prediction system can function. "One of the biggest is: Does this seismic phenomenon happen before all earthquakes?" says Whitcomb. "It's a bit premature to say that all types of earthquakes can be predicted."

He notes that so far the seismic changes have been found to occur only before earthquakes that happen along thrust faults, a form of fault where the earth is cracked at an angle. They have not been observed along strike-slip faults —although at least one other quake precursor has—where the earth is rent vertically and blocks of rock slip and slide past each other. California's famed San Andreas Fault extends from Mexico to Cape Mendocino, north of San Francisco; a series of smaller faults parallel it throughout the state. In the Los Angeles area that basic fault zone is the thrust-fault type, but to the north and south it is strike-slip.

Scientists are now examining seismic records of a central section of the San Andreas to see whether the telltale seismic changes occur before strike-slip quakes. The first report, made by a team at the University of California, Berkeley, was negative. But even if quakes can be predicted only along thrust faults, that could benefit millions. Thrust faults are found in areas besides Los Angeles: Alaska (where 131 people died in a 1964 quake), Montana, the central and eastern United States (a series of quakes killed twenty-seven persons in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1886 and 1887), Japan, central Asia, and New Zealand's South Island.

American scientists have drawn on a concept from rock mechanics known as dilatancy to explain why the seismic changes and other quake precursors happen. Laboratory experiments in the United States in the mid-1960s—most notably those of William F. Brace of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—showed that the physical properties of rocks change drastically when they are stressed almost to their breaking point. Dilatancy is a seemingly contradictory



Wide World

Van Norman Dam after San Fernando's 1971 quake—6.4 on Richter; 64 dead.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

state in which rock under stress both hardens and expands. Amos Nur of Stanford University first proposed dilatancy as an explanation for the physical changes observed before certain quakes. The Lamont-Doherty and Cal Tech teams have expanded on his idea.

Basically the theory may be explained this way: As stresses caused by the relative motions of two crustal plates build up along a fault, microscopic cracks enlarge and the rock volume expands. Not enough water is in the rock to fill the cracks completely at that point. As a result, seismic waves, particularly the P waves, travel through the rock more slowly, reducing the seismic-wave ratio.

A rock is weakened by the water it contains and thus can withstand more strain when its cracks are only partly filled. But water percolates in to fill the cracks, and as they fill, the seismic velocity returns to normal. And when the cracks are filled with water, the rock becomes so weak that it can no longer withstand increased stress. It fractures, creating an earthquake.

Dilatancy, its advocates argue, also explains the other physical changes observed before the occurrence of quakes. The increase in rock volume accounts for the slight uplifting of the earth's surface. Because the electrical conductivity of rocks is related to the presence of water, the dilatancy theory calls for decreased resistance, as the Russians found. And that increased conductivity could account for changes in the local magnetic fields as well. Finally, water seeping into rock to fill the cracks would carry radon with it and increase the concentration of the isotope.

"The dilatancy mechanism is an instability from which there is apparently no return . . . without the occurrence of an earthquake," Sykes, Aggarwal, and colleague Christopher H. Scholz concluded last spring. "This encourages us to believe that the number of 'false alarms' in predicting earthquakes may well be small. This should especially be so if a variety of physical measurements are used as predictors. It is more likely that the main uncertainties in prediction will arise instead from errors in estimating the time of occurrence."

Aggarwal, in his study of the small Adirondack earthquakes, found that their time of occurrence varied from 15 to 25 percent of the seismic abnormality. Thus a seismic anomaly that lasted ten years would indicate a quake occurring anywhere from eighteen to thirty months after the seismic readings returned to normal; that is hardly pinpoint accuracy.

Whitcomb says earthquake forecasts will have to be both accurate and precise on timing. "We can't afford to have many false alarms," he says. "The implications of just making a prediction are so great —the psychological problem, the social problem, the economic problem. You can't close down a city for several months, waiting for an earthquake to happen."

IT IS GOSPEL among seismologists that sometime in the next 100 years, quite possibly before the twentieth century ends, giant quakes will rip the San Francisco Bay and Los Angeles areas, killing thousands. Indeed, some estimates are as high as 100,000. A recent report by the Office of Emergency Preparedness was more conservative. But even it estimated that if a quake as large as the 1906 event struck near San Francisco at 4:30 P.M. on a workday, it would kill over ten thousand people and injure more than forty thousand. Several years ago, Martin Duke of UCLA estimated that a major earthquake in the Los Angeles basin would collapse 40,000 buildings and cause $48 billion in damage.

The 1971 San Fernando quake, which measured 6.4 on the Richter scale, severely damaged the Van Norman Dam near Los Angeles. H. Bolton See of the University of California, Berkeley, concluded later that "if the earthquake shaking had continued for a few seconds longer, the earthen dam probably would have collapsed, sending 3.6 billion gallons of water spilling over an area populated by 80,000 people."

"Americans can't afford not to know when an earthquake will strike," says Sen. Alan Cranston of California, who has introduced a bill providing $60 million over five years to develop an earthquake-prediction program. "Some 72 million of us—including all 21 million Californians—live in areas where a major earthquake could strike at any time.

"Take the San Fernando Valley earthquake. As it was, this 'minor' earthquake killed sixty-four people and caused $500 million in damage. With an early warning system, the water level could have been lowered in that [Van Norman] dam. People could have been cleared out of the area below. And electricity and gas mains could have been shut off, thus reducing the chance of a fire once the quake struck." □

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 42

B(URT) PRELUTSKY:
THE GRIPE HARVEST

The real secret of success has little to do with Horatio Alger, hard work, and the Puritan Ethic. What it has to do with is that we all feel we are grossly underpaid and terribly unappreciated. Get Rich and Get Even could serve as our national motto.

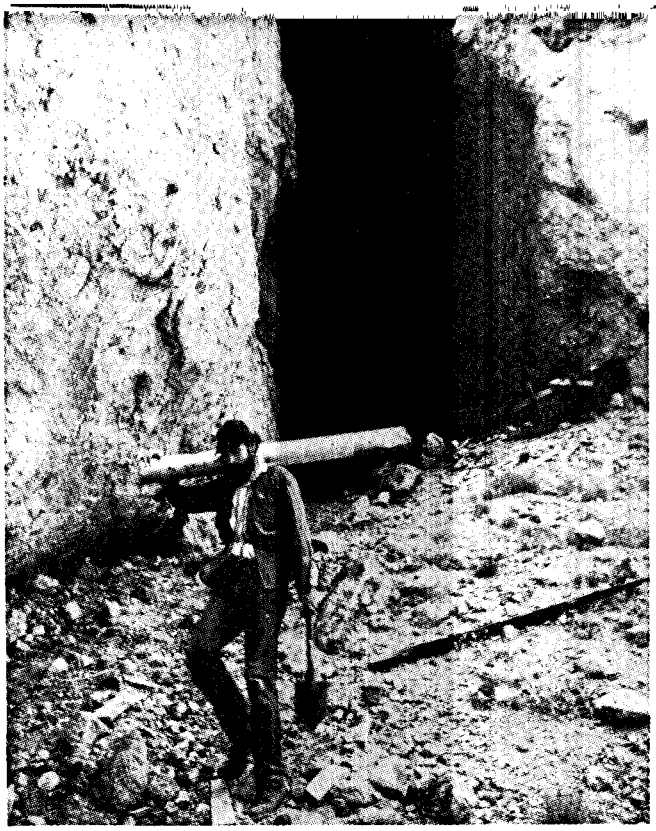
"Mark my words—now is the time to buy or sell."

WIT TWISTER NO. 15
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 52.

The robin ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ her
carol to the sky;
The earthworm ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ his
plot beneath the sod.
The songster must, to ___ ___ ___ ___.
___ her fledgling, try
To tug the humble farmer from his
clod. A. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photographs: Anthony Wolff

Michael Petit bat-tracking in southwestern caves—Stovepipe, baseball cap, and lots of concentrated ammonia.

Bat/Man Measure of Industrial Waste

In Draculan caves of the Southwest, a Colorado microbiologist studies the stratified evidence of environmental misuse.

by Anthony Wolff

In most folk, a fascination with bats might be thought morbid. Bats, after all, are bizarre creatures: dog-faced, bird-winged mammals that frequent the night. Count Dracula's mythic consorts, they still inspire nightmare sleep and waking fear in normal folk. But for Dr. Michael Petit, a sane, sociable microbiologist at Colorado State University in Fort Collins, bats are a professional obsession. With modest support from the Rockefeller Foundation, he pursues them throughout the Southwest, from Colorado to Mexico.

In fact, it is not the bats themselves that fascinate Dr. Petit, though he likes them well enough. His special interest is reserved for what the bats leave behind in their dark, isolated caves. Each year—generation after generation, sometimes for centuries—the migratory bat colonies carpet the floors of their summer homes with droppings (known politely as "guano," from the Spanish), as well as with corpses and other souvenirs. In that accumulated debris, Dr. Petit is seeking an index to the past. The bats' leavings contain traces of various environmental poisons—mercury, lead, etc.—that the mammals have ingested along with their food and excreted in the guano. Left undisturbed, the guano accumulates on the floors of the caves, forming discrete annual strata. Dr. Petit's theory is that the quantities of environmental poisons in a layer of guano are accurate measures of their concentrations in the area surrounding the cave when the guano was deposited.

Some of the bat colonies, especially the Mexican free tails (*Tadarida brazilienses mexicana*), have returned yearly to the same cave for three centuries and more. A precise record of pollutants in this relatively near past—too recent for most other techniques to date with sufficient accuracy—would reveal the year-by-year impact of industrialized man on the environment. By the same token, Dr. Petit's research may establish a sensitive technique for establishing realistic standards of pollution control in the future. Dr. Petit explains:

> For example, suppose we find that over the next ten years pollution-control techniques can reduce the level of mercury at Carlsbad Caverns by a factor of ten. This may be meaningless if we learn from analysis of guano in the caverns that the level existing there 300 years ago was down by a factor of 10,000. If, on the other hand, we find that ambient levels in the area today are no greater than they were 300 years ago, the unreasonableness of initiating costly pollution-control measures and setting unrealistic standards for that area will be apparent.

Pursuing the bats to their inner sanctums demands both ingenuity and stamina. To locate likely caves, Petit collects lore from local old-timers, hunters, and gas-station attendants, as well as from fellow scientists. He also has been able to enlist the bats themselves in revealing their hideaways. During all-night vigils he snares thirsty bats in a gossamer "mist net," stretched like a tennis net over likely watering places. To his tiny captives he attaches even tinier radio transmitters of his own devising, powered by hearing-aid batteries. Just before dawn on successive nights, he releases the "bugged" bats from two different locations. If he has netted members of the same colony, Petit

Anthony Wolff is a free-lance writer whose new book, Unreal Estate, *has just been published by the Sierra Club.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nights with the guano—In the accumulated debris, a scientific search for an index to the past.

can track their signals as they wing homeward and thereby triangulate the approximate spot where they disappear into their cave.

But tracking bats is easier on maps than over the rugged relief of the southwestern mountains. One early morning last May, under an Iberian sky of bottomless blue, Petit forsook a comfortable Tucson motel to search for a cave hidden somewhere along a remote, rocky ridge in the Patagonia range. During two days of painstaking mountaineering around the highest rock outcroppings the previous fall, Petit had failed to find it.

This time, the search covered the slightly lower altitudes, just below the three peaks that punctuated the ridgeline. The two-rut road ended far below; Petit had to make the climb on foot. Near the top of a meadow so steep that the ascent required a series of traverses, his tiring pace quickened, refreshed by a breeze perfumed with guano coming from a fissure no more than six inches high at the back of a shallow rock overhang. After a short scramble uphill around the base of the peak, Petit found the cave's front door, a man-high portal invisible from above and below.

PETIT ALSO FOUND disheartening evidence that he was not the first visitor to the cave: The floor was littered with the debris of modern trespassers—tin cans and odds and ends of plastic. Clearly the disturbed guano on the floor would be useless for dating, which depends on strict stratification of annual deposits. Searching the dark recesses of the main chamber, however, Petit discovered a narrow chimney leading to a second story. Exploring cautiously, careful not to disturb the deep carpet of guano, he made his way into the upper room. The narrow beam from his headlamp divided the utter darkness. As Petit's gaze swept the room, the light revealed, stroke by stroke, a world apart—a bat's sanctuary locked in the fastness of the rock. This upper chamber showed no sign of previous human intruders.

The same expedition included a return visit to a cave in Eagle Creek Canyon, in the Gila mountain range. The cave was especially valuable for validating Petit's techniques, because it had been literally vacuum-cleaned of its guano deposits for commercial fertilizer in 1954. Thus, its present layers of guano could be dated with certainty from that year. Moreover, the operation of a massive copper mine and smelter nearby provided a clear test of Petit's hypothesis that the guano would reveal changes through time in the concentrations of industrial effluents in the environment.

Inside the cave the sibilant voice of Eagle Creek gave way to the caterwauling of Mexican free-tailed bats, the vanguard of the summer population. They huddled head down, shoulder-to-shoulder on the ceiling, dropping off in squadrons to fly swift, tight formations in the gloom. Petit estimated three hundred thousand of them, darting through the upturned beam of his light like warplanes on a night raid, miraculously avoiding certain suicide against the cave walls. Later in the season, he knew, the population might explode to several million, feeding on local insects by night, breeding, dying. On the wing inside the huge cavern, they would crowd the air, colliding with intruders and each other despite their sensitive sonar. Their droppings would saturate the top layer of guano on the floor, and the smell of concentrated ammonia would make the cave inhospitable to visiting scientists. Now, however, early in the season, they had plenty of airspace for their maneuvers, and their droppings floated down like the gentlest rain. Petit's baseball cap was protection enough from above, and the smell from underfoot was no worse than the bouquet of common garden fertilizer.

Dr. Petit's scientific guano-sampling kit consists of nothing more than a length of common stovepipe, which he drives down into the deposit with any handy rock. He then shovels the surrounding guano away so that the stovepipe can be sealed with wax, top and bottom, for the journey back to the Fort Collins laboratory. There the sample is impregnated with paraffin to prevent crumbling before the stovepipe is slit open lengthwise, laying bare the strata for consecutive dating. A sample of the guano from each layer is subjected to sophisticated testing procedures for measuring its burden of environmental poisons.

His test results so far lend support to Dr. Petit's hypothesis. Analysis of the guano samples from Eagle Creek Canyon shows evidence of the mercury wastes associated with the nearby copper industry, correlating closely with fluctuations in the smelter's activity. The correlation is so sensitive that Dr. Petit's graph of the mercury content in his guano samples dips sharply to correspond to the two years when strikes crippled the smelter.

If Dr. Petit can carry his measurements far enough into the past—into guano deposited before man's industrial by-products were added to the environment—his technique will offer a standard for measuring the impact of industry on the environment and on ourselves. □

Answer to *Wit Twister*, see page 50. lilts, tills, still.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostic No. 43

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 L	2 F	3 T	4 C		5 W	6 A		7 M	8 N	9 U		10 F	11 B	12 O	13 T	14 Y	15 L
16 M	17 I	18 P	19 J		20 T	21 I	22 D	23 A	24 L	25 S	26 Q	27 J	28 F	29 O	30 M		31 K
32 Y	33 N	34 H	35 J	36 P	37 T	38 U		39 E	40 H	41 S	42 U	43 K	44 X	45 Y	46 C	47 F	
48 R	49 M	50 V	51 N	52 K		53 D	54 J	55 E	56 B	57 O	58 P	59 Q		60 I	61 T	62 S	63 R
—	64 Q	—	65 N	66 U	67 E	68 C		69 S	70 V		71 A	72 H	73 Q	74 G	75 R	76 S	77 Y
78 U	79 C		80 U	81 R		82 W	83 A		84 L	85 E	86 N	87 V	88 T		89 Y	90 V	91 P
92 A	93 W	94 O	95 X	96 G	97 J	98 D	99 U	100 N		101 F	102 Y	103 N		104 F	105 I	106 D	107 K
108 P	109 S	110 U	111 N	112 M		113 J	114 L	115 R		116 F	117 X	118 K		119 G	120 H	121 Q	122 V
123 C	124 F	125 I		126 B	127 W		128 X	129 V	130 E	131 R	132 M	133 B	134 Y		135 C	136 X	137 G
	138 Y	139 F	140 H		141 S	142 O	143 P	144 Q	145 T	146 B	147 Y	148 F		149 S	150 R		151 I
152 E	153 U		154 D	155 P	156 C	157 X	158 J	159 F	160 N	161 B	162 Q	163 H		164 E	165 L	166 N	167 M
168 Y		169 F	170 W	171 K		172 E	173 Y	174 L	175 I	176 U	177 X	178 H		179 Q	180 M	181 C	182 D
183 P	184 S		185 Y	186 B		187 P	188 W	189 V	190 L	191 H	192 R	193 O	194 F	195 I	196 Q	197 E	198 Y

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the words correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the words you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what word a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each word, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from words to diagram and from diagram to words, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Slaves	6 92 23 71 83
B. Vent	126 146 161 186 11 133 56
C. Roman saint (d. 258) said to have been roasted to death on a gridiron	123 135 156 181 4 46 68 79
D. "Karshish, the picker-up of learning's ___" (Browning, "An Epistle")	98 106 154 182 22 53
E. Knot used for temporarily securing a rope to an object (comp.)	55 67 164 130 152 172 197 39 85
F. Engaged in dispute; quarreling (2 wds.)	101 116 194 2 47 139 159 28 104 124 169 148 10
G. Aromatic Himalayan plant, source of an ancient ointment	74 96 119 137
H. Outfit, as of a ship, army, or soldier	140 191 72 120 34 40 163 178
I. Clobber; wallop	195 17 21 60 105 125 151 175
J. Outlying portion of a country entirely or mostly surrounded by the territory of another country	19 97 54 35 113 158 27
K. Answered the requirements of	31 43 52 107 118 171
L. Contributed (2 wds.)	174 1 15 24 84 114 165 190

CLUES	WORDS
M. Bequeath (2 wds.)	167 180 7 30 112 49 16 132
N. Common loon	103 33 65 86 160 166 8 51 100 111
O. Active; agile	142 193 57 94 12 29
P. Side dish, as in a French menu	36 155 183 18 58 91 108 187 143
Q. Islands of Dominica, Saint Lucia, Grenada, etc.	144 196 162 26 179 64 73 121 59
R. Senility	63 131 115 192 48 75 81 150
S. Small fishing vessel used around Boston, late nineteenth century (2 wds.)	25 41 62 109 184 149 69 141 76
T. Dutch genre and landscape painter (1632–75: *The Milkmaid*)	13 88 61 3 145 20 37
U. Explicates	80 176 9 153 66 42 78 99 110 38
V. American short-story writer and journalist (1885–1933)	50 189 70 122 129 90 87
W. Faltering	5 170 127 82 188 93
X. Sully	44 157 95 136 128 177 117
Y. Continuously (4 wds.)	134 147 32 102 45 173 198 14 138 89 185 77 168

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 42* appears on page 50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Hopefully

These days, it seems to me that *hopefully* is being inveighed against almost as much as it's being used. Many linguistic conservatives consider "Hopefully, the average American's cabin cruiser will not be a victim of the energy crunch" to be an abomination, since the average American's cabin cruiser cannot be hopeful and certainly can neither be nor not be a victim hopefully.

Well, a crime against the English language is not to be taken lightly, so I've given *hopefully* some serious thought. Time that I might have spent trying to solve the Palestinian refugee problem or to develop an automobile engine that runs on salt water has been used in pondering *hopefully* and the degree of evil thereof.

Webster, both second and third editions, gives little or no justification for *hopefully* in the sense of "it is hoped that" or "I hope"; nor does the Oxford English Dictionary. Random House does though. Its second definition reads: "It is hoped; if all goes well: *Hopefully, we will get to the show on time.*"

At the risk of alienating some friends, I think I have to come down on the side of Random House for one overwhelming reason: Too many people use *hopefully* to mean "it is hoped; if all goes well." I don't mean people who use sloppy English regularly, but well-educated, erudite people who obviously care about the language—some of our most prestigious news commentators, for instance. And at least one author-cum-English professor, John Gardner, who, in reviewing Kenneth Koch's book in *The New York Times Book Review,* wrote, "*Wishes, Lies, and Dreams* tells how he did it and how, hopefully, anyone can do it."

I suppose he could have meant that anyone who's imbued with hope can do it, but I doubt it.

"The Congress, hopefully, will pass legislation limiting the President's power to tax indigent widows" may be ambiguous. Does it mean, "It is hoped that the Congress will pass . . ."? or does it mean, "The Congress, hopeful that the President won't veto or something, will pass . . ."? I've thought of a few other examples of possible ambiguity, but they all boil down to the same structure—an unlikely one for any meaning other than the Random House "it is hoped."

I'll admit that the formal inconsistency in that relatively new meaning bothers me. *Hopefully* should mean "in a hopeful manner." I admit, too, that I don't think I've ever used *hopefully* in the sense of "I hope" and that when I hear or see it in that sense, a little click ("there it is again") snaps in my head, as, for instance, my noticing it in Professor Gardner's book review. If I'd been really comfortable with the new *hopefully,* it wouldn't have registered.

The point is that purists can't win in a case like this.

A couple of years ago, one of my favorite thinking newsmen, Robert Abernethy of NBC, said, "We say, 'Hopefully, I'll see you tomorrow.' What that means is when I see you tomorrow I will be hopeful. But who can guarantee that? What we mean to say is: I hope I'll see you tomorrow.

"I don't mean to be petty, but the language is worth defending. Sloppy speech usually implies sloppy thinking, which can be dangerous."

I CHEERED HIM at the time and I cheer him now, but while there may be some point in fighting against overwhelming odds, trying to whistle a typhoon to a standstill is just a waste of time and energy.

As long as there are enough of us who agree that "the language is worth defending," we're not in such bad shape, but there's no denying that things do change. Not many years ago, *contact* as a verb was in bad repute. Today, both Webster's Third and Random House have accepted it without reservation. They had no choice. It was being used as a verb, not just by too many people, but by too many literate, influential people.

Fun, once either a noun or a verb, is now either a noun, a verb, or an adjective. I bridled when I first heard, "They're a fun couple," and I still do. But there's no reason why *fun* shouldn't be an adjective. To *have* fun requires that *fun* be a noun, but there's nothing wrong with "Skiing is fun," where *fun* seems to me to be much more comfortable as an adjective.

Maybe someday I'll talk about a fun couple I know, and it's more than likely that someday I'll use *hopefully* to mean "it is hoped." I hope Robert Abernethy, Laura Z. Hobson, et al. will forgive me. I say that most hopefully. □

"I can't have the car tonight? I may as well stay home then and work on the book I'm writing about you."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: 1 time in contract year, per word $1.75. 13 times in contract year, per word $1.65. 26 times in contract year, per word $1.45. Box and numbers count for 2 words. 10-word minimum. Full payment must accompany your order. Address: Classified Department, Saturday Review/World Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, *Replies to SR/W box numbers should be sent to the above address.*

PERSONALS

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y. 12501.

FREE CATALOGUE: Low direct prices. Diamonds, Sapphires, Silks, Cosmetics, Crystal, Hunting, Fishing, Camping Supplies. Herter's Inc., Dept. CS, Waseca, Minn. 56093.

SLEEP LEARNING equipment, tapes, books, Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-W, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import $15.40 up; Purcell from $11.00. Student special. Corelli $7.50; recorder instruction kit, soprano recorder, method book, three 7" LP instruction records, boxed $9.95. Add sales tax plus shipping $1.50. Recorder music methods. Guitar music. Free catalogue. 4-3-C, HARGAIL, 28 W. 38th St., NYC 10018.

ACTIVELY BUYING and selling rare books and first editions. Catalogue for year $1.00. Minkoff, RFD 3, Box 147, Great Barrington, Mass. 01230.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision, immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th St., NYC, 10021. (212) 628-1666.

MEDITATION evokes New Age consciousness. First year bimonthly course free. MEDITATION, P.O. Box 566W, Ojai, Calif. 93023.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS in depth. $10.00. Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th., NYC 10016.

BUY SILVER sheet wire/casting grain at lowest prices. Fast service via UPS. Free 28-page catalogue: jewelry-making tools, supplies, books, including silver price charts. ARE CREATIONS, Box 155W, Plainfield, Vt. 05667.

STEINWAY PIANO wanted. Musician will move, pay fair price. SR/W 663.

PERSONALIZED MEMO PADS. Over 50 great designs, free catalogue. P.O. Box 24785. Los Angeles 90024.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc., bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth W. Rendell, Inc., 154A Wells Ave., Newton, Mass. 02159.

AMBERS, NECKLACES, collectibles, quality stringing. Adcock, 37½ St. Marks Place, N.Y.C. 10003.

IMPEACH NIXON! Bumper Shtickers—$1.00 each, $2.50 for 3: Products, Box 921, Syracuse, N.Y. 13201.

BLEEDING MADRAS . . . Metsovaara . . . Dutch African . . . and other tempting cottons . . . Irish tweeds and blankets . . . Carol Brown, Box W, Putney, Vt. 05346.

VERMONT TEACHER with four children, small farm, wants two children to share their summer. $100.00 week. Bennington. (802) 442-3236.

ENERGY REJUVENATING CASSETTE $9.98 refundable (Californians add tax). Free brochure. RLRW, 30 South El Camino, San Mateo, Calif. 94401.

RETIRED EDITOR and former Fleet Street journalist will accept a few pupils in a pay-as-you go course in journalism. Send article to R.S. Hall, Germantown, N.Y. 12526.

PERSONALS

WE ARE, regretfully and apologetically, recalling our electric blankets identified by product No. 72V20. Some of the blankets have been found to light up brightly at night because of a possible interaction between the blanket filler material and individual body chemistry. There is absolutely no harm in this incandescent phenomenon, but we would appreciate the opportunity to restuff the blankets. Low Voltage Electric Blankets, Inc. SR/W Box K.J.

CHANGE YOUR LIFE IN 12 MINUTES! "LIFE'S LESSONS"; unique newsletter provides life changing ideas on family, business, health, finances, religion, politics, and people. Send $12.00 for 3 month trial. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. You and I, Inc., 31313 Northwestern, Farmington, Mich. 48024.

TOPICAL BUMPERSTICKERS! "Impeach Nixon!", "Nixon Leaves Me Cold!", "Bust The Oil Trust!", "Nixon: America s No. 1 Non-Taxpayer", "Visit $an Clemente (You Paid For It!)". Colorful vinyl. Bulk discounts. 2/$1.00, 6/$2.00, 20/$5.00. CHECKERS ENTERPRISES, P.O. Box 942S, St. Louis, Mo. 63188.

DVORAK BALL AND BOOK (element for Selectrics and learners' manual) $115.00. B. Levine, 1133 Grove Street, Irvington, N.J. 07111.

WILL THE PARTY who spilled beer all over the upholstery of my unlocked new Cadillac at Madison Avenue and 51st Street, N.Y.C., on Sunday, January 6 please tell me what the joke was all about. SR/W Box QZ.

HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. SR/W Box 658.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurt, N.J. 07711.

BLUE GLASS LINERS for silver salt-condiment holders. All antiques restored. HESS REPAIRS, 31 Union Square West, N.Y.C. 10003.

NOTICE to our Denture Stick-Tite customers: Our scientists have devised a workable release solvent. Consequently, our thanks to wearers who were stuck with old formula. SR/W Box N.S.

GLOVE CLEANING

MAIL ORDER CONVENIENCE in cleaning and restoring fine leather gloves. $1.25 per pair. Send for free mailer. Roblin Leather, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

BIOFEEDBACK

AUTOGENIC SYSTEMS, INC. Recognized leader in the field of biofeedback technology, offering superior instrumentation. Recommended by the nation's leading researchers and clinicians. EEG (Brain Wave), EMG (Muscle) and other forms of instrumentation available. ASI leading in the field of Biofeedback Instrumentation from $225. 809 Allston Way, Berkeley, Calif. 97404. (415) 548-6056.

ALPHAPHONE® headset—brainwave trainer. Free catalogue. Aquarius Electronics, Box 627-C, Mendocino, Calif. 95460.

LITERARY SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR, provable major credits, will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING, editing, rewrites, cassettes. Marye Myers, Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS! Speeches, articles, novels. Robert Hogrogian, (201) 489-0637.

MANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS, intellectual writing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! RC Research, Box 138, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Fast, economical. C. D. Stumpf, 8 Tenth Avenue, Baltimore, Md. 21225.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Antioch Bookplate Co., Box 28B, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

BOOKS

BIG PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, catalogue free. Bookseller, Box 540, Sherman, Conn. 06784.

SAVE 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Readers' Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntington Valley, Pa. 19006.

BOOKS SUPPLIED—Select Out-of-Print, Used, Fine, Scarce, Interesting. Send authors' names and titles wanted. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

25% DISCOUNT ON NEW BOOKS. Bookquick, B-3, Roseland, N.J. 07068.

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send $1.00 for listing of 20,000 titles and prices. Editions, Box SW, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

WE SPECIALIZE in books about architecture, transportation, and urban environments. For a price list write to Worlddesk, The Rigley Book Company, P.O. Box 26012, San Francisco, Calif. 94126.

THE CHICKADEES: A CONTEMPORARY FABLE, a new book by Conrad Hyers, uses images and themes drawn from classic spiritual insights of both East and West. This timely parable (with illustrations) restates the value of self-acceptance and "provides insight and understanding for some of the most serious problems we face today—in a style that is both warm and entertaining," says Senator William Proxmire. Now at your bookstore, or send $3.95 to The Westminster Press, 905 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa. 19107.

PUBLICATIONS

THE OVERSEAS AMERICAN. An 8-page newsletter published every other week. Gives indispensable information on pleasures and pitfalls confronting anyone living abroad—or planning to move. Latest news on housing; domestic help; U.S. and foreign taxes, exemptions and audits; residence and work permits; schools and admission requirements; lawyers and American-trained doctors; banking procedures; jobs; marriage and divorce wrinkles, etc., plus all about who's where and doing what. Published in London by staff headed by Herbert R. Mayes and Roland Gelatt. Correspondents in Paris, Rome, Geneva, Frankfurt, Mexico City, Stockholm, Madrid, etc. Send $25.00 for one-year subscription (airmailed from London) to The Overseas American, 1 East 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. Money back if not satisfied

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

FREE SEARCH SERVICE and your satisfaction guaranteed! You name it—we find it. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, INC., Box 1-W, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service if not in our large stock. Write Q. M. Dabney & Co., Box 31061-W, Washington, D. C. 20031.

NAME THE BOOK—WE'LL GET IT! Free search service. Chicago Book Mart, Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

BOOKS LOCATED without obligation. Coleman Book Locators, 257 E. Market Street, Long Beach, Calif. 90805.

USED BOOKS bought and sold. English, American history, literary biography and criticism. Want lists invited. Antiquarian Bookseller, P.O. Box 207, Naperville, Ill. 60540.

ART

GETTING STARTED in stained glass. $.50. Whittemore, Box 2065EG, Hanover, Mass. 02339.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART

COLLECT FINE ORIGINAL ETCHINGS and lithographs by the world's great artists including Rembrandt, Picasso, Rouault, Soyer, Landau, and Florsheim. Free illustrated catalogue and master print supplement. (Mail $.25 for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 9-A, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022.

ART PRINTS. Baby African animals. For information write Philip Lasz Gallery, Box 342, Warsaw, Ind. 46580.

SELLING AUTOGRAPHED photograph Emperor Maximilian; Goya, Orozco, Zalce engravings. Gallery Van Gelder, Apdo. 33-B, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

HAND SCREENED MAPS ON CANVAS, 34" x 48" in vibrant turquoises and emeralds: St. Thomas, Costa Rica, Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Long Island etc. $50.00. Write JIM TILLETT, Box 5140, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

COLOR SLIDES

ART-EDUCATIONAL-TRAVEL. 50,000. Individually sold. Samples-Listings. $1.00, refundable. VISUALS D-22, 440 N.W. 130th St., Miami, Fla. 33168.

MOTION PICTURE FILMS

SUPER 8MM, 16mm, 8mm silent and sound film classics. Free catalogue. NILES, 1019-SR South Michigan, South Bend, Ind. 46618.

PORNO? Not from us, thank you. But, if you'd like our free catalogue of classic feature films, silent and sound, for sale in 8mm or 16mm, write: VINTAGE FILMS, Box 9805, Columbus, Ohio 43206.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

STIMULATING, HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL piano instruction by Viennese concert pianist in her East Side studio. (212) 988-9898. N.Y.C.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Conn. 06069.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS AND VIRGINALS —Professional instruments in kit form. Burton Jacks (Patented), $220.00—$795.00. Write Burton Harpsichords, 917 "O" Street, Box 80222W, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

SPERRHAKE HARPSICHORDS AND CLAVICHORDS. Excellent, dependable, beautiful. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md. 20034.

UNCOMMON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Historical replicas woodwinds, brass, strings. Lutes, gambas, harps, harpsichords. Dulcimers, kanteles, balalaikas, bouzoukis, fine guitars. Catalogue $1.00, refundable. Classical Instruments, Inc., Gateway Building, New Orleans, La. 70130.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS, AND VIRGINALS. Authentic classical designs for home construction by the amateur builder. Write for free brochure. Zuckermann Harpsichords Inc., 12 Grand Street, P.O. Box 121, Stonington, Conn. 06378.

THE HARPSICHORD quarterly. Definitive articles on buying, building, playing, tuning. Photographs. Drawings. Interviews. Letters. $8.00 annually (non-U.S. $9.00).). Box 4323W, Denver, Colo. 80204.

RENAISSANCE/BAROQUE lutes — Master Crafted. Historically authentic. Renaissance Gilde, Cambridge, Wis. 53523.

SABATHIL & SON Harpsichords, most beautiful sound, great stability. Directly from maker, from $1.195.00. Brochure $1.00. 1084 Homer Street, Vancouver B.C., Canada.

MODERN HARPSICHORDS. HISTORIC COPIES. KITS. John W. Allen, 500 Glenway Avenue, Bristol, Va. 24201.

SYNTHESIZERS are unique and fascinating Twentieth century instruments. Write Dondisound, Red Hook, N.Y. 12571.

RECORDS AND TAPES

SHOW ALBUMS—Rare, Out-of-Print LPs. Large list $.50. Broadway/Hollywood Recording, Georgetown, Conn. 06829.

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOGUE offers over 1200 fine recordings of Renaissance, Baroque, classical, romantic, and modern music. All stereo recordings. Highest quality at budget label prices. Available only by mail from MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, WM, Box 932, New York, N.Y. 10023.

"HARD TO GET" records—all speeds. Record Exchange, 842 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

GOURMET INTERESTS

WILD RICE—FINEST QUALITY. Extra-select long grain with recipes and reasonably priced. Write BRTS, Box 200, Brule, Wis. 54820.

WILD RICE FANCY $3.50 pound prepaid. 5 pound minimum. Eugene Floura, Blackduck, Minn. 56630.

TEA DEVOTEES savor world's rarest select teas. Grace Tea Importers, Dept. WO2, 799 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003. Free brochure.

VALENCIAS—ALL VARIETIES GRAPEFRUIT. Shipping to 47 states, Canada and Europe. Free brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Fla. 33159.

COLLEGES

WORLD COLLEGE WEST near San Francisco. Work-study. World-study. Independent. Liberal Arts. Box 3060, San Rafael, Calif. 94902.

ALTERNATIVE DOCTORAL PROGRAM for the full time professional. Individualized, self-paced, time-tailored, provocative programming. Prerequisites: M.A. +16, 3 year's experience. Life experience recognition. Write: Room A, Walden University, Naples, Fla. 33940.

DO YOU HAVE 60 SEMESTER HOURS? You may be eligible for an Associate Degree from Thomas A. Edison College (a New Jersey State College). Write: Information, Edison College, 1750 N. Olden Avenue, Trenton, N. J. 08638.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for self-motivated adults. Two-week residencies at Goddard alternate with six-month home study projects under faculty supervision, leading to fully accredited B.A. Teacher certification program available; approved for payment of Veteran's Benefits. Write Box S, A.D.P., Goddard College, Plainfield, Vt. 05667.

SCHOOLS

THE VERSHIRE SCHOOL. Co-ed secondary school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff backgrounds include Foreign Service, business, and Peace Corps. Blending Peace Corps approaches (field study Mexico and Europe), imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent thousand acres scenery. Fifty horses and indoor riding ring . . . all very secondary to warm, outstanding education. Glover, Vershire, Vt. 05079. (802) 685-4547.

ONLY IN BOARDING SCHOOLS would your son or daughter gain from small classes and personal attention, meeting students from other states and countries, participating in many sports and activities, developing strong educational habits and interests to prepare for college. Write for an interesting statement about American residential schools, and a directory of schools nationwide. Include your name, address, student's age, sex, current grade and interested entering grade. Indicate boys, girls, or co-ed schools and location preferred. Send to: Boarding Schools, Box 3A, 32 South St., Baltimore, Md. 21202.

THE LEARNING TRIBE: An alternate year to learn about yourself, community living, and North America in Nova Scotia, Mexico, Appalachia. Apprenticeships, travel, study, fieldwork, outdoor program. Ages 16-18. Responsible leadership. Box 57, Fitzwilliam, N.H. 03447 or (413) 498-2680.

PRIVATE SCHOOL AND COLLEGE PLACEMENT. Educational Placement Services, Box 572, Putnam, Conn. 06260.

SCHOOLS

PARENTS—FREE ADVISORY SERVICE, Independent schools, summer study, private camps, visited and evaluated since 1936. For free recommendations and 352-page Educational Register, give child's age, grade, interests, needs, geographical preference and proposed entrance date. Vincent Curtis, Room 342, 224 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass. 02116.

ST. JOHNSBURY ACADEMY—Coed, boarding. Grades 9-12 and postgraduate. Broad college prep plus vocational. Small city in mountain environment. All sports plus camping, skiing next door. Many electives. Individual guidance. Active social program. Community projects. Admissions Director, 10 Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt. 05819.

PRIVATE SCHOOL PLACEMENT SERVICE. Professional guidance in locating schools fulfilling students' individual requirements. 163 High Street, Middletown, Conn. 064570. Telephone: (203) 346-5111.

SCHOOLS AT SEA

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat semester sails September and February to exotic ports 'round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC28, Orange, Calif. 92666.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

SUMMER SCHOOL: Various periods from June 10 to August 30—includes Field Biology; Field Geology; Marine Biology; Entomology; Organic Chemistry; Organic and Biochemistry for Nursing Majors; Leninism, Marxism, and Maoism; Mark Twain and American Humor; Women and Literature; Humanistic Psychology; Aggression. Write James Lawrence, Hartwick College, Oneonta, N.Y. 13820.

GEORGE SCHOOL SUMMER SCHOOL CAMP. A five-week live-in program for high school students combining summer fun and relaxation with challenging enrichment courses in ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCES and CREATIVE ARTS. Spend the summer with us! For brochure write: George School Summer Programs, Newtown, Pa. 18940. (215) 968-3811.

STUDIES ABROAD

COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE of Spain—A 2-year American liberal arts University in Seville. Freshman-sophomore curriculum, American faculty, dormitory boarding. Fall-Spring semesters. Write: Columbus International College, Avda Victoria, 43, Seville, Spain.

LEARN SPANISH in Mexico. If you really want to learn Spanish intensively and economically, start any Monday at CIDOC. For catalogue on language school and deschooled academy write: CIDOC, APDO 479, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWITZERLAND. Leysin-American School for University Preparatory Studies. International Environment. Coeducational, grades 9-12, boarding, 200 boys and girls. Experienced, qualified U.S./international staff, teacher-pupil ratio 1:10. Solid academic program, advanced placement, PSSC, Physics, Chemstud, BSCS Biology: Strong Mathematics, Foreign Languages. Curriculum-related European tours, Alpine and winter sports. Excellent college admissions record. Affiliated with the American College of Switzerland. Write: Leysin American School, 1854-W, Leysin, Switzerland or Hans W. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th St., New York 10017.

HOLIDAY PROGRAMS IN EUROPE FOR ADULTS 1974. Chaucer's England, English House & Furniture, British Theatre, Art & Architecture. Study tours include: Central European Baroque, Provence, Normans, Hebrides. $320.00-$800.00. Write: Association for Cultural Exchange, 539 West 112 Street, N.Y.C. 10025. (212) 666-1605.

GUADALAJARA: No finer college preparation abroad. Small, intense classes, SAT record. Advanced Placement Programs, 97.4% U.S. college admissions. Midyear transfers welcome. Boarding with Mexican families under school supervision. $3,000.00. Also Summer Program. Butler Institute, Lerdo de Tejada 1959, Guadalajara, Mexico. Tel: 25-46-13.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STUDIES ABROAD

AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWISS TRANQUILLITY. American College of Switzerland, B.A., B.S., A.A. degrees. American liberal arts college, four year, coeducational, boarding, American and international faculty. Liberal arts, science, languages, international business, and fine arts programs enriched by curriculum-related tours; strong sports program; excellent transfer record to universities and V.A. benefits. New term begins March 21. Affiliated with Leysin American High School. Write: American College of Switzerland, 1854W Leysin, Switzerland, or Hans W. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th St., New York 10017.

NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE IN OLD ENGLAND—Arundel campus in Arundel, Sussex, England. Four year Liberal Arts programs available. Transfers accepted for year abroad. 4-1-4 Academic Calendar. Co-ed. New England College accredited by NEASC. Write Dean of Admissions, Box SR, New England College, Henniker, N.H. 03242.

HEIDELBERG — BERLIN — PARIS — MADRID — LONDON. SCHILLER COLLEGE — Liberal arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year and summer programs. American credit system. Also special programs: music, theater, fine arts, religion, international business administration, international relations. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th St., Oklahoma City, 73118, (405) 842-5979, or Admissions Office, Friedrich-Ebert-Anlage 4, 69 Heidelberg, Germany.

CREATE THE ARTS IN GREECE. Write: Athens Centre, Philadelphia Musical Academy, 313 S. Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19107.

STUDY COMMUNICATIONS AND THEATER ABROAD 1974-1975. Full Academic Programs, Graduate/Undergraduate:

COMMUNICATIONS IN LONDON Fall 1974-Spring 1975. Study British broadcasting, film, and journalism. Tuition: $975.00/semester.

FILM IN ROME. Fall 1974-Spring 1975. Film theory, works, criticism, history, and practice. Tuition $975.00/semester. (or spend a semester in Rome and/or a semester in London.)

Summer Seminars 1974:

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH THEATER. (London) July 1-August 2. Graduate/undergraduate. Study contemporary British plays, theater practice, and criticism. 6 credits. Tuition: $400.00.

NEWS MEDIA IN WESTERN EUROPE II. (Amsterdam) July 1-August 2. Graduate/undergraduate. Study media background in Western Europe. Media-government relations. 6 credits. Tuition: $425.00.

BROADCASTING IN BRITAIN III. (London) July 22-August 23. Graduate/undergraduate. Study contemporary British broadcasting. 6 credits. Tuition: $450.00.

MASS MEDIA IN MEXICO. (Mexico City) July 1-August 16. Graduate. This seminar is tentatively planned. Would study the backgrounds of the media in Mexico. Write: Box 10, School of Communications and Theater. Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa. 19122.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

ROME, ITALY. 5th consecutive year; diversified curriculum, including archaeology, June 13-July 22. $790.00. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Conn. 06106

GERMANY — FRANCE — SPAIN — ENGLAND. Schiller College—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

JOIN TIME-TESTED language travel program, based in Vienna. 15th consecutive German Summer School. June 19th-Aug. 29th or Sept. 3rd. Write: College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio 44691.

MEXICO . . . MAYA, ZAPOTEC, etc. Anthropological study tours. University professors, small group, educational. Students 14-18, July trip; Teachers, August. Hewitt, 6211 Maywood, Stockton, Calif. 95207.

STUDENTS—Live with a family in France this summer while attending language classes and varied activities. Write ADVENTURE in BRITTANY, 202 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn Heights, N.Y. 11201.

SUMMER STUDIES (ABROAD)

OXFORD UNIVERSITY. Study with Oxford dons July 3-August 14. Nineteen courses for adults: Stonehenge and Prehistoric Astronomy/British Theatre/English Gardens and Landscape/The Common Market/Evolution: Darwin and Since/English history, archaeology, literature, music, art . . . Write: Dept. S-4, International Studies, University Extension, 2223 Fulton Street, Berkeley, Calif. 94720.

EUROPE—Tours, Summer Sessions, Study Abroad —variety of courses. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, Moraga, Calif. 94575.

STUDENT TRAVEL

BICYCLE-HIKING-CAMPING trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Trips to New England, Nova Scotia, Western Canada, Europe. Free brochure includes *BICYCLE EQUIPMENT CATALOGUE*. Student Hosteling Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vt. 05767, (802) 767-3297.

STUDENT TRAVEL ABROAD. Touring, camping, ski camp, African safari, study. Leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs in Europe, Greece, Russia, Scandinavia, Africa, Mexico. 17th year. Mark and Harriet Paret, Directors. STUDENTS ABROAD, 1-S Sherman Square, N.Y.C. 10023. (212) 595-3044.

FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS and Graduates. Safari in Africa. Or stay in Soviet Youth Center. Ski Mont Blanc in July; bike through Denmark; hike or ride horseback in Alps; live with European family; sun on French Riviera; speak French in France, Spanish in Spain. Festivals, theatres in London, Paris, Moscow. Unique summer travel in Europe—Russia—Africa. 23rd year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vt. 05346. (802) 387-5885.

FOR 7th AND 8th GRADERS. Unusual summer vacation in England and France. Includes sailing, riding, hiking in English contryside and French Alps. Paris. London. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vt. 05346.

GET A WHOLE NEW IDEA of the world—and yourself—on an "Experiment Summer Abroad'. (For ages 14-21). Live with a foreign family! Learn their language. See their country. College credit available. Talented group leadership. Our worldwide organization specializes in foreign homestays, travel and programs of self-discovery. Write (stating age) for free information. THE EXPERIMENT in International Living, 6 Kipling Road, Brattleboro, Vt. 05301.

EUROPEAN HOSTELING AND CAMPING TRIPS. Small teenage groups cycle, backpack, kayak, horseback ride, sail and/or mountain climb. Free brochure. Freewheel Express Limited, 11 Waverly Place, N.Y.C. 10003. (212) 674-1240.

SPECIAL CAMPS

OVERWEIGHT?—Join boys 8-18 this summer and lose 20-50 lbs. Directed by Lloyd O. Appleton, Ph.D., nationally recognized physical education authority and former member of 2 Olympic teams, our unique program instills self-pride and confidence in addition to successful weight loss. Located in the Berkshires, Kingsmont makes a summer of losing a summer of winning! For catalogue: Kingsmont, Box SR-2, West Stockbridge, Mass. 01266. Or call, collect, (413) 232-8518. Fully Accredited-American Camping Association.

CAMPS

BROWN LEDGE—Mallet's Bay, Vermont, "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vt. 05401.

CAPE COD SEA CAMPS. Boys and girls, 7-17, resident and day. 190 acres, private beach, pool and lake. 60-boat fleet. Older campers may specialize. Full range of activities. Separate Junior Camp. Counselor-camper ratio 1:6. 53rd season. Member A.C.A. Also pre-season Sailing and post-season Wrestling Camps. Write: MONOMOY-WONO, Box J, East Brewster, Mass. 02640.

BEAR POLE RANCH, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. For boys/girls: 9-12, Discovery; 13-14, Expeditions; 15-18, Adventure Bound. Write Dr. and Mrs. Glenn W. Poulter.

KINIYA—a camp for girls 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for older girls includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vt. 05468. Tel. (802) 893-7849.

A SMALL, NONCOMPETITIVE CAMP. Golden Arrow, Deer Hill, Georges Mills, N.H. 03751.

JOHNNY APPLESEED CAMP in the Poconos, Pa. Non-profit, inter-racial, caring! For brochure: 50 Lincoln Avenue, Eastchester, N. Y. 10707.

D-ARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP. 48 boys (11-17), 4 age groups: 6-7 weeks. 24 girls (13-17), 2 age groups: 6 weeks. Lake, white water trips, wilderness of Maine and Quebec. Survival, ecology, Quaker leadership, ACA. George P. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pa. 19041.

Saturday Review/World—Change of Address Form

If you are going to move, please use this form and advise SR/World 60 days in advance. Both old and new address must be given. Enclose mailing label which gives full information and enables the Subscription Department to put the change into effect quickly. Many thanks.

PLEASE PRINT

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

NEW ADDRESS

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

OLD ADDRESS

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Mail to: **Saturday Review/World**, P.O. Box 2043, Rock Island, Ill. 61206

MAIL ALL REPLIES TO SR/W BOX NUMBERS TO:
488 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMPS

EXPERIENCES THAT BUILD—7½ weeks. Towering Pines for boys. Woodland for girls. Eagle River, Wisconsin. J. M. Jordan, 242 Bristol, Northfield, Ill. 60093.

DRAMA, MUSICAL COMEDY, Dance, Art, Stagecraft, Clowning and more! Weekly public productions. Sports. On Lake Sunapee, N.H. Nation's foremost teen training center—featured article in N.Y. Times. Co-education, 10-18; 8 weeks $1,195.00. Beginners Showcase Arts Center, Dept. 14G, 240 E. 76th Street, New York City 10021. (212) 249-9288.

JUDGMENT RIDGE. Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont Mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corp staff. Unpressured (except for staff). Unlimited riding ($200.00 extra). 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Trekking, swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, gardening, construction. Individualized programs. ACA approved. 100 camper limit: main camp. Small affiliated intensive and specialized camps in wilderness and riding nearby. No poison ivy. RN resident. $800.00, $450.00 half season. S. Ingham, Vershire, Vt. 05079. Tel. (802) 685-4547.

THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP provides an experience in group living, work and recreation, arts and crafts, sports and back-packing. A vitalizing summer with well-motivated contemporaries. Coed, 13-17. Write c/o The Putney School, Putney, Vt. 05346. (802) 387-4212.

GWYNN VALLEY. Non-competitive summer camp program for children 5-12. Blue Ridge Mts. International staff. Catalogue. Dr. & Mrs. H.W. Boyd, Brevard, N.C. 28712.

HIGH/SCOPE—Thoughtful teenagers enjoy creative involvement, arts, science. Many cultures, nations. David Weikart, 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197.

TEENAGERS RATE HUMAN RELATIONS and our community spirit even higher than our arts & sports programs. They could be right! Co-ed 6-18. Brochure. Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 13, N.J. 08318. Phone (609) 358-2472.

CARING, INVOLVEMENT, friends, work, joy, group projects, decision making in a summer community of 9th-12th graders. Innifree Project, Maple City, Mich. 49664.

CAMP HILLCROFT offers workshops for children in most of the creative and performing arts. Instruction in land and watersports. Children's Farm, Animal Care. Promoting International Friendship. Illustrated catalogue: L.S. Buttinger, New Milford, Conn. 06776.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

AMHERST MUSIC CENTER. Sebago Lake Region, Raymond, Maine. A vacation-with-music study. Coed, ages 12-20. Full or half session: July 1st-August 19th. Orchestra, concert band, chorus, chamber music. Seminars in voice, keyboard. Opera Workshop. Academic music. Recreation program. Brochure: Dr. J. C. Schuler, 47 Braeburn Road, South Deerfield, Mass. 01373.

VIDEO, AUDIO-VISUAL AND MULTI-MEDIA COMMUNICATIONS WORKSHOP: July 15-August 9. Communication theory, video tape production, making, copying, altering slides; making composites, multi-media presentations, etc. Write James Lawrence, Hartwick College, Oneonta, N.Y. 13820.

JUDAISM AND CHRISTIANITY WORKSHOP: June 10-15. Rabbinic background of New Testament, election, land, Jewish peoplehood and treatment of Judaism by contemporary Christian theologians. For all clergy, interested laymen. Write James Lawrence, Hartwick College, Oneonta, N.Y. 13820.

FIELD STUDY IN HISTORY: Study at home on the job, on vacation. One week seminar (June 24-28) required. Write James Lawrence, Hartwick College, Oneonta, N.Y. 13820.

DANCE-DRAMA WORKSHOP: June 16-August 10. Work with resident repertory company. Members collectively responsible for all aspects of producing *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Write James Lawrence, Hartwick College, Oneonta, N.Y. 13820.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

ILLUSTRATION AND WRITING OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS: July 21-August 3. Director: Uri Shulevitz, Caldecott winner, and internationally known guest lecturers. Write James Lawrence, Hartwick College, Oneonta, N.Y. 13820.

MUSIC WORKSHOPS: Choral Associates with Norman Luboff, June 23-28 (graduate credit available); Orff and Kodaly Music Education Methods, July 16-26 (creative music teaching); Hartwick Interstate Instrumental and Choral Workshop, August 18-24 (high school students, daily lessons, conducting). New $4-million Center for the Arts. Write James Lawrence, Hartwick College, Oneonta, N.Y. 13820.

WRITERS' CONFERENCES

SANTA BARBARA WRITERS' CONFERENCE. Last June: Ray Bradbury, Clifton Fadiman, Don Freeman, Alex Haley, John Leggett, Ross Macdonald, Jessica Mitford, Kenneth Rexroth, Budd Schulberg. Most of them return this June 21 to 28, plus other famous writers, publishers, agents, magazine editors, TV and screen writers, directors, producers. Two college credits. 100 aspirants only. Room and board at beautiful Cate School $250.00. "Best I ever attended!" says Ross Macdonald. Write: Barnaby Conrad, director, Box 68, Carpinteria, Calif. 93013.

VACATIONS

TROPICAL ISLAND NEAR Sarasota/Bradenton: Near Walt Disney World. Send for free vacation guide. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-SR, Longboat Key, Fla. 33548.

FLORIDA KEYS HOLIDAY. Rainbow Bend Fishing Club, oceanside Grassy Key, is for all ages seeking simplicity in natural surroundings. Folder. Box 2447, Marathon Shores Fla. 33052, or phone (305) 289-1505.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Fasting. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Wholesome meals. Peaceful surroundings. Health classes. Pool, boats, solariums. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Fla. 33923 WM.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Va. 22840.

THE SEASIDE—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key, Fla. 33577.

PATAGONIA RANCH HIDEAWAY. Superb scenery . . . sun . . . air . . . for riding, swimming, tennis, birding. Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia, Ariz. 85624. Brochure.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE. Endless beach, pool. Write Rod and Ruth Happel, Caribe Adventure Inn, P.O. Box 158S, Sanibel Island, Fla. 33957.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94102.

TENNIS: clay courts. Hawthorne Bissell, professional. Coaching with video tapes. "Zen" method of teaching. Telephone (305) 664-4884. Florida Keys, 33036.

BUCOLIC ADIRONDACK LODGES. Available half-month, month, season. July through September. Bartlett Carry Club, Rural Route, Tupper Lake, N. Y. 12986.

WHITEWATER FLOAT TRIPS. Utah and Wyoming. Slickrock River Co., Box 10543, Denver, Colo. 80210.

WORLD-WIDE VILLA VACATIONS. For free catalogue, write/call, VAMCO, 40 E. 49th St., NYC 10017. (212) 371-4545.

FURNISHED APARTMENT IN RUSTIC summer cottage. Maine shore. Well-behaved children welcome. Fireplace, linen. Boat. May-September. (207) 667-9061.

ECHO VALLEY—Secluded housekeeping cabins near Mount Rushmore. Keystone, S. Dak. 57751.

PARADOR MARTORELL, family inn by world-famous Luquillo Beach, Box 384, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

VACATIONS

NEW HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGES on ocean, fireplaces, electric heat. Open May 1-Nov. 1. Thompson's Cottages, New Harbor, Me. 04554.

MONTANA MOUNTAIN LODGE. Horses, pool, sauna, hiking. Family style meals, good accommodations. Backcountry pack trips, scenic, fishing, hunting. Desert Mountain Lodge, Box 155A, West Glacier, Mont. 59936.

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, boating, skindiving, tennis, bird-watching, loafing. Congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Box 633, Islamorada, Fla. 33036. Phone (305) 664-2811.

KAUAI, HAWAII. New oceanfront 3-bedroom, 2½ bath, upper deck. Lower Lanai. Attractively and fully furnished. Two week minimum rental period. Rt. 2, Box 770, Flagstaff, Ariz. 86001.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville,

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

BACKPACKING, SKI TOURING EQUIPMENT, canoes, kayaks. Free catalogue. Moor & Mountain, Dept. 55, Chelmsford, Mass. 01824.

TRAVEL

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE. $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger-carrying freighters. TravLTips, 40-21Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

ESCAPE TO SECLUDED TROPICAL ISLANDS in the Western Caribbean and explore ancient Mayan cities. Send for free "Discovery Kit" including maps, folders, low cost travel plans. TAN Airlines, Box 222-C, Miami, Fla. 33148.

THIS AD + $9.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$14.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

CENTRAL AMERICA ON WHEELS. 15 exciting days $485.00, land portion. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Dept. SR/W, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

NICHOLSONS INTERNATIONAL YACHT CHARTERS. Crewed Yachts. Experience not essential. Private cabins from about $60.00 per person per day and upwards for extra-large and luxurious craft. Year 'round sunshine cruises for private parties: CARIBBEAN. MEDITERRANEAN. GREEK ISLANDS. For information: Commander Nicholson, Box 31, 5 Lynch's Quay, Cobh, Co. Cork, Ireland.

AMAZON G.I.T. TOUR including Leticia in the heart of the Amazon jungle 10 days all inclusive. Miami/Miami $389.00. New York/New York $489.00. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Dept. SR/W, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

MAJORCA—VISIT/LIVE tranquil picturesque Mediterranean island. Davis, Fornalutx, Majorca, Spain.

JOIN WEST INDIES SCHOONER CRUISE. Martinique, Grenada, Guadaloupe, Saba, under white sail. 10 informal days of beachcombing in a tropical paradise with congenial shipmates. A great "get-away", barefoot and casual. No rush, no TV. Full crew and captain. From $250.00. Free Adventure brochure. Write WINDJAMMER, P.O. Box 120, RW2, Miami Beach 39, Fla. 33139.

BUY OR RENT a new car for your trip abroad. Free Catalogue. Europe By Car, Inc., 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020.

JAPAN—Loking for a unique tour? Visit rural areas—stay at inns—absorb the culture. Majority of tours is beyond the tourist circuit. Small groups. 29 days—departures: March 24, June 29, Nov. 3, 1974. August 1 departure includes: Japan, Hong Kong and Bangkok. Details: Shinbigan Tours, Box 1144, San Rafael, Calif. 94902.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL

IDAHO WILDERNESS. Small family ranch on remote Selway River. Roadless area. Access fifteen miles by horse or foot. Guests welcome June through September. Off-season address: Selway Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colo. 81611.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

FOR SALE

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Shaker Communities, 3494 Lee Road. Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751-2155.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

FOR RENT—FURNISHED

ASPEN—"Gingerbread House" housekeeping chalet for 4-6, with jeep, central; $50.00/day. Everett Millard, 4030 Irving Park, Chicago 60641.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N. Mex. 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10003.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home SR/W Box 635.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

FOR RENT

FURNISHED/UNFURNISHED

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

YOU WON'T FEEL THE FUEL SHORTAGE in this large new 2 bedroom, 2 bath waterfront apartment on Longboat Key, Florida. Choice low-density location, gorgeous view Sarasota Bay. Unfurnished. High grade carpet and appliances. Tennis, pool, beach. $385.00 a month, yearly basis. SR/W Box 710.

HELP PRAGMATIC ESTABLISHMENTARIAN beat inflation. Live in elite out-size NYC apartment. Compatibility essential. Individuals or family with civic and outdoor interests. References exchanged. SR/W Box 681.

PROPERTY AVAILABLE

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vt. 05068.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Vacationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send $1.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 6588-MT, Washington, D.C. 20009.

OCEANFRONT—Cutler, Maine. 500 ft. open oceanfront. 42 acres. Classic rockbound coast. $75,000. Terms. (914) 855-5254.

NOVA SCOTIA—Shorefront, recreational, retirement. Governor Parr Realty Co. Ltd, Shelbourne, Nova Scotia. Tel. (902) 875-3611 or 2443.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACH IN EUROPE—for details, write: American Teachers for Europe, Committee 2, 5 Netherhall Gardens, London NW3, England.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES—Now Available! Free transportation! Complete information . . . plus Directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worldwide . . . all occupations. Send $2.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-MT, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHERS-MAINE CAMPS—Sports, Arts. 95 Woodchester, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—private independent schools, all states; public schools, northeastern states; beginners, experienced; all levels, subjects, fields, department heads, administrators, business managers, fund raisers, nurses, housemothers—free brochure. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278 N, Windsor, Conn. 06095.

AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES—Paid Transportation! 50,000 Jobs! Latest reports on employment, business, farming, education . . . plus map, forms, $1.00. International Services, Box 29193-MS, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

TEACHERS-ADMINISTRATORS: Leading school, college placement sources—US $3.00; foreign $4.00. Current openings list—US $5.00, foreign $5.00. EIS, Box 105, Brookline, Mass. 02167.

OPPORTUNITY for exceptional woman who enjoys cooking, light housekeeping, traveling, attending opera, to share lovely home and cultural interests with widow of middle years, semi-invalid. Important requirements are good health and pleasant disposition. Reasonable remuneration. San Francisco area. SR/W Box 680.

TEACHING POSITIONS IN FOREIGN countries. 1974 guide contains current information about private and governmental organizations seeking teachers. General and personal requirements, geographic areas, addresses for application forms. 100-page book includes survey of foreign embassies. Guaranteed satisfaction. $2.50. Foreign Countries, Box 514-W3, Ames, Iowa 50010.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT . . . Europe, Australia, South America, Asia! All occupations! $700.00-$4,000.00 monthly! Employment International, Box 217-MV, Cumberland, Ind. 46229.

ACADEMIC JOURNAL—Teachers' employment magazine. Job clearing house, all levels. Details: Education Exchange, Box 392S, Newtown, Conn. 06470.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 1167-R, Kailua, Hawaii 96734.

LEAD STUDENTS IN RUSSIA OR EUROPE. Couples or single men and women, 23-35, who have lived or traveled extensively in Europe. Lead small, well-selected secondary school group this summer in top quality, non-touristy program. Instructors or advanced graduate students preferred. Must speak French, Russian, Spanish, German or Italian fluently. Send full resume SR/W Box 702.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!!! 50,000 jobs! Paid transportation! Latest information and forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-W, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

COUNSELORS 20+ Single. Top Maine Boys' Camp. Head Tennis, mature 8 courts; Swimming WSI; Tennis; General (8-9 yr. olds); Annual and Newspaper; Baseball; Archery; Judo or Karate; Dramatics (7-8 one act plays); Water Skiing; Indian Law; Canoeing; Group Leaders. Beautiful surroundings, wonderful experience. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, N.Y.C. 10025, (212) 865-0925.

MONTESSORI TEACHER OR OPEN CLASSROOM. Experienced. Ages 6-12. Flatbush, Brooklyn. N.Y.C., Fall 1974. Resume to: SR/W Box 711.

SEPTEMBER COLLEGE TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES. Ph.D./M.A. Nationwide. Write now: City-Suburban Agency, 500 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10036.

MASTER TEACHERS in major fields. Academic, innovative, small independent secondary school (7-12). Wanted Fall 1974. Crossroads School, 1714 21st Street, Santa Monica, Calif. 90404.

HEADMASTER young secondary school, July 1974. Administrative experience, desire balance individualism/traditional excellence. Southern California. SR/W Box 712.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay, free transportation, tax benefits, latest computerized reports—$2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-W, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

SITUATIONS WANTED

M.F.A. IN ART RESTORATION, background in Art History and studio teaching experience seeks position for September 1974. Apt. 303, N. Neville, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213

LITERATURE Ph.D. Dropout to be, 27, seeks junior, community college, alternative school. Professional experience, certification. 508A, 1800 Rhodes, Kent, Ohio 44240.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, 45-year-old woman seeks new lifestyle, preferably in outdoor setup. Administrative experience, writing ability, fluent English and French, artistic and fashion sense. Enjoys arranging social events. Good with young people. Looking for position with mobility and exposure to people. Public relations, theatre, museum, resort, or off-beat Girl Friday position. Nine years' experience abroad, working in Paris and London embassies. Presently working in Boston area but would consider relocating. SR/W Box 689.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—business of your own, or full- or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 129, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago 60611.

HOW TO make money writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barrett, Dept. C-310-F, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago 60660.

CONFERENCE CENTERS

BEAUTIFUL TWENTY-FIVE ACRE New England college campus for conferences, workshops, or seminars. The College offers its facilities and services to responsible institutions, corporations, agencies and individuals during the months of June, July and August. We normally accommodate 100-300 but can tailor our services to meet the needs of smaller groups. Please contact Conference Coordinator, for further information. Bay Path Junior College, Longmeadow, Mass. 01106. Phone (413) + 567-0621, Extension 30.

IF I WERE GEORGE WASHINGTON—I would cross the Shinnecock Canal and head straight for Gurney's Inn where I know I will receive a warm welcome from Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn, who never lies about his superb accommodations, great food and hospitable service. Gurney's Inn—Oceanfront Cottages & Hostelry—1,000′ of the world's finest beach—Montauk, Long Island—Planet Earth—U.S.A. (516) 668-2345. Open all year.

GROUPS ARE IN when camp's out. (Labor Day until Memorial Day). Air-conditioned and winterized conference rooms. All sports, excellent food. Sleep facilities for up to 200. Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 31, N.J. 08318. Phone (609) 358-2472.

RETIREMENT

LIVE LIFE as you used to know it, in unspoiled Vermont. Courtesy and consideration, gracious atmosphere, good conversation. Excellent food. Historic Vermont town of Brandon with Village Green, 5 Churches, famed Middlebury College with its arts and sports nearby. Museums, antiquing . . . plenty to keep you active. Fair rates. Brandon House, S-74, Brandon, Vermont 05773.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PLAY GOLF to live in Pinehurst, N.C. Great year-round climate, one of six healthiest spots in U.S.A. Tennis, golf, hunting, fishing, horses, gardening, many other activities. Excellent hospital, medical facilities. Sub-dividing owner-controlled botanical garden-state. 170 acres —containing 161 homesites, 45 sold, 16 homes erected. Financing available. Good investment now and for the future. For information, write Francis Howe, Landscape Architect, Clarendon Gardens, Pinehurst, N.C. 28374.

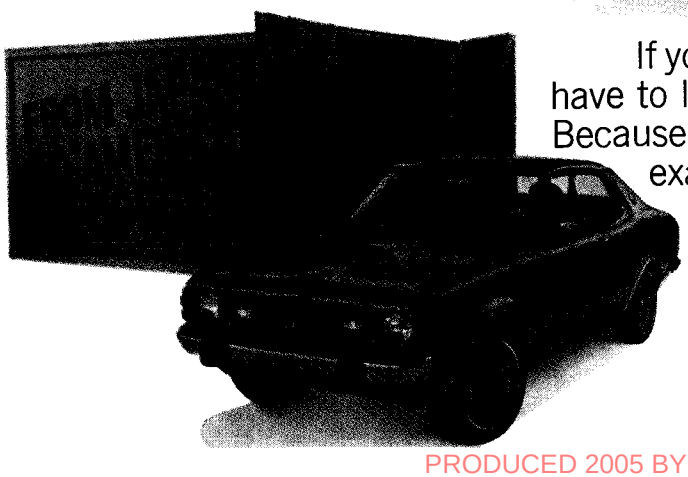
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing the

Built across the ocean.

4-Door Sedan.

2-Door Hardtop.



If you're looking for a little import car, you don't have to look any further than that picture up there. Because one of the five '74 Dodge Colts is probably exactly right for you.

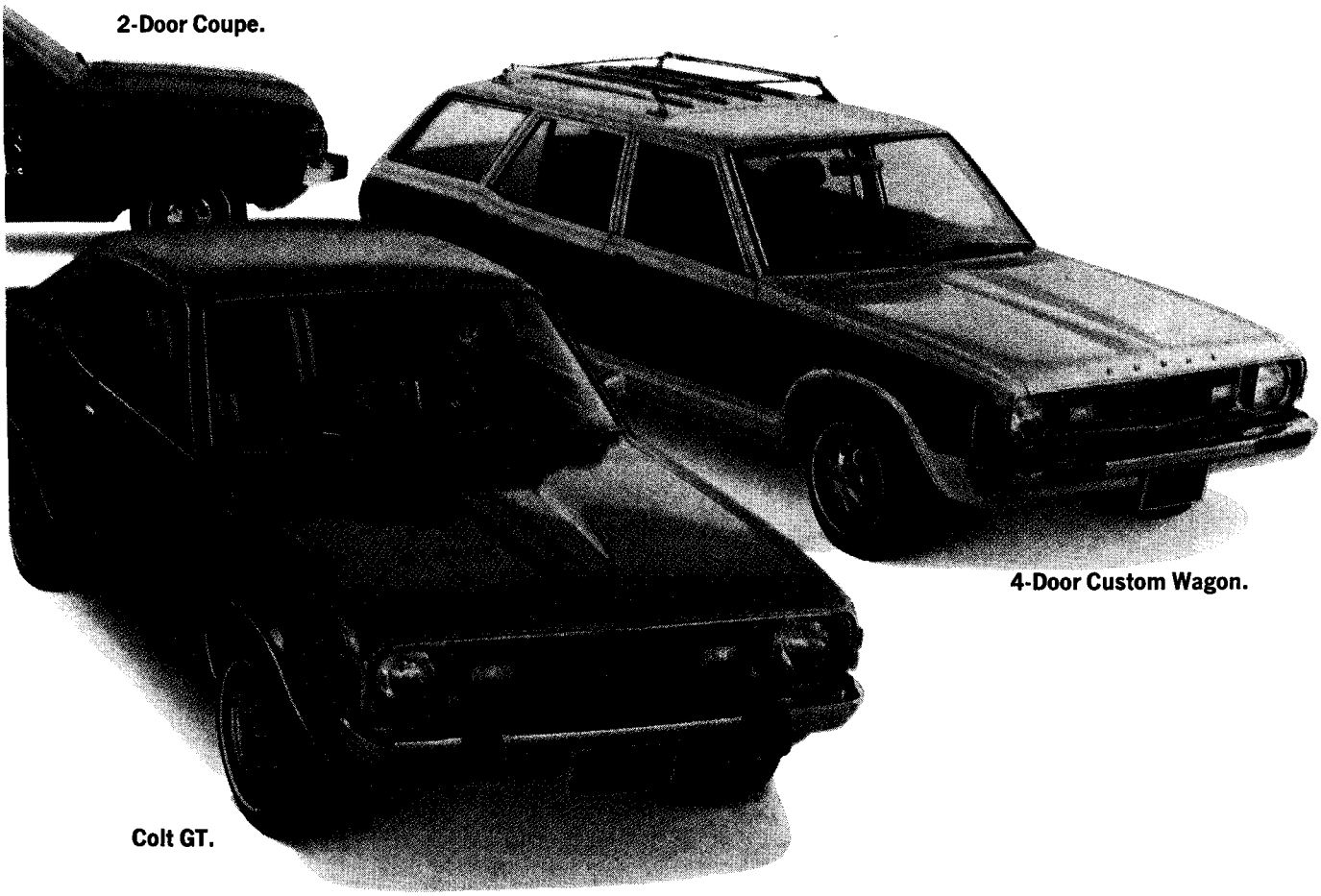
All five come standard with a four-cylinder engine, four-on-the-floor, bucket seats, and front disc brakes.

But even more important, all five Colts come standard with one feature no other

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'74 Dodge Colts.

Serviced across the street.



2-Door Coupe.

4-Door Custom Wagon.

Colt GT.

Japanese import's got—the coast-to-coast network of Dodge Colt Dealers.

And that's *more Dealers than any other Japanese import has.*

Visit your Dodge Colt Dealer's and have a look. While you're looking, remember this comforting thought: Colt comes from Japan to America . . . c/o Dodge.

Dodge

Dodge Trucks

Here're just a few of the features standard on every '74 Colt:

- **Four-cylinder engine**
- **Front disc brakes**
- **Four-speed transmission**
- **Adjustable steering column**
- **Flow-through ventilation.**

CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

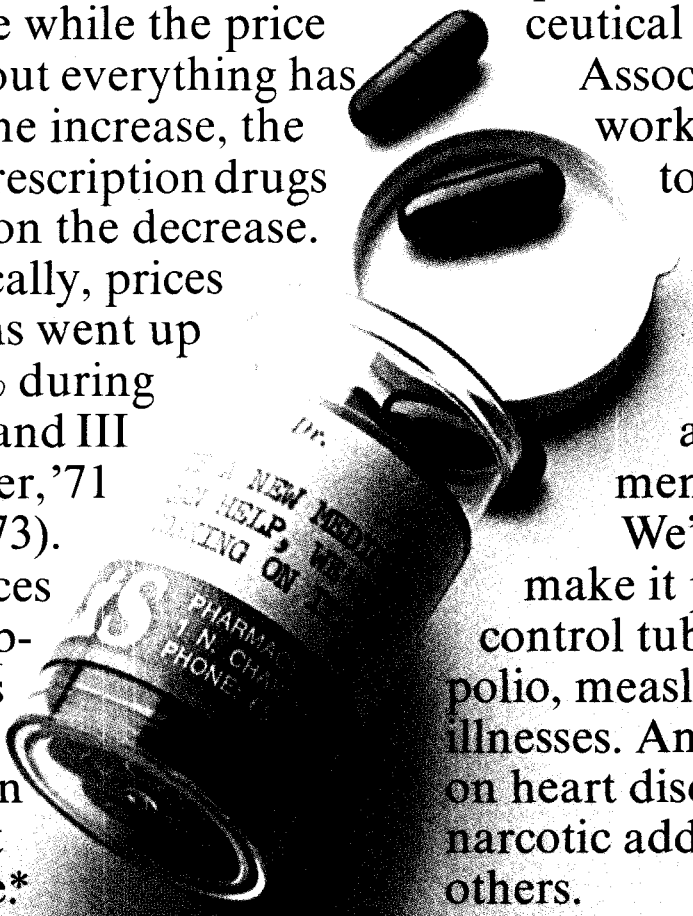
The cost of living is going down.

The cost of a longer life and a healthier life.

Because while the price of just about everything has been on the increase, the price of prescription drugs has been on the decrease.

Specifically, prices of *all* items went up almost 8% during Phases II and III (November,'71 to June, '73).

But prices of prescription drugs actually went down 1% in that same time.*



And even with medicines costing more than others, and some prices fluctuating more than others, pharmaceutical prices overall have held the line for more than a decade.

Meanwhile, member companies of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association continue working on programs to help conquer disease. Last year we spent $728,000,000 on research and development alone.

We've helped make it possible to control tuberculosis, polio, measles and other illnesses. And we're working on heart disease, cancer, narcotic addiction and others.

We hope we'll be able to report more price decreases in the future.

More importantly, we hope we'll be able to report more pharmaceutical breakthroughs at the same time.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

*Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics, Dept. of Labor. For more information, send for our free booklet *"When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask."* It'll give you a lot of answers. Write *The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. W-402, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

REPRODUCED FROM BEST AVAILABLE COPY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED